

BRUTARIAN

adults
ONLY



5

G. SUSS

FAN MAIL



Dear Brutes:

Text fine, but your illustrations belong in the donniker.

Recommendations re *Brutarian* staff:

1. Get several minutes of sunshine daily.
2. Start a healthy diet: fresh fruits, vegetables, whole grains.
3. Begin an exercise program.
4. Drink 6-7 glasses of fresh, pure water daily.
5. Try to get 7-8 hours of refreshing, relaxing sleep nightly.
6. Consider marriage or find steady girlfriends.

Jim Singer
Las Vegas, Nevada

Jim -

Don't you get it? We're already at the top! This whole magazine thing is a joke designed to pass some of the oodles of spare time my staff and I have on our perfectly shaped hands. As for the state of my staff's health, the three editors (which include myself . . . dom salemi) as well as regular contributor Stately Wayne Manor are all fairly well practiced martial artists and have very healthy social lives, thank you so very fucking much.

Dear Brutarian:

Thanks for the copy of *Brutarian* . . . it has been passed around selected staff members today, earning it some new friends, I think. Keep in touch.

Betsy Pisik
Staff Writer
The Washington Times

Betsy -

Any chance we could cop an interview with the Rev. Sun Moon? I mean, it's not everyday you get a chance to talk to God.

Dear Brutes:

Hey now, I just wanted to write and say thank you for sending me the # 3 issue! I appreciate it a bunch man. They only zipped two pages on # 3, something about necrophilia. Guess they don't want me fucking dead people, right?

Respect, ,
Coco
Texas State Prison

Coco -

What? Only two pages cut? Guess we'll have to work harder at being outrageous.

Dear Brut:

Want my honest opinion? Drop the film reviews and concentrate on other things that's where your future lies . . . And the comics, certifiably wanky but others make up for it. . . . And nobody likes to read boring record reviews about boring bands that nobody's heard of or would like anyway . . . Another big, big hint: don't let your aspirations get the better of your wallet - black and white with issue #1, color #2, #3 all glossy? Watch it buster, the O'Quinn [publishers of *Fangoria*, *Gore Zone*, etc.] mafia will bend you over the nearest cash register and fuck you up. So go out on a limb and become a hybrid of *Sleazoid Express* (later issues), *Weekly World News* and *True Life Detective*.

Your friend,
Ant Timpson
New Zealand

Ant -

We were thinking more along the lines of a cross between Highlights Magazine For Children, The Paris Review and The Enema Times.

Brutarian:

Your magazine is for pimply-faced, illiterate teenagers who want to get laid. It's obvious that people like David Friedman and others are paying you off to say nice things about them. Your magazine is too well written and

structured, that shows a lack of heart and soul. *Brutarian* needs more heart and soul, that's why I like fanzines like mine written without too much structure but with all my heart . . . and soul, of course, heart and soul. That's why I trade with people who maybe wouldn't make your pompous pages but whose childish scrawls as you describe them I would print without a moment's hesitation. It just shows heart and soul, heart and soul which is the problem with the fanzine world today even though of course I recognize that your's isn't a fanzine in the strict sense although I think it's a fanzine and most people with heart and soul would think so, maybe even those with heart and no soul or some heart and a little bit of soul. Hey, do you remember that song? It was by the Chambers Brothers I think. Or was it the Ramones. Talk about heart and soul, they had it in spades which is what your fanzine, er, magazine needs: heart and soul. That's spelled: H-E-A . . .

(ranter hospitalized)

Sirs:

Brutarian 1992 Vol 1 No. 4 has been reviewed and the following has been determined:

1. A specific factual determination has been made that the publication is detrimental to prisoner's rehabilitation because it would encourage deviate criminal sexual behavior. Thus, the article *Sex With Animals* has been clipped.

2. Publication contains material that a reasonable person would construe as written solely for the purpose of communicating information designed to achieve a breakdown of prisons through inmate disruption such as strikes or riots. Thus, the review of *Blood In The Face* has been clipped.

Director's Review Committee
Texas Department of Criminal Justice

Dear Sirs -

We didn't realize that bestiality was a problem in the Texas State Pen.

BRUTARIAN

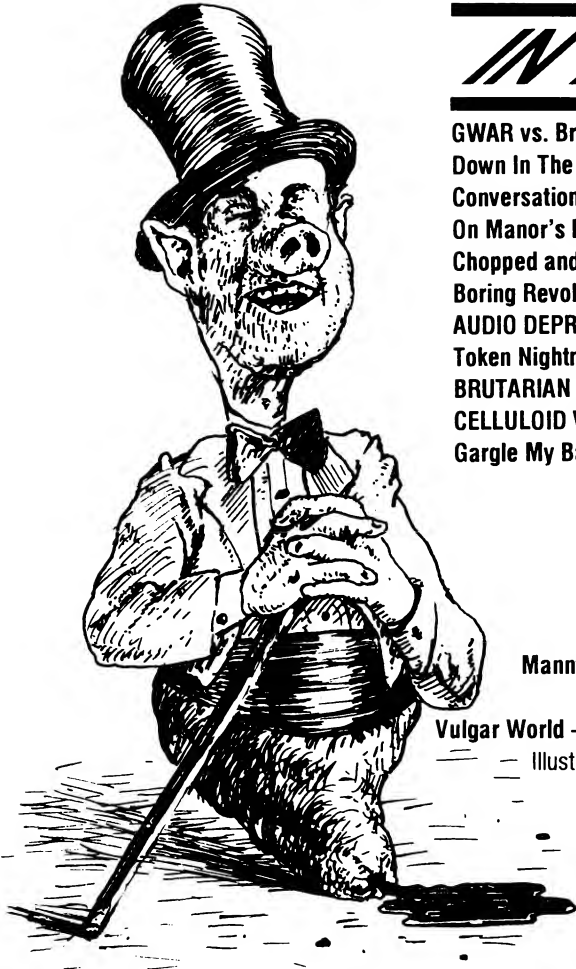
Vol.2#5

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The Evil Twin illustrations by Barry Wooldridge



Serial or sex murder, like fetishism, is a perversion of male intelligence. It is a criminal abstraction, masculine in its deranged egotism and orderliness. It is the antisocial equivalent of philosophy, mathematics and music. There is no female Mozart because there is no female Jack the Ripper.

Camille Paglia
Sexual Personae (1990)



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Editors: dom salemi, Sandy Smioldo, Jarrett Huddleston. Special thanks to Sara Porter and Brian Horowitz.

SUBSCRIBE TO BRUTARIAN! only \$12 per annum. All checks payable to dom salemi. Back issues - \$6, which is incredibly cheap for works of such unsurpassed genius.

DANGER:

AHOY!



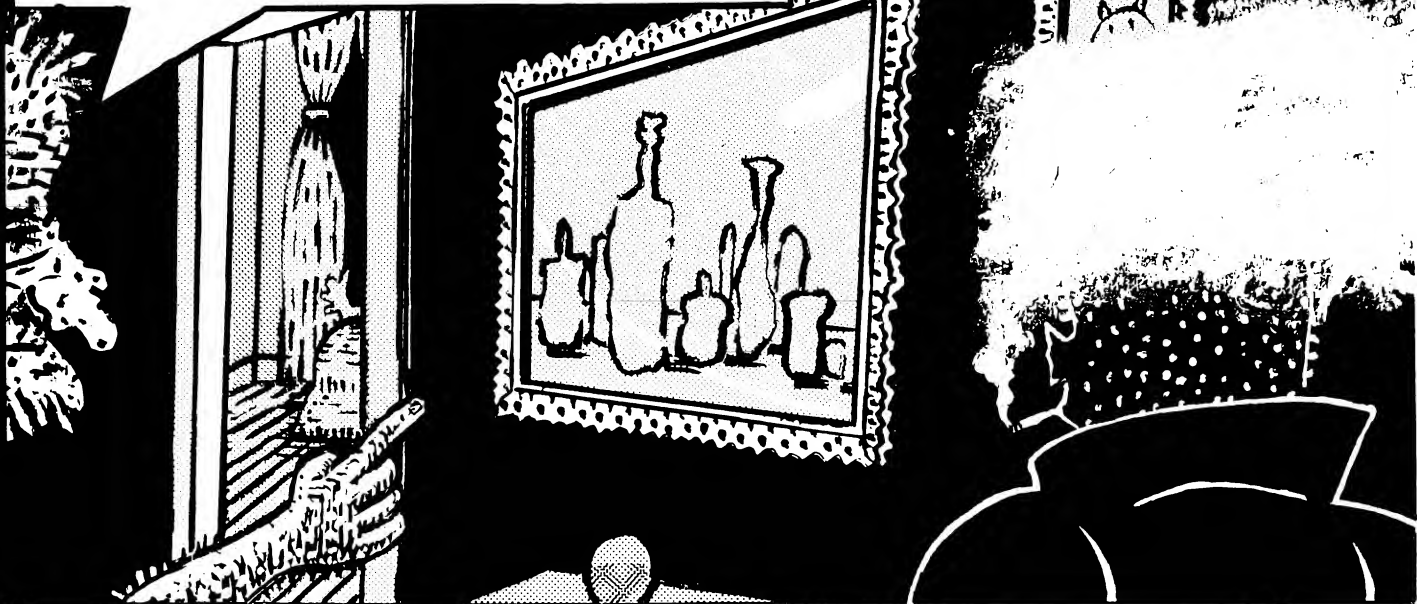
WE'RE THE
NEW BRAND,
PAL. WE DON'T
JUST WANT
YOUR WICKER,
WE WANNA
WATCH YOU
SQUIRM...



.. OH SURE, WE
LIKE ALL THE
FINER THINGS,
BUT HEY, WHY
NOT COMBINE
OUR PASSIONS?
YOU KNOW,
KIN'-A-LIKE
TWO TWO, TWO
MINTS IN ONE?

CHECK THIS OUT, A FRIGGIN' MORANDI... A REAL PAINTER'S PAINTER... AND A HUDDLESTON! HAVE YOU STABBED 'EM YET?

UH-HUH.

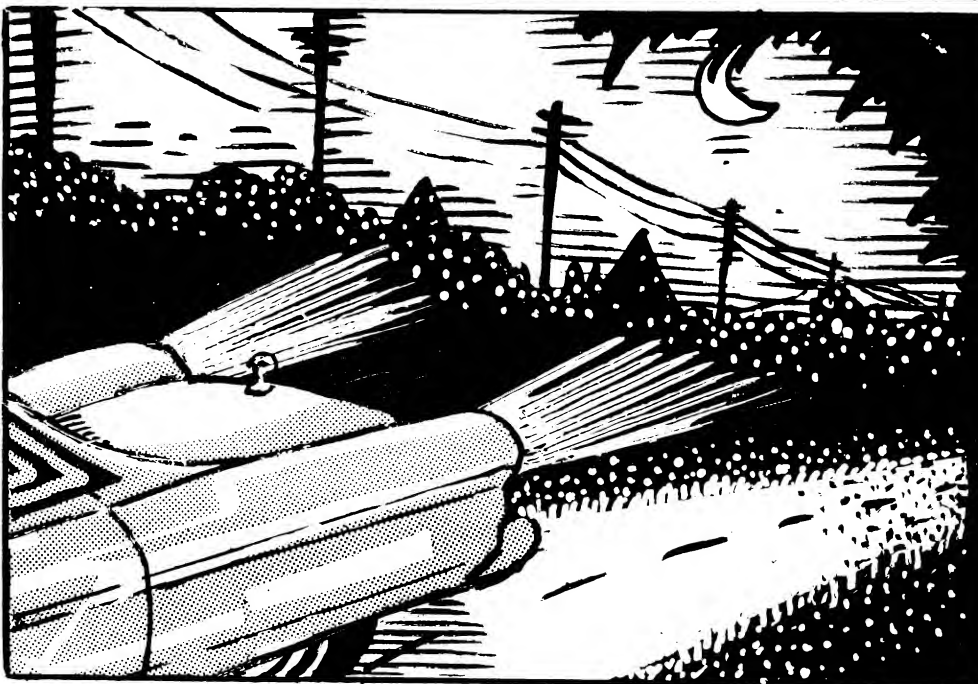
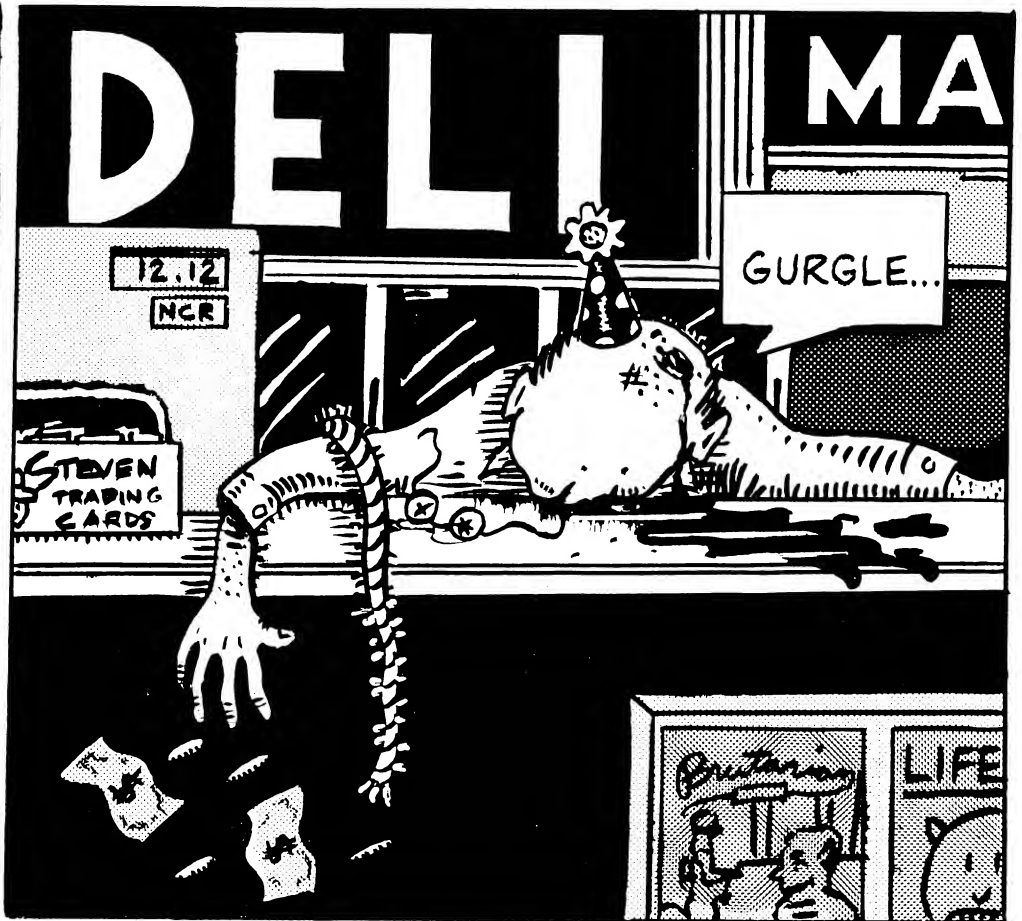


NICE WORK. I ALWAYS ENJOY THE GENIUS OF A MASTER CRAFTSMAN.



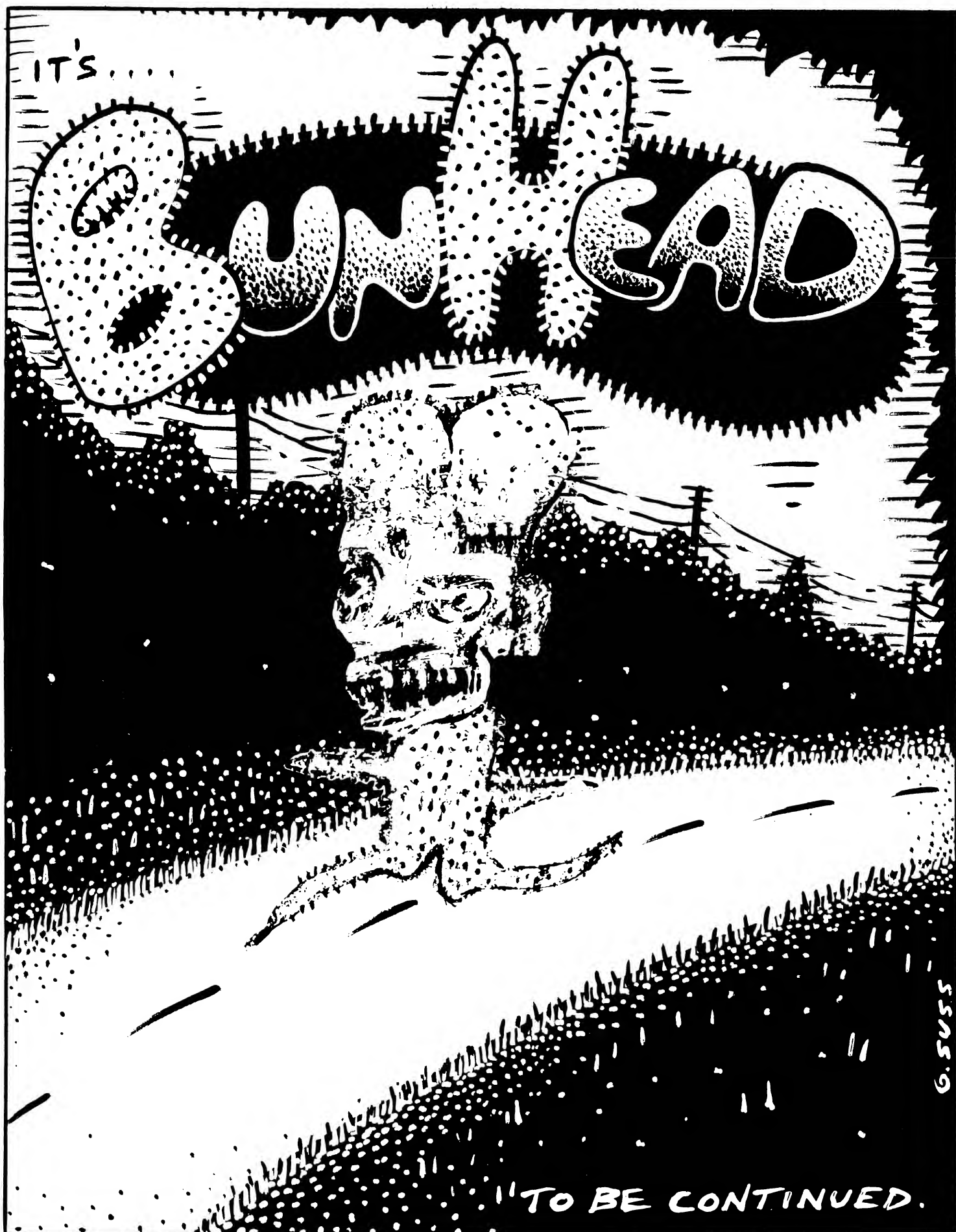
...NEXT, A QUICK CHECK OF THE LIQUOR CABINET AND MEDICINE CHEST, THEN HOME FOR A QUIET LITTLE PARTY...

...BUT FIRST,
A STOP AT THE
"PUMP AND PANTRY."
HEY, WE GET
HUNGRY AFTER
WORKIN' SO
HARD. SOME
SAN'WICHES,
MAYBE SOME
PORK RINDS,
AN' A COUPLE
CARTONS A
SMOKES.
YEAH, WE'LL
DO SOME
SHOPPIN'...



.... O.K., TRAILER TOWN HERE
WE COME. IT'S A NICE, PEACEFUL
COMMUNITY. HEY, WH...AT THE
HELL IS THAT UP AHEAD?....





Sleazy and Beefy Declare

When you're hit with the name of GWAR what images immediately come to mind? Rock-like monsters lumbering around a stage, massive arterial spray, huge phalluses spurting gallons of semen, limb amputations, decapitations, beatings, rape, both hetero and homosexual, disemboweling, gut munching, evisceration . . . In short, a band that doesn't give two shits what you think about them, which means, of course, that this band of mutants are dedicated craftsmen; how many rock and roll groups can you say that about? Their latest release, *America Must Be Destroyed*, exhibits a stylistic diversity not heard on previous releases. Oh, you've still got a number of those punky speed



ON

BRUTARIAN

metal ditties, but *America* also contains cuts parodying REM and Guns 'N' Roses, and, get this, a sleazy Vegas-style lounge number. Wayne Newton will probably never get around to singing the latter inasmuch as it's about having sex with quadriplegic little girls, but hey, we're talking about a band that has absolutely no respect for human life so what do you expect? Recently, we were able to talk to bassist Beefcake The Mighty (Mike Bishop) and the band's manager Sleazy Martini who has just announced that he is running for president. We started our interview with Sleazy, but after talking politics for a few minutes he handed the phone over to Beefcake.



VS.



By Dom Salemi

Brut: So, it's true, you're running for president. President of what?

Sleazy: Of the USA! Bush has got to go. We will eviscerate his blueing flesh.

Brut: Now where have I heard that before?

Sleazy: Look, in an election where George Bush, Bill Clinton and Ross Perot are the choices, I'm better than nuthin'.

Brut: How true, how true. I hear you're calling for the legalization of crime.

Sleazy: Yeah, we want to get the loafers off welfare and put them back on the streets doing what they do best.

Brut: Two of the biggest issues facing the candidates this year are welfare and health care any . . .

Sleazy: Look, I have solutions for everybody and everything. No more welfare, we're gonna establish special relocation camps for the elderly and the handicapped. Health care? Forget about it. If elected I'll establish free suicide clinics for all those losers who can't afford health care. And abortion? Mandatory for ugly chicks.

Brut: What about the education and family issues that Bush and Clinton have been belaboring?

Sleazy: Look, it's an easy thing with the family. You want to strengthen family values? Then require all families to join the Mafia. Education? No problem. Push gun, drug and sex education in the schools with free guns, drugs and sex for promising students. Anyway with Bush and Clinton you're talking about politicians. P-O-L-I-T-I-C-I-A-N-S. Scumbags. If elected I'd make all of 'em work gloryholes in bus station bathrooms.

Brut: Thank you Mr. Martini and good luck . . .

Sleazy: Hey, Fuck You!

Beef: So the name of your magazine is *Brutarian*, what does that mean?

Brut: It's a philosophy really, a guiding principle that is essentially a mix of Art Brut and inanity. Loosely translated it means that we're into the work of quacks, kooks, imbeciles, the hopelessly insane . . .

Beef: Oh, an intellectual mag.

Brut: . . . and visionaries like yourself.

Beef: Your attempts to please my boundless ego is falling on deaf ears.

Brut: But we press on nevertheless. We received America the other day and we really liked it.

Beef: Who's "we?"

Brut: Our staff and . . .

Beef: You should take your pants off at work.

Brut: Well, sometimes I do but I keep the door closed.

Beef: You should quit your job and sell drugs. You could make a lot more money that way than working for the government.

Brut: Yeah, maybe but I'm too chickenshit. I'm afraid of going to prison. Just the idea of getting butt-fucked by a large black man . . . or white man . . . or small white or black man . . .

Beef: (Laughs approvingly)

Brut: . . . maybe a girl with a dildo . . . a petite, pretty boy with long slender hands maybe . . .

Beef: It all sounds appealing to me.

Brut: (Laughs) Well, I'm not casting aspirations here, especially on homosexuals. Whatever someone wants to do with their anus is fine with me.

Beef: No, please don't because as you know GVAR is omnisexual.

Brut: Well, that's interesting because in one of your songs, you call somebody a faggot and I wasn't sure if you meant that as a compliment or as an insult.



SLEAZY P. MARTINI FOR PRESIDENT

Beef: No, it's not meant as the latter. Oderus has called himself that because, well, that's what he hears all the time.

Brut: I've noticed that you've called for the slow death of Axel Rose who seems to have his own problems with homosexuality. Are there any other celebrities you'd like to see die slowly and painfully?

Beef: Tons. In this day and age, government figures are celebrities so let's start there. However, if George Bush died we wouldn't have our crack cocaine connection.

Brut: Yeah, Bush and Quayle have very large holdings in the Libby Pharmaceutical Company which sells all the lab equipment to the South American drug lords to they can process the stuff. Which means, of course, that our war on drugs, is not a war on cocaine but on marijuana which is relatively simple to cultivate and harvest.

Beef: A crying shame . . .

Brut: Let's talk about your fans. The last time I saw you guys, I stayed at the back bar because the crowd was acting like a bunch of piranhas at feeding time.

Beef: Well, most of our fans are acned-plagued cretins with a nine year-old-mentality.

Brut: That's the kind of crowd you want to play to. The kind that gets enthusiastic about almost anything but the real question is: Do they know what "necro-anal-bestial butt-sex" is?

Beef: I don't know but I don't think they really know anything about what we're saying or doing.

Brut: I get the "anal" part but what's "necro-bestial?"

Beef: It's sex with dead animals.

Brut: Well, I had to ask. I was playing your tape the other night and my wife said, "What's that necro-thing, it sounds like fun?" I told her that I had no idea but I'd ask.

Beef: Actually, it's a practice we learned in India when we were studying with a great holy man.

Brut: At least in India they accept you. What happened

in Canada? The press release said they banned *America*.

Beef: It wasn't really banned by the government. Our corporate MAGHOUL [mogul] record label, the distribution company WEA/Canada, was basically intimidated by recent search and seizure incidents there regarding albums that had been declared obscene. So what they did was to refuse to release it unless we took three songs off the LP. Those songs were *Have You Seen Me*, *Rock N Roll Never Felt So Good*, and, for some unknown reason, *Crack In The Egg*. We recorded three different, no less offensive songs and changed the name of the LP to *Canada Must Be Destroyed*. We're going to do that wherever the LP is released: *Japan Must Be Destroyed*, *Bora Bora Must Be Destroyed* . . .

Brut: But you did take off *Rock N Roll Never Felt So Good* [an ode to the joys of sex with quadriplegic girls] which is one of my personal faves.

Beef: It comes from our experiences hanging out backstage. Occasionally a glam rocker comes to the back, thinking, "Oh, GWAR's a metal band, we're a metal band, we're friends." We've actually had the pleasure of meeting mental midgets like Brittany Fox who perpetuate the misogynist myth of rock and roll, and we've learned from them, seen what they want in a woman. And what they want is a completely helpless and useless piece of meat and so we figured we'd create the ultimate helpless piece of meat and we named her Latrina.

Brut: Does she actually exist?

Beef: A sort of rude semblance of her actually exists.

Brut: The descriptive passages in that song have such an incredible air of realism that I found myself wondering if anybody in the band had actually fucked a quadriplegic or an amputee.

Beef: (Laughing)

Brut: At first, the cut kind of sickened me, but after a few more spins, I thought, "Hey, this is kind of sexy, I think tonight it's me, the wife and a chainsaw."

Beef: YES!

Brut: You know how it is. After a few years of marriage you're looking for that spark to rekindle



"MOST of OUR fans
ARE ACNE PLAGUED
CRETINS WITH A NINE
YEAR-OLD-MENTALITY."
- BEEFCAKE



the flame of romance that once burned so hot and white. You want to do different things and after awhile you start asking yourself: "Maybe she'd look good with a stump."

Beef: That's understandable.

Brut: Anyway, *Blind Man*, one of the cuts on *America*, pays homage to a number of mass murderers but they're really historical figures. Are there any crazies of recent vintage with whom GWAR is enamored?

Beef: Ed Gein, artful genius that he was of course. Jeffrey

Dahmer, a man who felt so bad about being gay that he had to kill people. Nowhere else in the world does that kind of thing happen. People kill each other for at least, as misguided as they are, political reasons, but here ...

Brut: You guys are familiar with Albert Fish, I know, but have you read *Deranged*? The book has lengthy quotes from his letters and the other day, re-reading it, I came upon a passage in which Fish, writing to a woman he has never met, pens these sublime lines: "Let me please press my mouth against your honey sweet ass and eat your sweet peanut butter as it comes out fresh and hot," and I thought, GWAR needs to see this book.

Beef: Oh yes, but Fish has been a source of inspiration for years ...

Brut: What was the inspiration for the scat swing thing *Have You Seen Me*? Are you guys trying to break into the Vegas lounge scene?

Beef: Well, it's based on Oderus' imagined experiences with the cast of the TV show *90210*, but the truth of the matter is, he was just hanging around the port-o-potty taking on the gaffers and the grips.

Brut: We sent a copy to Mel Torme. He's perfect for it. He or Tony Bennett.

Beef: Oderus is strongly influenced by Torme as well as Lou Rawls. His wish is to get us on the same circuit. We've sort of been exposed to it. We were actually introduced to Julio Iglesias which was almost as much of a thrill as meeting Englebert Humperdinck on the *Joan Rivers Show*. Julio told us that he envied rock performers because our audiences responded so much more than the ones in Vegas, "Where they simply suck the



performance out of you, Julio. They simply suck energy from you."

Brut: Poor Julio, crying all the way to the bank.

Beef: He was very nice though. He offered us Ecuadorian boys. "They'll fuck you all night," he said.

Brut: Fascinating. Anybody else you want to shit on?

Beef: I feel like busting out, especially in regard to our sex lives. Joan Rivers, we were excited about appearing on her show. She's a simple girl from Brooklyn who sucked her way to the top and now she's just a piece of grizzle covered in plastic. She's under three feet, delightful, and she smells funny but she's a monster in bed as you can probably tell from her television performances. [Beef proceeds to describe a sordid sexual incident involving Joan, her dead husband Edgar and the rest of GWAR, but the story is so sick, hateful and pointless that we decided to delete it.]

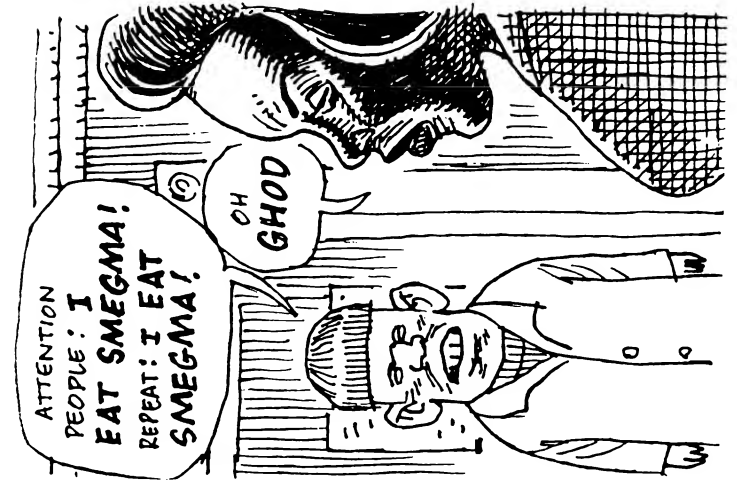
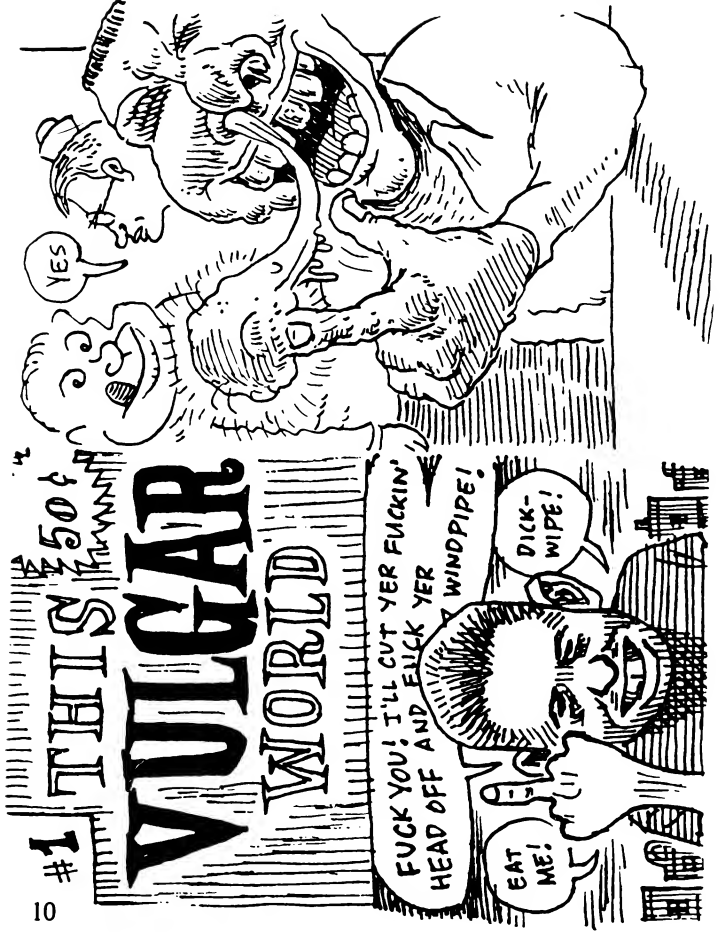
Brut: Anything else you'd like to talk about before the tape runs out?

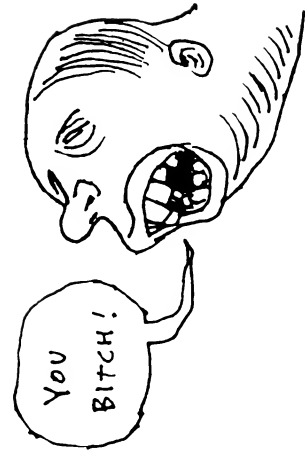
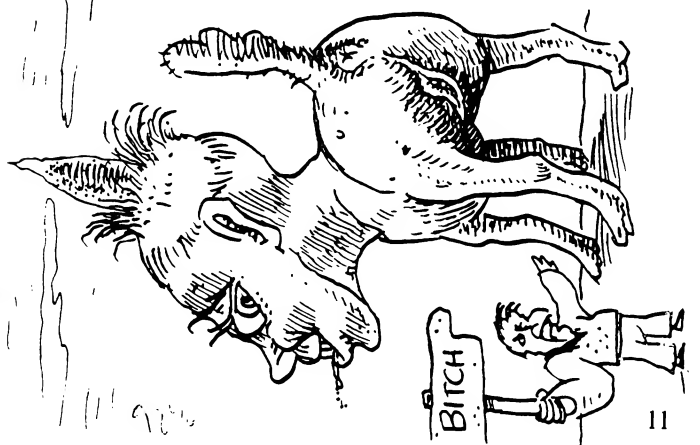
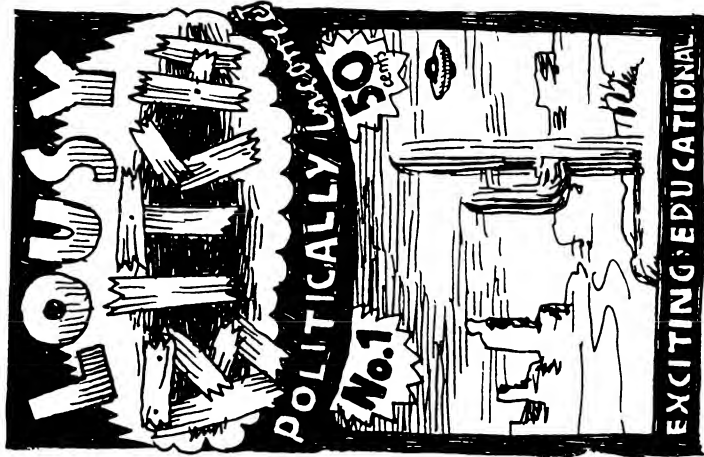
Beef: Yes, our new video, *Phallus In Wonderland* which will be released May 26th. It's a forty-five minute concept video with Gibby Haynes [Butthole Surfers], and it's a kind of boy and his dog story that chronicles our encounters with the morality squad and the entire Lizard Gore censorship thing and their subsequent demise.

Brut: It all sounds like things are just coming up roses for you guys. But then, you're already at the top.

Beef: We prefer to think of it as the bottom.

#1 THIS 50¢ FUNNY
VULGAR
 WORLD





Chris Gary Dan Archer
LOUSY Bitch
5/21/92

Down In The Bunker With

My bodyguard, Mr. Beadles and I were a few minutes late (thanks to his drunken driving which turned a five minute jaunt into a forty-five minute odyssey) but the gracious Capitol Record executive who met us at the door didn't seem to mind and so we were quickly ushered into the humid, underground, graffiti scarred bunker which serves as dressing room at Washington D.C.'s "hippest" night spot, the 9:30 Club. There we found a trio of white boys pounding down some beers whilst winding up what looked to be a rather intense interview with a reporter from Reuters. "Are those guys The Cavedogs?"

Mr Beadles drawled between belches, "And if they are why the fuck are they making you wait? Don't they know how important you are in this town?"

If there's one thing you don't want to do it's get Mr. Beadles upset when he's drunk. The man has fists as big as basketballs, he weighs over two hundred pounds and you can break a bat over his head and he'd never feel it, so I quickly reached into The Cavedogs cooler, grabbed a couple of Rolling Rocks and thrust them into Mr. Beadles' mutant mitts. "Just relax," I crooned, "they probably don't even know who we are. Just drink a couple of these and try not to worry about it."

This seemed to pacify my bodyguard although he continued to stare menacingly at the Reuters reporter. I wondered how I could alert him that his time was about up and in ways he couldn't even begin to imagine. There wasn't enough beer in the world to mollify Mr. Beadles if the reporter kept us waiting much longer.

Fortunately, the bands manager, big Phil Silverman made all of this academic when he amiably barreled into the room to pronounce the interview concluded and that he was taking all of us, including Mr. Beadles and myself, to the Hard Rock Cafe to eat.



My bodyguard nodded affably at this offer of free food and we soon found ourselves standing in the loud and sterile confines of the "rock and roll" dinner theater surrounded by little Japanese men and well-coiffed suburban teenagers. We waited for about thirty minutes but everyone quickly got fed up watching out of work actors lip synching to "Shout" while khaki clad waitresses shook their booties in graceless accompaniment (we would have left even earlier but Mr. Beadles found his way into a conga line during a performance of "YMCA") so we opted for take-out and beat a hasty retreat to 9:30's fetid grotto where between bites of a sandwich and gulps of beer, the members of The Cavedogs entertained us while my bodyguard kept an eye on the door (and our rapidly dwindling beer supply).

Our conversation began with Todd, the lead guitarist, and Brian, the bassist, debating the merits of The Sugarcubes and doing Einar Orn impressions which were lost on me inasmuch as I'm not much of a fan of that Icelandic combo. Not wanting to get the proceedings off on a bad note, I quickly turned the discussion to a subject with which I felt on safe ground: myself, me and the things I like and the things I have done.

The CAVEDOGS

by Dom Salemi

Brut: So guys, listen go easy on me, willya, the last rock interview I did was Nazareth when I was in college.

Todd: Nazareth? (Starts singing *Now You're Messin' With A Son Of A Bitch*)

Brut: Okay, so I'm showing my age. It doesn't matter. Don't you get it? I'm not some burnt out demolished wacko from the joint. I'm already at the top. This whole thing is just a lark for me.

Todd and Brian: (Still singing the chorus to *Bitch*)

Brut: Alright, enough with the *Bitch* already. Guys, I need an interview. Teach me the way of the rock interview. What questions shouldn't I ask? What's a stupid question? What shouldn't I ask rock stars like yourselves?

Todd: What's a stupid question?

Brian: The most stupid question is: What is your guy's message?

Brut: Mr. Beadles, strike that from the notebook.

Mr. Beadles: FUCKING A!

Brian: What do you stand for, that's pretty stupid.

Brut: Mr. Beadles, that is strike two.

Mr. Beadles: FUCKING A!

Todd: The answer to that's easy, we're the new Beatles.

Brian: I mean what band can you think of that has a message as a band or in a particular album?

Brut: It's funny that you'd bring up the political thing. I remember reading a quote in the press kit which had one of you guys saying or implying that being political was kind of a drag and the one thing you didn't want to happen was to end up as U2.

Todd: Well, we didn't quite say that. And if we did we were probably changing our pants at the time . . .

Brian: (Sonorously) I very much like U2.

Todd: What?

Brian: I really like them.

Todd: Boy the lyrics on the new album. Just unbelievable. Titles that come to mind, *Who's Gonna Ride Your Wild Horses*, *She Moves In Mysterious Ways*,

cliche on top of cliche. I was telling somebody this one night at a party, that's right, at a party, and the guy stood up for Bono. He said, well everyone gave him shit for being so political and now he's getting back at his critics by overusing cliche. He's just getting back at people. Which sounds ridiculous . . .

Brian: And what's so political about *Sunday*, *Bloody Sunday* and *In The Name of Love*, anyway? If somebody is going to hand me something and say listen to this, this is a very political record I want to be shocked by its conservatism or liberalism.

At this point, friends, adoring girls, assorted fashion casualties and party crashers interrupted the festivities but Mr. Beadles was quickly able to restore order and after a few more beers, the interview was able to resume . . . for about twenty seconds.

Brian: So you're a lawyer. What kind of lawyer?

Brut: I'm a trademark lawyer. It's a useless trade but if the band is ever thinking of changing their name to something a bit more primitive like, oh, *The Devil Dogs* . . . Wait that name's been taken . . .

Todd: Sissy Bar is the name I really wanted but . . .

*Here, we broke off the discussion to watch Mr. Beadles, who spotting an underaged kid trying to sneak into the room, proceeded to give him a dressing down worthy of Lou Gossett in *AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN*. Realizing that my bodyguard had no intention of stopping until either his voice or the beer ran out, Todd, Brian and I moved to the back of the room to continue our dialogue. Much was mulled over: the fickleness of rock critics, the conservative response of journalists to bands who attempt to explore new directions in sound, the impoverished quality of writing in the rock press, just what the hell Joe Carducci means when he speaks of good rock music being "the surplus value of the jam," Brian's car accident; but unfortunately, I can't quote the boys directly inasmuch as it's impossible to discern*

either my questions or The Cavedog's responses thanks to Mr. Beadles' mindless bellowing (which eventually mutated into a lecture concerning the dangers of LSD as opposed to mass consumption of beer and which would make for interesting reading of its own had I the space to print it). I do remember Brian and Todd expressing surprise that Mark Jenkins, a local rock critic, had savaged the new LP, but both felt that this was to be expected from a man who described their first LP as "winsome merseybeat." Critics are into labeling because it's easy they told me, and when a band's new LP doesn't fit into that pigeonhole, the press usually get nasty about the new product. Todd believed that he could forgive this more easily with a small time critic but with someone like Kurt Loder who had a national audience it was difficult to absolve. I told Todd, in no uncertain terms, to lay off Kurt, he had enough problems, what with a complexion that resembled a bag of melted caramels and his drinking problem. And speaking of drinking problem, Mr. Beadles, seeing that we had run out of beer, mercifully terminated his harangue of the kid and stumbled out of the room in search of liquid refreshment. Finally, able to hear ourselves think, we turned to the subject of The Cavedogs' new platter, SOUL MARTINI:

Todd: So did you like our second LP?

Brut: Yeah, I did. In fact, I can see how I'm going to start my review. I fucking hate power pop. Always have except for the Shoes and now, also except for The Cavedogs. Maybe, depends how I feel when I get up tomorrow morning.

Todd: You see, power pop has acquired this horrible reputation. People have this horrible picture of a bunch of wimpy guys, who write ineffective songs and can barely hold their instruments. We'd like to kind of change that impression.

Brut: Is that why you titled the new LP *Soul Martini*?

Todd: No, that's just to let people know by way of ironic contrast, how incredibly white we are.

Brut: So are the white kids picking up on it? How's the record selling?

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Todd: Well, I don't think we've charted on Billboard yet but ...

Brut: Do you think part of the problem is with the lead off single that was released? *Boy In The Plastic Bubble* certainly isn't the one I would have opted for.

Brian: Well usually with a record, everyone says, "That's the single," but with this album there was some dispute as to what was going to go out. Generally, the company gets feedback from radio people and the song that has the most appeal with that audience is the one that gets released.

Todd: Look, youngsters, I'm going to go upstairs and catch Radio Blue ...

Brut: Hey, go ahead, babe. But Capitol Records put me here for you guys and not for Radio Blue. I'm going to do the right thing.

Todd: No, I'll be right back, really.

Brut: Hey, don't sweat it, you've done so much so far. You've provided so much input.

Todd: Alright, you've made me feel guilty. What do you want to know?

Brut: I want to know why you guys aren't millionaires. You're professional, very good at what you do. I mean you write catchy, wonderfully melodic songs ...

Todd: Because we're not cool.

Brut: You don't have a particular look or a marketing gimmick?

Todd: Right ...

Brian: Somebody out in the midwest wrote to me and told me they were doing their doctoral thesis on this very thing.

Todd: We never had a hit on an independent label and people kind of avoided talking about us.

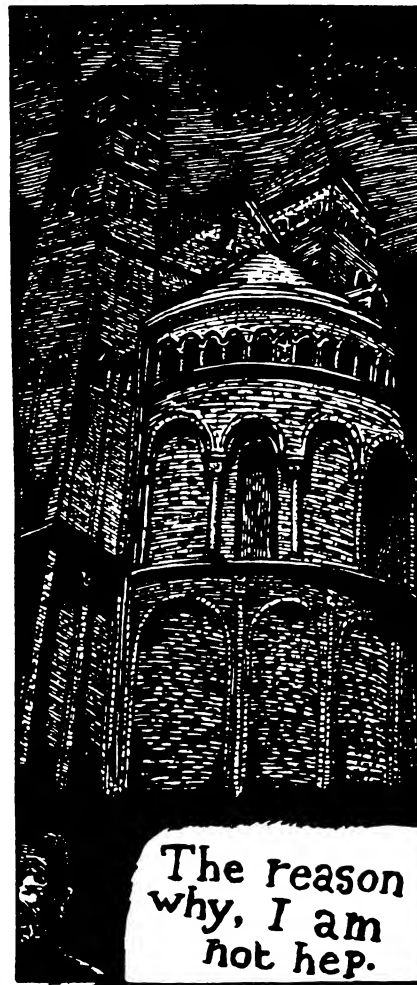
Brut: But you were on Enigma?

Todd: Right, but we weren't there long enough for people to find out about us before the label folded. So luckily Capitol picked us up and with their help we should get heard on college radio. And ... what ... WHAT?

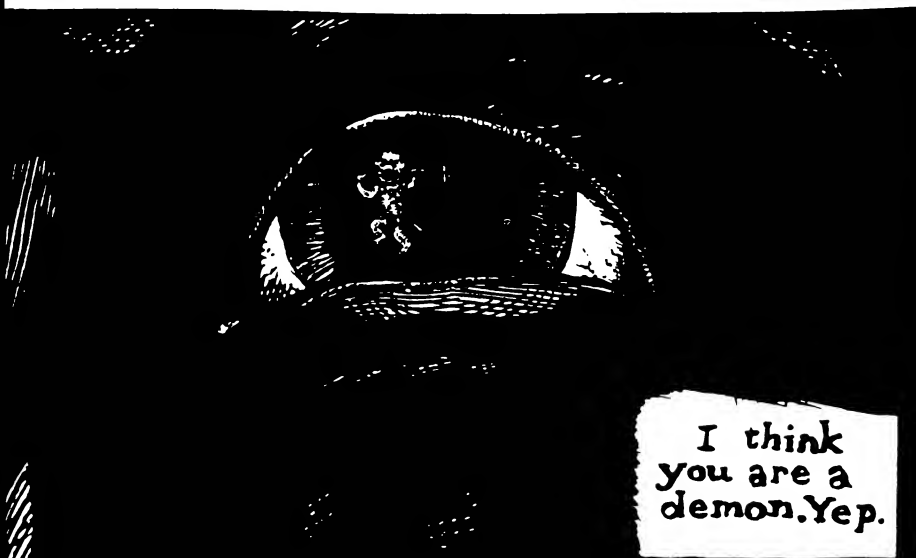
It was Mr. Beadles, returning with an armful of beer. How he made it through the crowded room upstairs with all that brew is still a mystery to me but he came running at us, yelling something about getting naked with the bodacious women and lobbing bottles at everyone. We decided it was best to humor him so as not to arouse anger, therefore The Dogs and I terminated the interview and devoted our complete attention to Mr. Beadles. The boys didn't seem to really mind although I don't recall much of what passed between them and my bodyguard. I was assured that most of it would appear in the next issue of the band's newsletter, Dog Droppings.



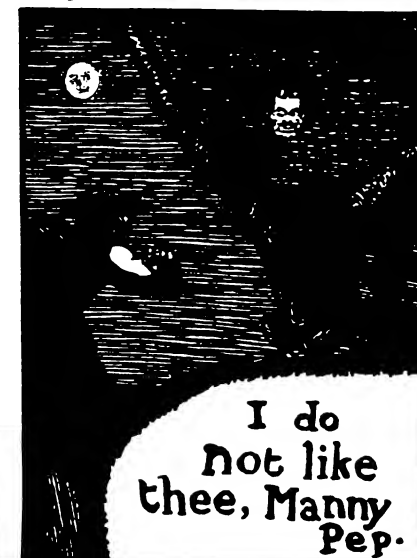
I do not
like thee,
Manny Pep-



The reason
why, I am
not hep.



I think
you are a
demon.Yep.



I do
not like
thee, Manny
Pep.

MA

WIMP

P. Revere

EP

"AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLE-

MEN, AMERICA'S FAVORITE SING-

Swing it,
Pops! Like,
Crazy! You
can really-
wait-
wuzzat

Wow! The
announcer-
I've got to
go, Pops- I've
got to get
back!

-back
to New
York and
RCAstud-
ios, Toute
Suite!

Tumblin'
Tumbleweed
carry me
home!

ING STAR, HERE HE IS, THE ONE,

THE ONLY, MANNY PEP!!

Ah yes,
I'm just
going to
make it-
O.K now
A-

-one and
A two and
A One Two
Three Four-

Go to
sleep my
bay-ay-by
my bay-ay-
by, my bay-
ay-by

CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP

MANNY PEP

P. Revers

3 A.M. at the
Municipal
Museum of Art

HEY!
WHAT
TH-

A-woochie
coochie,
Baby!
Whoops-
Gottago!

COME
BACK HERE-
SHUFF PUFFE
LITTLE
MANS!

Ars Longa
Outa Breath
us, My
Dear
Fellow!

I think
I'll just
"loaf
around"

- in this
Flemish
Still life!
Hee hee!

Have some
Eggs, my
delightful
Meatball!!

WH-
G-BLUB

conversations with



Glendale, California is a garden community nestled in the greater Los Angeles area. Row after row of immaculately maintained Spanish-styled homes comprise its neighborhoods; only the most fashionable and exclusive shops dominate its bustling downtown area. You could very well picture yourself living there. It should come as no surprise, then, that Lux Interior and Ivy Rohrschach of the Cramps call Glendale their home. If the eternally youthful marrieds have failed in the words of one New York Rocker scribe to become "as huge as KISS," the couple, thanks to their rabid and faithful international cult following, have been able to maintain a lifestyle befitting a Cramp.

THE CRAMPS

by **Greg Goodsell** with Larry Gragg and Miles Nevin
Photographs courtesy of Larry Gragg and Ray Neuharth

At the time of our interview, Lux and Ivy had just come off the stiletto heels of their national tour promoting their latest album, *Look Ma! No Head!* The platter is not among their best; coming after the transcendent *Stay Sick!*, *Look Ma!* is as big a shock as the substantially mellower *Psychedelic Jungle* was after *Songs The Lord Taught Us*. The LP features the stalwart talents of Slim Chance on bass and ex-Weirdo drummer Nicky Beat. The band is still smarting from the exit of photogenic bassist Candy Del Mar and the irreplaceable Nick Knox, the group's original drummer. Like other former band members (including the gravel-complected, curtain-haired guitarist Bryan Gregory), the pair were said to have left due to the rigors involved in "being a Cramp."

Lux and Ivy are experts on and enthusiastic fans of American popular and/or "trash" culture, and we convinced the duo to do an interview by stating that the conversation would be mostly film and art related. Our talk was conducted at Damon's, an out-of-the-way little restaurant and watering hole in Glendale and a favorite of Lux and Ivy's. An authentic Polynesian eatery with Tiki Room decor and murals dating back to the thirties, Damon's Mai Tai's set the room to spinnin' after just a few cursory sips. Ivy arrives dressed in black, tastefully accessorized in gold lame. Lux too, is dressed in black, wearing low-flung high heel pumps (Lux actually wears these shoes in concert in addition to Barbara Bush pearls which goes great with his band's recent ode to transvestism, *I Wanna Get In Your Pants*).

Our party bestows a few gifts to the artists: shampoo for the dead, filched from a mortuary ("Good for removing bloodstains,") a coffin crank, and an unwrapped copy of the Reverend Jim Jones' People's Temple album, *He's Able* (in all likelihood left moldering by some church member who never returned from Guyana). Lux scanning the stiffly posed pictures of the good Reverend and his congregation on the LP's flipside, laughs and asks, "Is this the album that came out right before *He's Probably Gonna, Too?* With that the interview begins.

Why was Cleveland horror host Ghouardi such an influence on the young Lux?

Lux: He was just incredibly way out there, and he also specialized in doing things that got him in trouble that any adolescent could identify with. There was this news commentator there named Dorothy Fulton who was just like 150 years old, and all of her ideas were about 150 years old, too, and he just raked her over the coals. He made fun of her, by going "Dorothy! Dorothy!" He got into a lot of trouble for that, that's probably the reason he got kicked out of Cleveland, which was the best thing for him because he's now the most highly paid announcer in the world. He'd also make fun of Parma, the Polish community south of Cleveland. He'd have a little house, little cars, little people, you know, petting

the dog on the front lawn and he'd blow it up with firecrackers. Just generally, the guy had a bad attitude. Kids living in Ohio just jumped on it really quick.

He had a florescent green milk shake, the "Green Ghouardi." He's just way out there. We have a five minute videotape of him. It's real amazing. It reminds you of watching the old *Ernie Kovacs Show*. He also would get into the movies, and it would get pretty involved. He would jump into the back of a jeep, and these three soldiers would go oscillate some monster to death, he'd go, "Let's go oscillate, baby!" and the jeep would drive off and he'd be riding in the back. They really worked to do these shows. You'll never hear this guy talk today about how amazing he was back then. There's not been that much of his footage from that show that has been saved. There was no way you could watch any movie on his show, he would interrupt it as much as possible. Really great. Concentrated irreverence.

Ghouardi had such a unique uniform. He had these sunglasses with one lens in them, a moustache and a cigarette holder. And fright wigs with buttons in them.

Are there any serial killers you feel deserve more attention? Some who are more clever than others?

Lux: We got the police reports for the Jeffrey Dahmer thing. Have you seen those? The photographs and everything? It's pretty gruesome. He left these half-bodies all over his apartment. Very weird. Like his bathtub had this guy, with his back laying on the outer edge of the bathtub. He had one arm and one leg in the bathtub, one arm and leg laying around in the bathroom. With no head. His refrigerator had a human head right in the middle of it. You open up the door and there's this head facing you. They're really intense photographs. We don't know where they got them. Some fan gave it to us on the road in the midwest somewhere.

But I really don't know much about Dahmer. The one that always interested me was the Zodiac Killer. I think that he's one of the most interesting.

Brut: He never got caught.

Ivy: This former cop thinks he knows who he is. It's weird that someone would know who he was, yet he's still out there.

Brut: Did he ever get that school bus full of children? I remember when that was going on and I was a little kid who rode the bus to school.

Ivy: No, I don't think so.

Lux: No, he never did. I think the reason he really scared people was he threatened to do that. The threat was enough to freak people out. I just thought his outfit looked so nice. This little Ku Klux Klan outfit from another planet. You know this isn't someone coming up to you asking for spare change when you see this guy!

Ivy: The people who broke the code [to the numerous death threats he mailed the newspapers] were just ordinary people. All these code experts couldn't break it. Grade school teachers were able to break the code.

Lux: The guy who played Ed Gein in *Deranged* [1974 skin flick regular Roberts Blossom), he looks like an interesting serial killer. He must have killed somebody! I thought he was great in that movie. That movie is like the "Beverly Hillbillies" version of *Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer*!

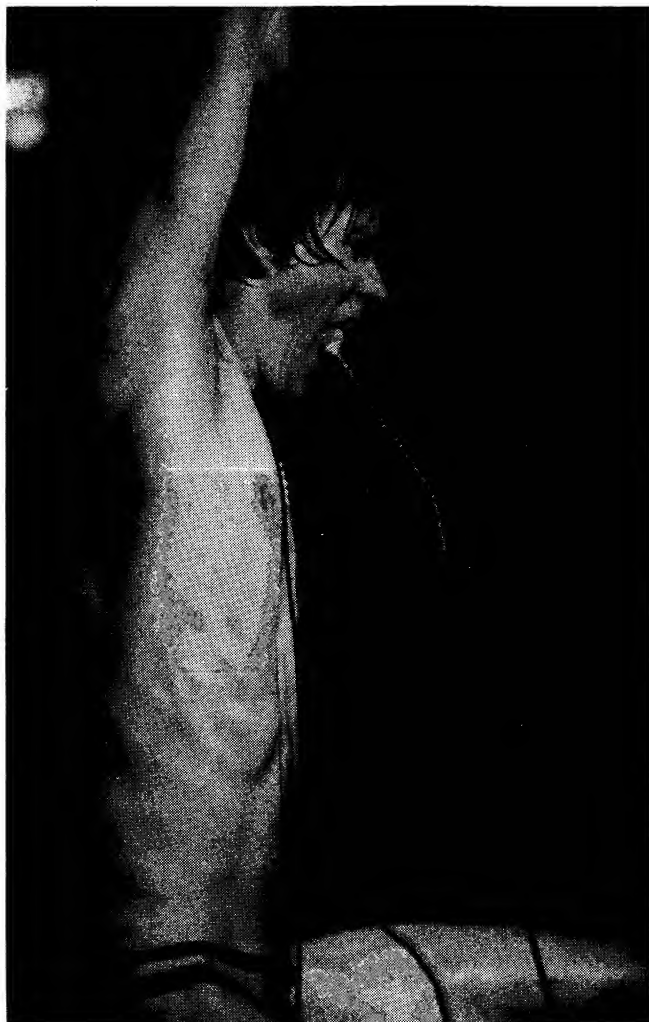
Brut: Is there any other film you think deserves more attention?

Lux: Oh, there are plenty of them.

What about your film? That flick you were planning called Aloha From Hell where you die, go to hell and meet Elvis Presley?

Lux: Oh, I don't think we'll do that. That was an idea we had at one time. We'd really like to make a movie . . .

Ivy: It's hard to make a movie. It's not like making a record.



Lux: It takes a lot of money. We've got more movies in our head than you could shake a stick at. If we just got some money to shake at it. It would be really great. My dream would be to make a 3-D horror movie, something like *The Mask* (1963) [reviewed in *Brutarian* #4]

Brut: "Put the mask on, NOW!"

Lux: I love that movie! It's the only time that 3-D was used to create an alternate world. Like surrealism. I don't know of any other movie where it was used like this.

Ivy: Just that horrible *Friday The 13th* - that Freddy Krueger thing! (table gives way to a chorus of groans)

CRAMPS VIDEOS

You made a video, didn't you, for the song off your latest album, Dames, Boots, Chains & Booze?

Lux: Not really.

Ivy: It was this show in Germany and they allowed us to use some of that as a video, but it's not like a Cramps-produced video.

Brut: I just talked to a friend in Spain and he said he just got done watching you guys live on TV. It was for the Stay Sick! tour.

Ivy: Oh yes, in Valencia we did this tour. Was it in this weird apartment that had chains hanging on the wall?

Lux: We went to this place in Valencia. It was the oldest apartment in Valencia. There was a big arch there like the turn of the century. We went into this apartment, and there were all these hippies like giggling and stuff; you had to go up this hole that was like three flights on these little steps at the top of it, and they were up there in the dark giggling and they're all on psychedelics of some kind. It was just like *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Bones everywhere and taxidermy everywhere. It looked like those people didn't come out too often.

Ivy: Mainly it was just chains that they had everywhere. They were just dangling, heavy chains decorating the ceiling. Chains everywhere you walked.

Lux: And for a living they made skull candles. They looked like skulls but they were made out of wax. And so we walked into there, and they said, "This is where we're going to do the interview," but they had no electricity. No electricity in this place, so they brought in this extension cord from a house next door. And these guys were just standing there - like they had just seen God (laughter) and they said, "We've lived here for ten years. There's been no electricity in this apartment before."

Ivy: They said there probably never was, since the Twelfth Century. They said that this was the first time it was ever lit.

Lux: I wish I had my 3-D slide out right now! They had this animal on the wall, all stretched out but it looked wet, and I said, "What is that?" and they said, "Oh, that's a dog, we found that in the road yesterday. We brought it in and put it up. Looks great, doesn't it?"

Ivy: They taxidermied a dead dog they found! They skinned it, traced it out.

Lux: All the while on psychedelics!

Brut: Heavy art!

Was the inspiration for *Creature From The Black Leather Lagoon* directly lifted from Herschell Gordon Lewis' *Just For The Hell Of It* [1968]?

Ivy: That was one of the inspirations. Tearing up the house. I'm sure there were ten different movies that inspired that.

[In addition to trashing a suburban tract home, *Black Leather* opens with the bloodied head of Lux emerging from Ivy's vagina shouting, "You better ask my mommy how to make a monster!," an image purloined from various birth trauma horror films like *It's Alive* (1974) and *Humanoids From The Deep* (1982).

Ivy: The house where we shot that video is right out of L.A., in Sun Valley, where they have houses on stilts. On blocks. Houses that have been moved. They're cut up in half. So they found this house, and I think the budget for art direction was around seven hundred dollars, and this art director was great. He just went to junk stores and found the TV sets, the ceramic owls, crappy stuff with "Have A Nice Day" decor. He just loaded up on it because it had to be cheap enough for us to destroy. It couldn't be reused.

Lux: That song on our new album, *Bend Over, I'll Drive* was actually written on a coffee cup that was hanging in the pantry that we destroyed in that house.

THEIR HUMBLE BEGINNINGS, COMPS AND THE NEW BAND

Is there any truth to the legend that you, Lux, picked up Ivy while she was hitch-hiking through Bakersfield, California?

Ivy: Not Bakersfield. Sacramento, which is my hometown.

Lux: You may have said you were hitching to Bakersfield when I picked you up.

Ivy: I hitch-hiked one time from Bakersfield to Sacramento. My relatives were staying in this house in the Mojave Desert. That was a big adventure. I met Lux while hitch-hiking in Sacramento.

Lux: Then we'd be hitch-hike together after that. I never had any problem getting a ride.

Ivy: A lot of people hitch-hiked back then. Looking back on that, it was kind of stupid. I think it was probably less dangerous then it is now. It didn't seem like it. I got picked up once by this one guy who didn't have any door handles on the inside of his car. He let me go.

Lux: His name was Ted! Blondie vocalist Debbie Harry recalled in her early New York Bowery days being picked up by a dapper young man who likewise had no indoor car handles. Managing to escape, she would later discover that her would-be abductor was in fact, infamous serial killer Ted Bundy.

Ivy: This guy insisted he was a Vietnam veteran and I really didn't know what he wanted to do with me. He said he didn't want to let me go because I'd just go hitch-hike again. It was really weird. Other than that, it was just mostly guys who wanted to look at my legs and then jerk off. You'd get out in a hurry and get a better ride.

Lux: I didn't do that! (laughs)

Did you have anything to do with *The Born Bad Compilations* [collections of tracks of original songs *The Cramps* were to later cover]?

Ivy: No. We have nothing to do with that. They're cool and all. They come out of Australia or New Zealand. We met a guy we did a radio interview with who said he was good friends with the guy who puts this out. He's a major record collector guy. We don't even know the information on all of those cover songs. With us, it's just a record that we have; we don't know anything about the artist. Some of the liner notes are so wrong. it's like he points out this riff (we could name ten other songs with this real basic riff) but he thinks it's just this one song. Which is cool.

Lux: He said *The 2,000 Pound Bee* was the *Human Fly*. It had nothing to do with it. Sounds like it would, but it doesn't.

Ivy: But they're good compilations. They turn people on to a lot; it's a good education.

Lux: Anything that gets people to listen to old rock 'n' roll is good, far as I'm concerned. I don't find it to be such a reactionary thing of looking to the past or anything. Today's music is just so fucking boring. Unbelievable. I just don't know. If you don't have any idea of what happened in the past, how are you going to do something great now? All you got today are these people doing what they consider their "art."

Ivy: You know, one of those compilations, *Forbidden City Dog Food*? That's a tape that Lux made that was stolen. It was an intro tape. The writing on the back of the record is Lux's handwriting. I truthfully believe that none of those records would exist if it wasn't for us. A lot of those songs on those records are songs that we put on our intro tapes, I think we definitely spawned that. I don't think any other people would

have a clue to mix in movie trailers with songs. No one had ever done that before.

Lux: They never do it really good, though. They put in the whole trailer and I like just to put in one or two really intense lines right before the first note of the next song.

How do you guys get along with the new band members: It seems like you have a lot more energy on stage.

Ivy: Oh yeah, they're great.. Nicky Beat is a whole lot different than Nick Knox. Really feral. I love Slim Chance, too.

Lux: There's no comparison of this band to the other bands we've had, except when we first started out.

Brut: Do you still keep in touch with Nick?

Ivy: No, we tried to. I think he's back in Cleveland. No one we know knows what he's up to. I stayed in touch with him up until September of last year.

Lux: We sent him a Christmas card at Christmas but that came back. His parents have moved. I think he may be living with them now . . . A certain reviewer for *Psychotronic Video* once said in there how sad it was that Nick Knox wasn't in the band anymore and it was our fault or something. It would have gotten a lot sadder had he'd stayed in the band. That's the only way I can put it.

Brut: He seemed terribly bored.

Lux: He was. I love Nicky Beat, he's great. Nick Knox was great at one time.

Ivy: It was probably hard to play with us because we're pretty "hopped-up" people. When you're hyped-up and going at one speed it feels bad to have one person not up to that speed. I think he was a lot better than what other people got in their bands. Nicky probably drums circles around us, however . . .

WEIRDFILM and JAYNE MANSFIELD'S FILTHY BEEHIVE

Any recent film discoveries by you?

Ivy: Haven't had a chance to see much. A lot of the stuff we've bought, we haven't had a chance to see. *Naked Lunch*, a lot of people didn't like that one. It's different. I dug it. It's not action-packed. There were a lot of people walking out on it when we saw it.

Lux: Have you seen *The World's Greatest Sinner* [see Brut #4]? Rumor had it that Timothy Carey had jacked off on all the good parts which looks like what actually happened, where he's suddenly the great rock 'n' roll performer, all of a sudden the tape gets all fucked up the entire time he's doing that, and then it's alright until his character is back on stage again. It

gets fucked up again, so that's what actually could have happened. Have you seen that movie? It's incredible. It's about a guy who quits his job at an insurance company and becomes a rockabilly singer.

Ivy: Who changes his name to "God!"

Lux: Yeah, he changes his name to God, and he tells everybody at the insurance company, "You've all got the day off!" and he sends the whole company home. The boss shows up and says "Where is everybody?" And he says, "I sent 'em home!" And then the boss fires him. It's unbelievable, I shouldn't tell you anymore than that without ruining it, but it has scene after memorable scene. It's worth any price you pay to see it. That's an incredible movie.

Are you still into those sixties German films?

Lux: There are really some amazing West German films like *Phantom of Soho*.

Ivy: That's the one somebody wrote into *Psychotronic* saying it was a different movie than the one we described.

Lux: Yeah, yeah, it was something. I don't know, I went through a whole bunch of movies, I can't figure which one it was that has that one scene . . .

Ivy: Is that the film where the guy is revving his engine and his girl is up in her room masturbating?

Lux: That's Inga. That's an amazing film with a great soundtrack. Fuzz-tone guitar screaming all the way through it. She's masturbating and this guy is revving up his sports car and this Velvet Underground-type guitar is just screaming all the way through it. It just goes on and on. It's really great. There's lots of party sequences and stuff.

Have you seen Albert Zugsmith's On Her Bed of Roses?

Ivy: Is he the one who did that crazy Jayne Mansfield movie?

Brut: *The Wild, Wild World of Jayne Mansfield*.

Ivy: He did *Three Nuts In Search of a Bolt*.

Lux: *Screaming Mimi* is great! It's really great. It has her dancing in it, just incredible. We have 3-D pictures from that.

If you could go back to the seventies for a day, what three things would you bring back?

Ivy: (Without a second's hesitation) The New York Dolls! Oh, you mean movies?

Brut: Whatever.

Ivy: The New York Dolls WERE the seventies. They were a pretty awesome thing. What was in the seventies? . . . There was probably a handful of culture in the seventies . . .

Lux: I'd leave bell-bottoms there!

Ivy: There's something that I've found that they don't make anymore called Pretty Feet, which is like a cosmetic thing that makes your feet really soft and smooth so that you don't have to file on them all the time. I'm kind of a foot fetishist to a certain degree. I think that's an example of a decline in culture, that that product doesn't exist anymore. People aren't concerned with the erotic potential of feet. It disappeared with the eighties. The seventies . . . I don't know what car I would bring back, though the seventies cars are much better than the ones in the nineties!

Lux: Everytime I think cars can't get any worse, they get worse a few years later. I used to think seventies cars were ugly.

Ivy: What I would bring back from the seventies would be cheap, collectible records, that you could pick up for a dime! Junk stores had something in them. From the sixties, I think of all these bands and records that I would bring back.

Are there any of your brethren that you thought would make it who didn't? Do you think some of them had a lot of potential and never caught on?

Ivy: Again, the New York Dolls because I thought they were so magical. I thought the Ramones would be bigger than they are, I thought they were going to be huge when they started. I really did. I guess with the things I love, I can't understand why they don't catch on. I say, "Wait until they find out about this!"

Brut: Well, you're so much bigger in Europe.

Ivy: I think to have success in America, you have to have a lot of industry machinery behind you. You need a lot of money and a major label. In Europe, things can happen more independently. It's weird because I feel very American, and I'll always live in America, probably - Americans are like a consumer culture. I think a lot of Americans are guilty of buying what is marketed to them. In Europe, people think more. I hate to say it, but they're deeper thinkers. They look at the background behind things. I wonder if it's because of a lack of permanence in Europe; they've been blown up a few times. Americans are too complacent. They just consume and consume and don't think about substance. I don't know because we're definitely an American band, but Europeans realize that more than Americans would. I don't know if Americans know what American is. I don't know.

Lux: Americans don't get out of their living rooms other than to go buy dope. (Laughs)



Ivy: It's just more and more homogenized here. It's more compassionate over there.

Brut: What big league rock star has impressed you the most?

Lux: (After a long, drawn-out silence) I like Ray Davies. There are many. Gary Glitter. Talk about bringing back the seventies. You don't have to bring him back, he's always been here. There's so many.

Ivy: Elvis impressed me a lot. I don't think there are any floating around currently. My most impressive movie star? That would be easy for me. Jayne Mansfield. She wasn't an actress, she was a movie star.

Brut: She was a phenomenon . . .

Ivy: She was a phenomenon, and that's what was so god-damn impressive about her. She would promote, she would just take over, she just . . . I've read every book about her. *The Tragic Secret Life of Jayne Mansfield* . . . She just took Hollywood by storm. She was just so determined. She got what she wanted. A good example of determination just winning out.

Lux: She was in this West German film . . . *To Catch A Thief*? She plays a strip club owner. That's a great film.

Brut: I felt *Single Room Unfurnished*, her last film, was a disappointment.

Ivy: I wasn't disappointed by it. I just saw it on TV. She's so cruel in that one - screaming, "Monkey! Monkey!" to that poor soldier, which is more of what she was really like. You read books about her and, she was just playing herself. That was just so much like her. She would combine a lot of speed and booze. She was just totally nuts and scary.

Brut: I thought she had a carefully manicured image as a loving wife and mother . . .

Ivy: She just had a lot of babies because she was just so free. She was careless, in a way. Obviously, she didn't buy into the Hollywood image. I think that was cool that she just kept having babies when most actresses would just have an abortion. She was just a very natural woman. It was just great.

Lux: Also, how many actresses do you know that were decapitated?

Ivy: It was like Isadora Duncan and her scarf in the spokes of a car wheel; a freak accident.

Lux: Actually Jayne was scalped! I can't think of any other actress who was scalped. She was decapitated somewhere along the line. I heard she was scalped rather than decapitated.

Brut: Is this your favorite celebrity death?

Ivy: Probably, because I was very aware of it at the time it happened. It was such big news. I had recently just seen her at the White Front store, where she used to do market openings and she was there. I was too young at the time, she may have been there with Mickey Hargitay or some other man. She was there with some man . . .

Brut: She was phasing out Hargitay for her manager at that time, I think . . .

Ivy: Yeah. She was at the White Front. They closed those down, they were like K-Mart, schlock department stores and she was at the grand opening of that and she looked so scary



Greg Goodsell with the demonic duo

because she had this big bouffant, bleached hair, and you weren't seeing that style any more. And her hair was full of dirt! You could see the dirt stuck in the hairspray. She seemed just so burnt out, which at the time I just thought woooo! At that time I was real impressed with that. It fits in with all the books you read about her life. She would bring her dogs everywhere and let them shit everywhere. They would never clean up the dogshit anywhere, and if you went into their Las Vegas hotel room, you would have to dodge it, and they would let whatever happen, happen.

Brut: Had she lived, I'd have no doubt she would have gone the Diana Dors - Shelley Winters route as a character actress.

Ivy: In that *Twilight Zone* she did, she had that sort of frumpy look to her.

Brut: Do you think there are any stars today who promote themselves as aggressively as Mansfield did?

Ivy: Somebody who doesn't have talent but really promotes herself is Madonna, but not in any way that impresses me.

Lux: I wish she would really get trashy sometime where she would just say something like, "I'm just going to get pregnant so I can have an abortion!" She should do something really outrageous.

Ivy: Jayne Mansfield was really outrageous for her time, never been encountered before. I don't know of anybody like that now.

That recent video [Madonna did] looks like a Calvin Klein "Obsession" commercial.

Is there anybody you think who's made it who has nothing going for them whatsoever?

Lux: Good God, where do you begin? (Laughs)

Ivy: ALL OF THEM! Why name one act when there are so many others?

Lux: We could attack U2 because they once attacked us. They once said something like "rock 'n' roll isn't any good unless it saves a rain forest." Or saves a screaming whale or something.

Brut: What's so weird is that their latest video so resembles your, *Bikini Girls With Machine Guns*.

Lux: Well, whaddya expect from somebody named Bono?

Ivy: On one of their recent albums, they made a big deal about going down to Sun Studios in Memphis to record. We know for a fact you can get Sun Studios for \$500 a night, it's on the Greyline tour, and if you have the money, there's a real good engineer there with vintage equipment, and you get this really good room sound. But that's not what U2 did. For a small fortune, you can blow out the Greyline tour and bring in your own outboard equipment. So all they did was record at Sun in name only, and they brought in the most high-tech gear. You can do that here. You can do that anywhere. They say they recorded at Sun, but it was only a technicality. It's like they're using it for some credibility . . .

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Lux: It's a psychic vortex they were trying to get.

Ivy: It was just bullshit!

Brut: Well Love and Rockets said they wished they could sing about motorcycles as convincingly as you did.

Lux: Why don't they? What's stoppin' ya?

Ivy: It's hard to be simple, to strip things down. Don't you think so? I think it's too easy to be too wordy . . .

Lux: It is, it is. We were listening to that Public Image thing, God! This guy writes a novel! What happened to his sense of humor? I can't believe it! Johnny Rotten, Johnny Righteous.

Brut: You don't have time for people who are out to save the world?

Lux: I think there is a much more powerful way of doing it than to attack idiotic, lame, shallow, unworthy-of-attack things. Even attacking religion. Why even bring it up? God, we're beyond that, aren't we. I like Johnny Rotten a lot. I like him a lot.

Ivy: He's funny in his interviews.

Lux: If he was just a little brighter, he would still be a Sex Pistol. I lost interest in him after the Sex Pistols. This . . . (shudders) ART! Who cares?

FINISHING UP

About this time, the interview tape gave up the ghost but Lux and Ivy talked to us for about forty-five minutes afterwards, covering a variety of topics and keeping us entertained, proving that underneath that black leather exterior, they were just plain folks. When asked what two things Ivy would drag into a fallout shelter, her face lit up like a Christmas tree and she said, "Old 45s and comic books - more important than food and water."

As we were leaving the restaurant, Lux and Ivy recommended that we pay a visit to a particular ladies' shoe store that caters to especially "big girls." It's where Lux buys his own brand of low-flung high heels. The brand is Town and Country and Lux claims they're more "comfortable than sneakers." After we posed for photos with the demonic duo, Ivy jumped behind the wheel of the Cramps' distinctive '56 Dodge (with leopard skin upholstery) and directed us to the "big girls" store located in a terribly fashionable shopping mall. Bidding Lux and Ivy adieu, I spent the rest of the afternoon being catered to by a nervous salesman as we tried on suede, plastic and patent leather pumps. "Are-uh, you guys in a band?" asked the clerk. "No - just perverts," I responded as a nervous matron bolted for the exit. We agreed that this was the perfect end to a perfect day.

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SPACE THING

1968, COLOR - Visit the "planet of the rapes" with Captain Mother and her sultry crew of sadistic lesbians in this campy "peek into the year 2069." Comes in a full-color box created by Dave "Rocketeer" Stevens!

A Sweet Sickness

1965, BW - Pretty young Dee from somewhere, USA shows up in Hollywood and learns what it takes to become a star. "A moving visual experience" or "Eight reels of sewage?" You be the judge of this nudie-ruffie about the underground film business in LA.



THE NOTORIOUS DAUGHTER OF FANNY HILL

1966, COLOR - The incredibly sexy Stacey Walker stars as "Kissy Hill", the teenage Hoyden offspring. Tutored in the art of lovemaking, she was able to play hanky-panky with the best of them. (The Duchess of Roxbury and the Count de Sade among them!)

FEVERENTLY FILMED IN EXPLICIT COLOR

Brand + Shame

1968, COLOR - "It's the adult color Western that puts you back in the saddle again!" Molly and her stable of prostitutes take on the good and bad guys alike! It's like the kiss of a red-hot branding iron! See Dave Friedman himself at the reins of a stagecoach.



A RIBALD DELIGHT!



Moonlighting Wives

1964, COLOR - "Expose" of a prostitution racket run by a ruthless housewife in the New York suburbs. Directed by Joe Sarno.

Career Bed 1969, BW - A sleazy stage mother pushes her incredibly sexy daughter up the ladder of success. Don't miss this one. Directed by Joel Reed.

Henry's Nite In 1968, BW - Henry's psychotherapist recommends extramarital sex to cure his potency problems. Then he learns how to become invisible. Incredible invisible sex ensues.

Hot Thrills and Warm Chills

1966, BW - "Wild madness that will make your innards sizzle!" Four hot babes, former street gang chums, attempt to pull off a major crime in Rio during Mardi Gras. Starring Rita Alexander and featuring Russ Meyer star Lorna Maitland. Sleazy-listening Mambo music by Perez Prado. Directed by Dale Berry.



Aroused

1966, BW - Here's a real sickie! Killer of prostitutes gets it in the end. Directed by Anton Holden.

Sinderella and the Golden Bra

1964, COLOR - Musical comedy variation of the popular Cinderella story with the major difference involving bust, instead of foot size.

The Weird World of LSD 1967, BW - Whoever made this one must have been using large amounts of the then popular hallucinogen. So wild and over the top, we can't recommend it enough!

Naughty Dallas 1964, COLOR - Larry "Mars Needs Women" Buchanan's first movie! Young, naive country gal goes to the big city to become a stripper. This tease classic was shot in Jack Ruby's Dallas strip club two months before the JFK assassination.

Hot-Blooded Woman 1965, BW - Young nymphomaniac can't resist exhibiting herself. She finally gets raped, sent to a nut house, etc. Directed by Dale Berry.

Fly Now, Pay Later 1969, BW - Definitely of the nudie-ruffie-sickie category, this story of drug smuggling stewardesses does not contain one plane! However they did manage to include snakes, torture and various other important sleaze elements to keep our interest.

Sock It To Me Baby

1968, BW - Uncle's got the hots for his niece. But Auntie has been getting it on with her for years. A fine 60's portrayal of pent-up sexual frustration. Directed by Lou Campa.

To Turn A Trick 1967, BW - A twisted photographer takes in a wanna-be model and shows her the tricks of the trade. Features drug abuse, lesbianism and degenerate lifestyles in 60's NYC. Produced by Sam Lake.

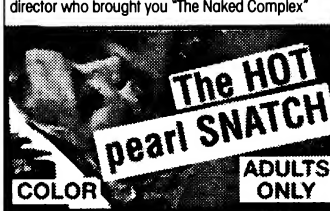
Private Relations 1968, BW - PR man Earl Dudley has his hands full in this sleazy film filled with cheesy sets, naked gals and plenty of mistakes and bloopers left intact in order to save film. Produced by Lou Campa.

Sex Freedom In Germany 1969, COLOR - A wacky mondo-keyhole look at 60's sexual practices in Germany including nude musicians, a sex political party, porno movie production, and a no-to-be-missed shocking art performance by Otto Murni.

We All Go Down 1969, BW - Directed by Gerard "Deep Throat" Damiano, this excellent example of gritty 60's NYCB&W sleaze has it all; drugs, boobs, orgies and terrible acting. Don't miss it.

The Girl Grubbers 1968, COLOR - Girl-hungry hoodlums on the loose in NYC! A true "nudie-ruffie."

The Hot Pearl Snatch 1965, COLOR - A true tease and sleaze mess! Nude pearl divers, strippers, woodoo curse, entirely senseless yet titillating. From the same director who brought you "The Naked Complex"



Paris Ooh-La-La! 1963, COLOR - An American businessman goes on a 24-hour sex spree in Paris, ending up in the Crazy Horse Saloon where he gets more than an eye-fu! A "laff riot" in the true nudie-cutie tradition.

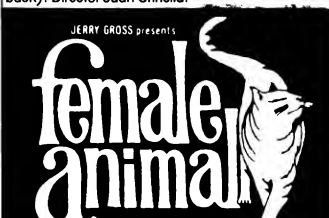
A Woman In Love 1969, BW - A guy loses his marbles and tries seducing his friend's wife. When that doesn't work, he rapes his fiancée who he thinks is his step-sister! A truly strange nudie film.

18... And Ready

1968, BW - Sleaze film director and his lesbian talent agent wife lure young girls into a seething web of perverted thrills.

Female Animal

1970, COLOR - Angelique, via flashbacks, recounts the events leading up to her present position (flat on her back). Director Juan Grinella.



Naughty New Orleans

1962, COLOR - Strip-tease bump-and-grind in the French Quarter.

The Devil's Joint

1969, BW - Here's a true Something Weird find. A documentary on marijuana scare films of the 20s and 30s. It's a howl. Narrator is obviously pro-pot. The film was probably financed by wacked-out hippie drug dealers. A must-see!

The Commuter Game

1969, BW - Two suburban husbands rent an apartment in the city to use as a love pad. When their wives catch on they join in on the fun and games. Directed by Fred Kamell.

That Tender Touch

1969, COLOR - Another fine nudie tease flick. Directed by Russell Vincent.

The Spy Who Came

1969, BW - A lesbian blackmailer makes incriminating movies of a police detective with a prostitute a week before his wedding. Another ruffie.

One Shocking Moment

1965, BW - Director Ted V. Mikels' "lost" nudie tease film has bisexuality, sadomachism, orgies and... marriage. A rare discovery!

The Ultimate Voyeur

1969, BW - A man pays people to do weird things while he looks on. A real sickie.

Ann and Eve

1969, COLOR - An 18 year-old girl meets a lesbian nightclub singer. They run off together only to have a shattering experience involving seduction and rape.

Rio Nudo

1969, COLOR - A voyeuristic view of Rio De Janeiro's red light district. "Orgies, prostitutes and exotic dancers in a frenzy of drinking, dancing and sensual abandon!"

The Games Men Play

1963, BW - Ill with Bubonic Plague in a seedy hotel filled with sexually frustrated guests. Director Daniel Tinayre.

The Minx

1970, COLOR - Big-time shady business dealings, adulterous affairs and good old hanky-panky make this the ultimate blend of sex and violence.

Kitten In A Cage

1968, BW - A strange sex melodrama involving a girl on the run, jewel thieves and lesbian topless dancers.

Brazen Women of Balzac

1969, COLOR - West Germany is responsible for this good-looking soft-core film involving the mistaken identity theme mistresses, orgies and big boozoms galore!

Country Girl

1967, COLOR - She uses a whiskey bottle in the wildest way imaginable! This film is "a Cadillac in the adult market."

Dracula, The Dirty Old Man

1968, COLOR - The ultimate nudie horror comedy!

Hey Fellows...

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ON MANOR'S MIND

ONE HIT WONDERS: Back when I was a celebrity-in-waiting and The Knack were "the next Beatles" (as if that's complimentary), certain nimrods would counter my knocks on the band with lines like, "Ten years from now, The Knack will be all over the airwaves and you'll be nobody."

Over the past twelve months I've done numerous radio interviews from coast to coast and into Canada, no doubt accumulating more air time than the One Hit Wonders. I bet h-h-h-his Sharona doesn't even listen to Knack albums anymore!

The reason I bring this up is threefold: (a) to publicly go "Nyah, nyah;" (b) I love bragging about myself; (c) to encourage others to never hold back while dissing "hot" acts you happen to hate.

It is your Constitutional right - make that your **DUTY** - to loudly and maliciously denounce every performer deemed "hip" by those mindless conformists known as the general public. Don't just say, "I'm not an R.E.M. fan." Stand on a restaurant table and scream, "Michael Stipes is a pencil-necked, droning, can't dance, bottled water-drinking twerp and I don't give a bear's butt what pinheaded *Rolling Stone* readers think."

Make long-term bets with the faithful such as "By this date in 1997 Dennis Miller will have returned to being an opening act" - and get it all down on paper. That way, if you win, you can send copies to all his friends, thoroughly humiliating the fool. Thereafter, every time Mr. Know-It-All makes a pompous prediction like "I believe _____ is destined to become a household name," listeners will shoot back, "Yeah, that's what you said about Pink Lady," to his eternal annoyance.

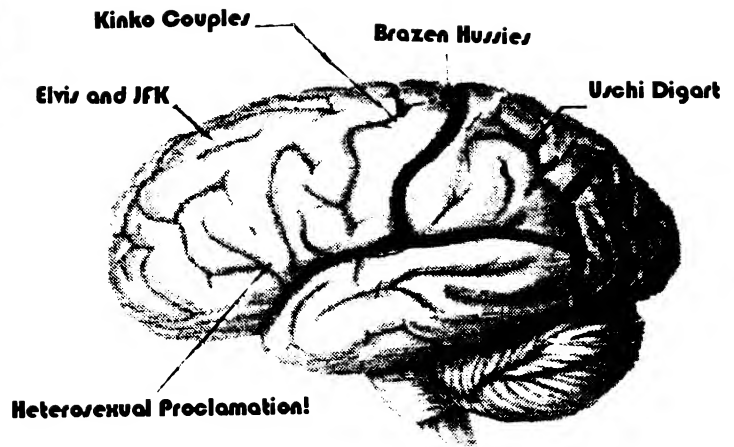
Use copies of the bet for gift wrap. A nice touch is to invite the victim and his closest pals over for dinner, then serve the chow on "placemats" which are actually enlargements of the bet document. Prefer a booze bash over a food feast? Have the local print shop reproduce the wager paper on cocktail napkins and make sure everyone notices.

The odds of you losing the bet - and Big Mouth remembering it - are infinitely minute. Few of those who rocket to Media Darling Of The Day status have true staying power. For every David Bowie there are a hundred John Savage, Gino Vanelli, Peter Fonda, Julie Andrews, David Cassidy, Judy Carnes and Christopher Cross stories.

Nevertheless, there is a possibility you will goof on your gamble. No problem. Wite-out the name of the celebrity, substitute "Adam Rich" in its place and claim that *his* copy is the fraud. So many people will hate your adversary by then they'll be bound to go along with your assertion even if they know you're ying.

RAUNCHIEST READERS' CONTEST: It gives me great pleasure to announce that I've been selected as the "Celebrity Judge" for the fourth annual *Brutarian Rauchiest Readers' Contest*. In my honor there will be two categories this year, Kinko Couples and the women-only Brazen Hussies. So send your steamiest letters, photos and videos to me care of *Brutarian*. All entries must be postmarked by Labor Day.

Contest winners will become world famous by having their names mentioned in a future column (unless anonymity is requested) and receive a personal letter from yours truly hailing their victory. Be the envy of all readers. Better yet, imagine how "Miss Brazen Hussy 1992" will look on your resume! Don't be a chicken. Enter today!



EXTRAORDINARY INSIGHT: Have you ever had the urge to approach a down-on-his-luck individual, pat him on the back and say "Don't worry, friend, tomorrow's bound to be brighter," handing him the funds from your just-cashed paycheck while thinking, "Damn the cynics; this is what the brotherhood of man is all about?" I, neither. Millions of people have seen or intend to rent the video of *JFK* and have formulated theories as to the Prez's demise. Now the truth can be told in this *Brutarian* exclusive. Elvis shot Kennedy because he was convinced the man was Hitler in disguise. Are you aware that the assassination sparked a series of sick "Mommy, mommy" jokes in late '63? The only one I know is "Mommy, mommy, can I quit saluting now?" "Shut up, John, John, or I'll nail your other hand to your head." . . . Figure skating fans, complete the following poetic couplet: Oh, Katarina Witt's/ Got a great pair of _____. . . You don't have to be a rocket scientist to be sick of cliches from hell . . . Here's something to liven up a dreary weekend: Make a cassette recording of a series of splatter film "stalk and slash" scenes; pick up hitchhikers; then, play the tape at top volume on your car deck, screaming "Get the pig" and "Rip her lungs out" for added effect . . . I think it would be hilarious if the ReSearch publishers divulged that they fabricated the *Pranks* volume thereby making the book itself a prank. After all the fuss died down they could claim the announcement was a prank and *really* befuddle people . . . Those who address me as "dude" are cordially invited to straddle a machete. I much prefer "daddyo."

HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: I've joined the thousands of high-profile personalities who have stood up and boldly admitted, "Yes, I am a heterosexual." Although the confession has no doubt ruined my chances of a career in fashion design, I gallantly continue to risk derision reporting the names of women who have crossed my mind as of late. Thus, the H-H-H section of O-M-M.

With all the Betty Page coverage over the last few years, isn't it about time for a Uschi Digart revival? For those unfamiliar with the Danish pastry, Uschi (re)defined voluptuous in flesh flicks from the late sixties/early seventies "naughty" period to the XXX era. Her Ultimate Lust Object presence was so strong she was able to make the transition from Russ Meyer to John Holmes films without ever participating in a "hardcore" scene. Dig Digart's art!

by Stately Wayne Manor



Chopped and Channeled

by Steve Jeffries

DUANE MEETS THE SPOTNICKS

"Frusengladje Duane Eddy" ("We idolize Duane Eddy as we do our powerful and war-like Norse gods.")

- The Spotnicks

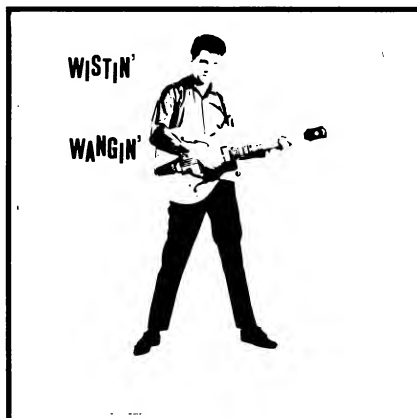
Duane, you are so statuesque! Duane doesn't really have anything to do with the Spotnicks, but so what? Gratuitous Duane references are always appropriate and tasteful. Just like serving your guests inexpensive pastel after dinner mints as the finale to a swank dinner party which you have thrown. Guests always appreciate this warm gesture. You probably already know that though, having received many kind thank you notes in the mail after your last shindig. Anyway, my version of the elusive Spotnicks' saga begins with Sonia, the small, frisky and undoubtedly furious Russian space dog launched into permanent orbit by the sadistic Nikita Khrushchev in 1960. The Russians are not really our friends by the way, even though they are pretending that they are. They are just jealous of us and hate us. Brave little Sonia's courageous and lonely flight so affected the already fragile nervous system of paranoid limey (not our friends) intro maven Joe Meek that he cowered in a small enclosed space and cried uncontrollably for weeks until he finally managed to compose the appropriately inspirational ode to the intrepid puppy, his seminal astromental *Telstar*. As performed by robotic Meek henchmen The Tomados, the rapturous shopping mall organ propelled *Telstar* launched the historic Joe Meek Sound into global acclaim.

The space age Joe Meek Sound proved irresistible to frozen Sweden's mysterious instrumental pioneers, the Spotnicks. Soon sensitive teens across the tiny nation were awed as the frightening, bubble helmeted and silver spacesuit clad Spotnicks were lowered by pulley onto paper-mache boulder littered stage moonscapes to perform their laborious earthly musical duties. In 1962, the fab Spotnicks transported to London's Oriole Studios to record their haunting astromental greats *Moon Shot*, *The Spotnicks Theme*, etc., all thickly drenched with uniquely pleasing tinny Spotnick guitar twang, swirling organ and occasionally, ethereal space-female backing choruses. The moving Oriole set was released as *Out-a Space - The Spotnicks In London* and must be purchased at great expense by all. Guests in your home will marvel at cold war era rocket technology displayed by the armed Spotnicks on the colorful dust jacket as well as the insipid costumes worn by the Spotnicks themselves. The Spotnicks followed up this 1962 release with a series of prob-

ably phenomenal intro spectaculars (*The Spotnicks In Paris*, *The Spotnicks In Berlin*, and the like) none of which I own. So they might as well not exist.

I do, however, own *The Spotnicks In Tokyo*. So that does exist, you see. That's how it works. Nobody ever sends me anything to review. Why don't you send me things that are precious to you that I want? Are you so selfish? Didn't you learn anything reading *Goofus and Gallant* in *Highlights* magazine at the doctor's office? Well remember this then. Gallant, who is good, asks for things politely and gives freely of his possessions to others out of kindness. Goofus, who is rapacious and evil, rudely grabs for things and buries his best treasures in a secret place in his yard so that others may not enjoy them. Those of you who do not send me your most precious things are Goofus, and it's all your fault that I don't have more Spotnicks records and that I feel stupid. Given how arrogant and bad people really are, there is no doubt that by 1964, the Spotnicks felt venomous and angry. For *Spotnicks In Tokyo*, the band dropped their incredibly weighty space gear opting instead to appear on the sleeve in comfortable and sophisticated powder blue sharkskin suits and tuxedo shirts, proudly displaying several greasy blond stand-up pomps unmushed by retarded monster movie oxygen helmets. This important and worldly new Spotnicks' look is reflected in the album's refined contents. While *Spotnicks In Tokyo* offers the requisite dusting of frenetic beyond Meek-ish astromental numbers (i.e. *Piercing The Unknown*), the Spotnicks had largely abandoned their adventuresome space probes for a swank, trebly, International Playboy twang and more bizarre material fraught with loungey, eastern european intrigue (*From Russia With Love*, *Playboy Bunny*, etc.). Impressed, Japanese girls dressed in kimonos rewarded the smoothly world weary Spotnicks with fragrant bouquets of flowers after each performance while they were recording *In Tokyo*. Tres chic!

Those of you who must obtain Spotnicks albums or wish to purchase them for me may do so by sending signals to Karl-Heinz Villis (Adelhartweg 2, D-4600 Dortmund 15, West Germany), who seems to demand deutschmarks. Those of you fascinated by the expansive neurosis of the legendary Joe Meek may wish to read *The Legendary Joe Meek* (Woodford House Publishing, 110 Chertsey court, Clifford Ave., London SW14 7BX). I haven't, but I think it's more fun to make up stories about people that aren't really true.



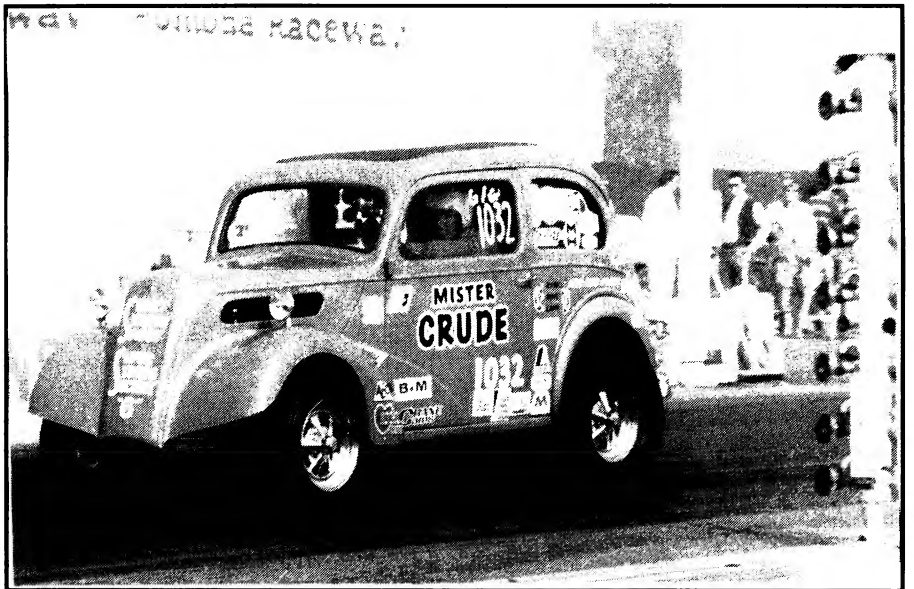
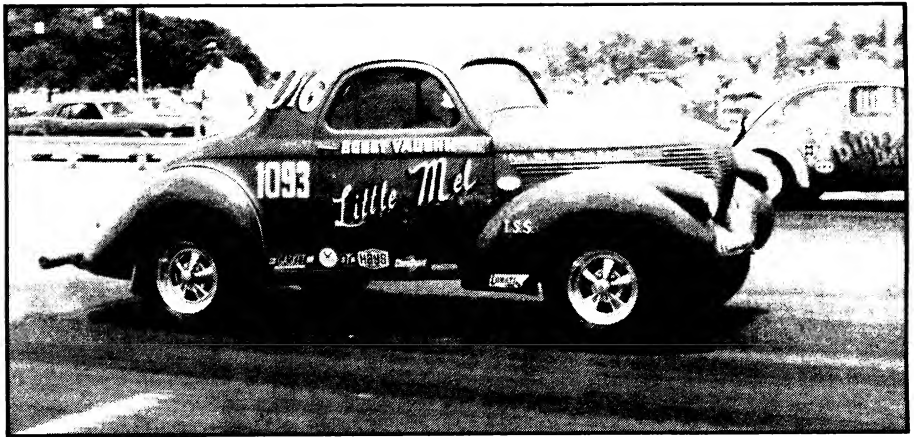
BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG

"When the moon hits-a-you eye like a big pizza pie that's amore!"

- Dean Martin

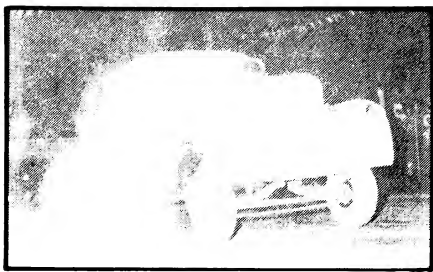
Thracian prince Orpheus weds the snow white virgin Eurydice. Immediately following the ceremony, Eurydice wanders into a field of hyacinth with her bridesmaids where she is pierced by a viper and perishes. Torn with grief, Orpheus plunges into the dark and silent world of Hades to retrieve Eurydice from Demeter's daughter, Queen of the Dead. Hell grants love's desire, returning pale Eurydice to Orpheus on the condition that Orpheus does not peer back to ensure that Eurydice follows until they have reached the upper world. At the great doors of Hades, Orpheus steps joyously into the brilliant sunlight and, a fateful second too soon, turns to Eurydice. Eternal slumber retrieves Eurydice and the agonized Orpheus is set upon by a roving band of vengeful Maenads (she devils on heels) who rip him limb from limb and throw his head into the swift river Hebrus. That's amore! The zealot Saul of Tarsus while attending to an errand at the behest of the cruel tyrant Agrippa is struck from his horse to the ground by a righteous God. Saul is transmogrified and becomes Saint Paul later to suffer and die on the cross at the hands of Romans for his great faith. Vast, glorious amore! Aren't these legendary acts of love and self-sacrifice plagiarized from the seminal texts of our western civilization inspiring to you? Now send me things that are precious to you that I want. As gifts. I would like to own a copy of the Viscounts' album. I additionally require one set of Baby Moon hubcaps (Ford 5 lug), with the appropriate 14 inch chrome trim rings. And a t-shirt bearing the likeness of Joe Meek and the *Del-Fi Dragstrip* CD, even though I don't have a CD player, which you might also send therewith. Please send these items promptly to me, ensuring that proper shipping charges are paid ahead of time. Today, I am pleased to report that I have received several Canetoad Label LPs in the mail archiving the vibrant Australian instro sound of the early sixties. Although I was forced to pay for these records, which I resent, they are in fact so unique, delicious and relentlessly BOSS that I have accorded them "free and valuable gift of love" status. Free amore!

The Atlantics' **The Atlantic CBS Singles Collection 1963-65** - Action. Adventure. Romance. The custom coiffed and darkly handsome Atlantics' rich baroque twang, frenzied creative exuberance and marvy James Bond-like panache for tangling with exotic dangers of all varieties assure their ascension into



plush velvet instrumental heaven at the right hand of Duane. Possessors of a startling array of shiny suits and Vox equipment, the suave Atlantics cite a high octane brand of drag strip approved gasoline as their namesake, not the ocean. As the connoisseurs say - "Tres Boss." **Singles Collection** offers the creme de la creme of their virile manhood. The transcendent *Giant*, *The Wild Ones*, a rat phink inspired *Boo Boo Beat Stick* and the ever-menacing *Goldfinger* theme provide but a few of the many untamed dual guitar mustangs contained therein. Even more esoteric, **The Atlantics** is primarily comprised of selections from the bands three original CBS LPs **Bombora**, **Explosive Sounds** and **Stomping Time**. Dramatic moments here include distressing morse code plea *S.O.S. Dimitrius*, *Lost Legion*, *Turista* and the dangerous beauty of *Shark Attack*. Truly fleet footed captors of the terrible and transient amore of myth, the Atlantics are TOP ELIMINATORS. My highest recommendation!

The Phantoms' **The Legendary W & G Sessions** - Melbourne's Phantoms ride tall with no less than eight boss Shadows' gassers (*The Frightened City*, *Apache*, *Round and Round*, *The Rumble*, *Cruel Sea*, etc.) all rendered in an echo-heavy big bonanza T.V. western twang unmarred by the schmaltzy overproduction that stripped the Shadows potentially gun-slinging prototypes of their firepower. Phantom original *Stampede* is a big request at my Saturday afternoon Cisco round-ups too. According to the liner notes here, the proud Phantoms died with their boots on after they opened for the loathsome Beatles in '65 and realized that the winds of change bore an unbearably fruity scent. That's what I call class! By the way, Shadows fans will dig See For Miles Records' release **The Shadows EP Collection** featuring the early 60's British instro hits *Thunderbirds are Go*, *Zero X Theme*, *Shane* and more as well as a wiggly '58 line take on Strangers' fav *Jet Black*. Phantoms are go!



Garage Super Stock



HEAVENLY SHADES OF BLUE

Duane. The Rebel Rouser. Duane. Scarlet robed crown prince holder of *American Bandstand's* 1958 Top Instrumental Performer title. Beehive melting big-screen star of Dick Clark/MGM's *Because They're Young*. T.V. western series *Have Gun Will Travel* romancer deluxe. One groovy son of God with a tang for a continental suit and a classy Corvair. Duane Eddy. You are my idol and my ideal.

Fact is, you haven't seen the sunny side of the mountain until you've heard the Guitar Man's big bossy twang. A bold, majestic twang with a linger longer than the mighty untamed Mississippi and twice as wide. The twang of the wild. Duane's million dollar strings always walk tall in my town. In *Brute Number Three* we learned how power hungry Duane employed the irresistible twang to infiltrate and seize control of the American Water Ski Association. In this issue's episode of the vast and awe inspiring Duane saga, the crafty bejeweled one takes on *The Twist*.

Given Duane's Jeanne Dixon-like abilities as a seer, it undoubtedly came to him as a dream. Or a vision. Twisting. Turning. Burning. Fleshly knees slightly bent. Flat feet planted firmly in the dusty red clay from which they had sullenly sprung. Pesky pink penises hula-hooping joyously in moistened madras boxer shorts. Beulahland's pasty-faced swinger set motorvating and hyperventilating to the irksome Chubby Checker's barn dance butt-swivel sensation. When Duane awoke it was probably all clear. The delicious gush of twist-love must be diverted from the unctuous soul brother. It must splash on Duane and wet Duane, annoying Duane. Only Duane.

Without wasting a single precious moment, the nimble Duane effortlessly produced his first twist record in 1961 - by repackaging all of his *tres* boss Jamie label boss twang smashes (*Movin' n' Groovin'*, *Rebel Rouser*, *Fuzzy*, etc.) under the chic LP title *Twistin With Duane Eddy* and re-christening every cut with an exciting and innovatively hip twist designation (*Movin' n' Groovin' Twist*, *Rebel Twist*, *Fuzzy Twist*, etc.). If Duane wasn't really cool and majestic we might find his actions questionable. Distasteful. Even dishonest. Especially since the hip song titles aren't even listed on the record jacket. Fortunately, we realize that Duane merely wished to leave his true and

fiercely pompadoured fans with some last desperate trace of his immortal Jamie droppings prior to his scandalous 1962 move to RCA Victor, lair of the nefarious libertine sexboy, Liberace. Like Gallant, Duane is honest and thoughtful of others.

Unlike Jamie, sensitive RCA Victor failed to wring every last drop of sonorous God's country grandeur out of trembling Duane's mile deep twang by forcing him into a microphoned 200 gallon water storage tank to pluck out his haughty magic. Happily, Duane was permitted to listen to real twist records and joyously recorded twelve genuine twangy instro twist sides (*Miss Twist*, *Twistin Off a Cliff*, *Walkin n' Twistin*, and more) released by RCA as *Twistin N' Twangin'*! And, the twang is a hit and Duane is properly anointed as sole recipient of cleansing twist-love hosing which only *he* deserved, all despite the apparently playful and innocent star quality paunch Duane painstakingly fostered for the boss *Twistin N' Twangin'* full body Guitar Man sleeve photo. The same insidious paunch d'amour which would lead to Duane's greatest crime: the 1963 release of *Twang A Country Song*. Next time.

By the way, those interested in Duane as an object of unwholesome religious worship are encouraged to contact the International Duane Eddy Circle (Box 209, Yeager Road, West Lafayette, Indiana 47906 or Box 203, Sheffield S1 1XU, England) for their sinister bible TWANGSVILLE. Dig some Duane and drink Night Train!

HI I'M GARY

"The Monks believe in nothing. The Monks believe anything is possible. The Monks give everything. The Monks demand everything."

- The Monks

The Monks refused to even admit that Duane existed, much less supply clever quotes praising his uniquely classy genius. But then their names were Gary, Larry, Eddie, Dave and Roger. Cool names like Duane didn't even impress them. Just another Duane in the crowd. *Twistin' n' Twangin'*. While Duane (The Duane) rocketed uncontrollably into Apollo Six quality international stardom, Neitzschean scholars The Monks figured it might be cooler to join the army.

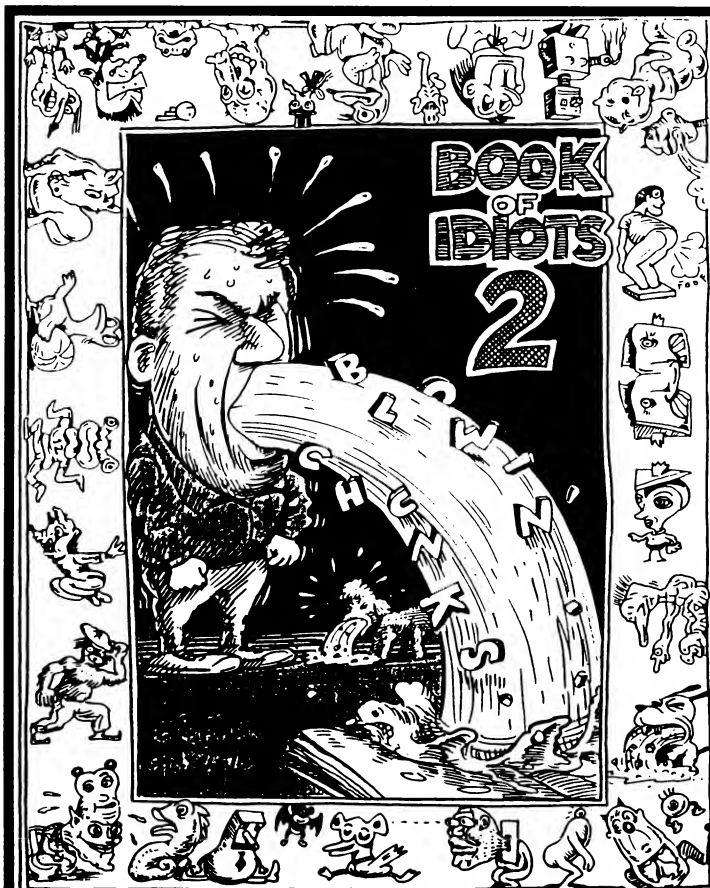


Dig Some Duane and Drink Night Train!

Monk legend stations the quintet at a U.S. military base in West Germany in 1967 where the flaked five, believing in nothing, quickly tonsured their hair, wrapped their corn fed bodies in black hooded Aleister Crowley looking Jesuit habits and, logically, decided to become a musical combo. Unable to conform their baby-havior to the distinctly unc cosmic daddy square army earth-camp rules and clearly too wiggy to play nicely with the other children, the cretinous Monks went A.W.O.L. shortly thereafter. Post blast off the fashionably-frocked Gary goofs explored the Fatherland's surface, conking on the lunar suds and menacing the bux-blond piggy-tailed Evas and Illses. Believing in nothing. Demanding everything. Sometime before vicious M.P.s, insensitive to the wants and needs of the quasared quintet, put an end to The Monks' retarded Rhine-run, Garry, Larry, Eddie etc. summoned the full, vibrating force of their collective mind-blown musical inexpertise to commit the severely nihilistic angst of their terrestrial bondage to wax. Thus, The Monks begat **Black Monk Time**.

The **Black Monk Time** sound comprises a sticky sub-normal outer limits goo-goo glob mushed and matched without regard to color or flavor by the developmentally arrested Monks from the Brach Pick-A-Mix of vocal and intro genre existing in the vegetable aisles of their minds . . . solid American sixto-punk/garage fuzz snarling, a gothic wurlitzer organ riffing somewhere between J.S. Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* and Question Mark and the Mysterians' *96 Tears*, insipid German folk sing-along, hootenanny tub bashing, moon-launch inspired Spotnicks and Tomados/Joe Meek sound astromentals from the intro heaven of the early sixties, mid-sixties Jamaican Ska a'la Roland Alphonso and the Skatellites and, of course, nursery rhymes. School yard traumatized monster-mash au-go-go. The monk-a-lator is available through Midnight Records so, like, BLAST OFF YA SPUTNICKS.

"Die Monks glauben an nichts. Die Monks fodern alles." Thanks to Laura Smith for the BOSS Duane cover shot.

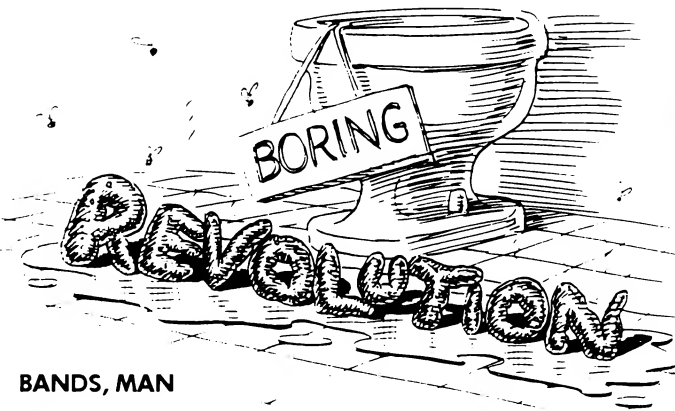


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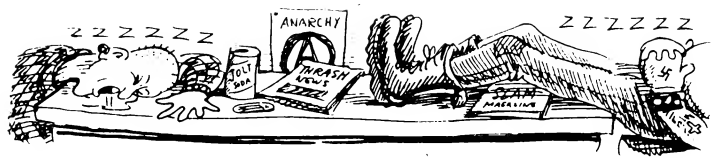


BANDS, MAN

by
Matt Verta-Ray

WHITNEY SMITH

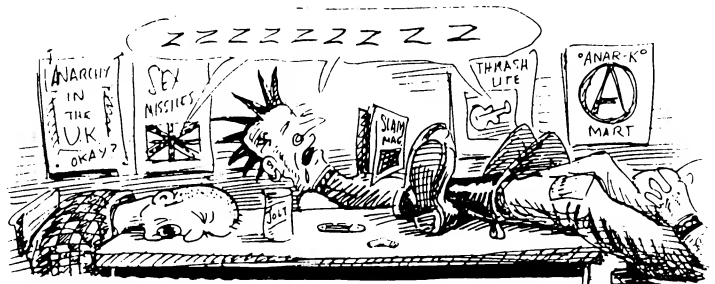
Those of you not from NYC may find this difficult to believe or understand, but here in Gotham, the town that spawned the Ramones, the Coney Island Hot Dog, name brand heroin, "wilding," The New York Dolls and Annie Sprinkle, there is a die hard faction of cats and kittens who can be loosely grouped under the Country-Roots Rock-Rockabilly-CountrySwing heading. For every Johnny Thunders clone, there is an East Village type who plays and sings like a Nashville session musician. There's a million of 'em but one of the most remarkable is a skinny guy originally from Cape Cod named Whit Smith. Whit's bag is country swing and some of his heroes are Jimmy Bryant (a wizard of jazzy insane sounding guitar runs), Grady Martin, Ralph Stanley (a banjo picker), Eddie Lang and steel guitar players Noel Boggs and Speedy West. Whit plays guitar but his imitations of steel guitar bends and chords and his banjo-style picking make him sound like the whole back row of Bob Wills' Playboys. This is a guy whose roots are deep and serious, ain't no Sha-Na-Na. Smith is as meticulous about his influences and the authenticity of his sound as he is obsessive about his practice schedule. (Whit recently quit his job working four days a week at Mojo Guitars because he said the job didn't give him enough time to practice.) He literally plays all day long, and I don't mean sloppy rambling noodle fests for hours. He breaks his day down into orderly chunks of specifically allotted time as in: 10:30 - 11:15 major seventh arpeggios, 11:15-12:30 work on middle part of Bryant's *Nightrider*, and so on. The result of all this dedication is that Whit is a remarkably inventive guitarist who, if not always entirely original, distills some very cool influences into a personal style that is always interesting and sometimes truly great. Some claim he suffers from "edge of the bed syndrome," meaning, he plays so much by himself that he sometimes has trouble fitting in with other musicians in live situations. To be sure, I once overheard him turning down an invitation to sit in with a band so that he could stay home and practice. Instead of going to clubs and half playing Chuck Berry solos like everybody else, Whit Smith is sitting on the edge of the bed with only a metronome to keep him and his guitar company. My theory is that this is the kind of obsession that bears fruit about ten years down the line when hopefully our pal Whit will still be eluding boredom by a good enough margin to really blow our minds. Since he has chosen to follow in the crusty footsteps of the Beatles and Steely Dan by deciding not to play live anymore, you have to catch him at Mojo (St. Mark's Place between 1st and Ave A) where he still hangs out occasionally. If you see a wired, skinny guy with a telecaster loitering there, ask him to play *Nightrider*. You won't be disappointed.



FUR

If there are in fact any women who read this men's club mag, this is my imploring message to you: Start playing guitar young! You can't just wait until after college to decide it's a cool idea to be in a band. Well, you can obviously, but please believe me, there would be so much less condescension toward all-female bands if you ladies would learn your ax, learn the riffs and cliches. Lord knows it's not about technique, but just get good enough to put to sleep forever the "Yeah, but can she play?" issue that is so tired and ugly. Who is going to carry the standard, Bonnie Raitt? Puh-lease! Some notable escapees from the girl rock trap are Alice Genese and Karen Kuhl of Gutbank (now Sexpod), Miriam Linna (drummer for the A-Bones), macho guitar hero Sylvia Juncosa, Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon and even former McLarenite Chrissie Hynde. And the one in Lush.

Alright, that said, let me introduce the wonderful Fur. Yes, an all-girl band and let me tell you, they're ALL GIRL, if you know what I mean. The main focus of this New York power trio is the singer/guitar player front person who is this little five footer with blonde hair, and looks like your bratty kid sister who needs a spanking in a serious way. She plays an SG Junior (world's brattiest guitar) on 10 through a Marshall so naturally that every song is inextricably linked to the next with non-stop feedback. There is a certain amateurishness to her playing but it (the amateurishness) is buried by this chick's total snotty rock attitude. Her hair solos alone put Jimmy Page to shame. The rhythm section is kinda lame, what can I say? Somehow they make that work for them although I don't know if I like the reason it works. I suspect what makes people forgive 'em for it now will be held against them later. There is certainly nothing to apologize for in the songs though, all of them hard rocking post punk numbers with screaming and wailing vocals and not just a few catchy melodic hooks. I'm telling you though, that lead singer is such a cute little attitudinal Lolita type that you feel kind of dirty after seeing them play, like you just saw your best friend's daughter making pee-pee. Oooh! So diirty! I overheard a fan telling the Fur girl how much he liked the feedback in between each song. She said, "Yeah, how do you make that stop?" The answer is, of course, don't. Please don't. Stay out of control. Stay Fur!

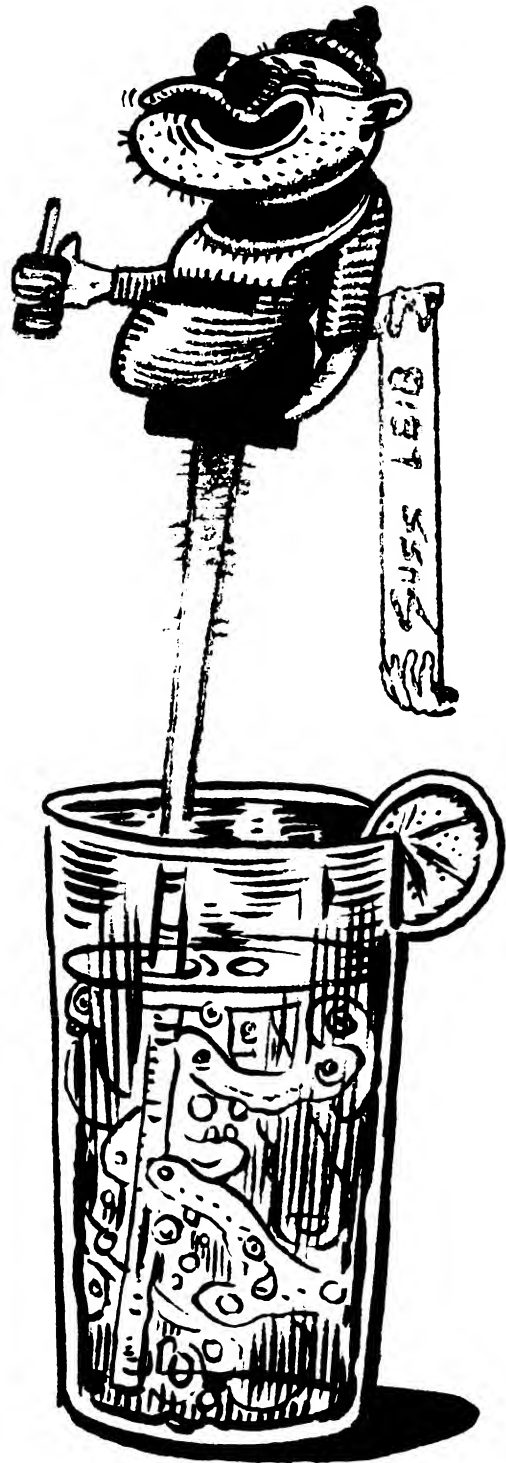


DEVIL DOGS

Not much for a guy like me to say about these old school NYC punk rockers because they fit into their niche so perfectly and do what they do so well. This is the music of kids who really listened to their Ramones records and were smart enough to pick out exactly what was so good about them. They are smarter than the Ramones about it actually, but then the Ramones never claimed to be smart. What finally comes out of seeing the Devil Dogs live and hearing the record (I've only heard *Big Beef Bonanza* on Crypt records) is that they are primarily a rock and roll band. They love rock and roll, concept is secondary. Their sound on stage and on record is classic, not as in Classic Rock, but classic in its stripped down servility to the songs and punk energy. On the album I've got, the songs that stand out are *North Shore Bitch* (with the beautiful line "And her Daddy's so fucking rich") and their cover of *Palisades Park* which really ought to be the version in heavy rotation on CBS FM, the oldies station. Great guitar playing too by Andy Gortler, pure hopped up relentless Johnny Thunders, the Gibson/Marshall thing again, but so right for the music that the past doesn't matter. Which brings up the question of relevancy. I hear these guys are really big in Japan although no one seems to like them here. Except me (and a few other Brutarians . . . ed.). For my money, they have a bunch of good songs, they can play them and while playing them they totally ROCK, man! If that ain't an endorsement, I don't know what is. Oh, and by the way, they're kind of dicks, but this isn't a nice contest now, is it? That would be very BORING!

THE ROGUES

When I was growing up in Canada, some of the most popular bands around apart from Rush, BTO, Rolling Stones and performers like Neil and Joni were cover bands with names like The Blushing Brides and Tumblin' Dice. That was as close as we Canucks could get to the real thing until fortune smiled on us and Keith was busted in Toronto for heroin possession. Finally, we had been touched in however small a way by the hand of the ruling rock gods. Well, if God to you is the Pogues, and you live in NYC's East Village, you will have to settle for the odd Shane MacGowan/Joe Strummer sighting or, failing that, seeing The Rogues run through their set of all Pogues' tunes. "Thank you ladies and gentlemen, this next one is from their first EP, British release and it's called . . ." Joe Hurley, the lead singer and "mastermind" behind the many-membered tribute band actually sounds remarkably like Shane, more and more so the drunker he gets. If you close your eyes you can almost believe you're at a Pogues' show, but then you probably wouldn't want to close your eyes at a Pogues' show for fear someone might give you the Pogue Mahone crash course in MacGowanesque dentistry. The Rogues' one original song *Fuck Everything (Shut Up And Drink)* is a self-explanatory alcoholic crowd pleaser. Not bad. One bright moment I witnessed at a Rogues' show recently was their version of the Clash's *Should I Stay Or Should I Go* in which the original uncredited drummer on that song (Dee Pop of Gun Club, Bush Tetras, Blackflies) sat in. Sounded just like the record. For some reason, the Rogues are something of a sensation in New York and you can often catch them at Paddy Reilly's up on Third Avenue in the twenties somewhere.



AUDIO DEPRAVATION

AUDIO DEPRAVATION

Jon Wayne - Texas Funeral

Crazy, drunken pantaloons playing one take, demented C&W, Texas style polkas, and songs that are a moronic combination of the two. Wiggled melodies, hateful lyrics (check out *Texas Wine*, Jon's ode to urolagia) and nasal singing spat out with absolute contempt make this one of the most remarkable audacities ever committed to vinyl (Cargo Records).

Lefty Frizzell - Life's Like Poetry

He wasn't smooth and he didn't have a big emotive voice, but Lefty Frizzell was probably the greatest honky tonk singer there ever was. Nurtured in the dance halls of Texas and honed on the recordings of Jimmie Rodgers, Lefty eventually developed a performing style characterized by immediacy, warmth and a depth of subtle feeling. "I sang every song like it was the last thing I [might] ever say in my life," he once said, and there isn't a cut on this set that doesn't bear witness to that statement. This expensive twelve CD box set - three of which contain unreleased and alternate takes - might be a bit much for anyone other than diehard fans, however. The curious are advised to start with the excellent Rhino Record collection which has all the hits (Bear Family).

Marty Brown - High and Dry

This Kentucky country boy was playing Wal-Marts just a short while back. That's right, while shopping for tube socks and flashlight batteries you could stop on over at the back of the store and find Marty playing a delightful set of honky tonk, country rock and soft ballads. Well, word got around and before you knew it, the folks at MCA sent a talent scout down to the store and he was so impressed he signed ole Marty right on the spot. This debut features ten Marty originals and shows the boy has a fine melodic sense and a way of fashioning a heartfelt lyric that stops just this side of nauseating. And if songs like *Every Now And Then* don't raise the hackles on the back of your neck, then you're dead and just don't know it.

Various Artists - Dope-Guns-'N-Fucking In The Streets

Oh God, oh God, oh God, so much music, so little time and so little money to spend. These are the thoughts that ran through my mind as I listened to this tremendous compilation of late eighties harder rockin' styles taken from a number of long out of print seven inch releases. There's hard core, post hard core, grind core, weird core, pop punk, post punk, art noise, Beefhart noise, hard rock, jazz-funk rock and other styles with which I am barely familiar. All of it noisy, impassioned and uncompromising but none of this matters because I'll never be able to catch up with it: Lubricated Goat has five LPs out, the Melvins have four as does Jesus Lizard, The Mighty Caesars have over fifty, and on and on and on... (Amphetamine Reptile).

Cows - Cunning Stunts

The Cows don't want you reviewing their records if you are: (a) boring, (b) pimply faced or (c) four eyed. Since I can only plead guilty to the later and because I do take my glasses off when I go down on girls, I feel eminently qualified to tell you that the Cows are a highly entertaining artsy grunge band. Which means that they write noisy songs that are almost about something and stuff them with maniacal guitar work and psychotic vocalizing and anchor the whole thing with a dynamite rhythm section. Music honed and perfected at homes for the mentally challenged, perhaps the most notoriously demanding crowds in the world (Amphetamine Reptile).

Various Artists - Atlantic Blues Box

Atlantic didn't make its reputation with the blues but with soul and R&B. This four CD set then, can be seen as an attempt to set the record (ahem) straight. Purists are crying over the fact that this reissue deletes twenty cuts from the original four double LPs, but there are enough mediocre cuts here to have me questioning such criticism. And I could have done without the anally retentive arrangement that groups these cuts around such arbitrary genres as vocalists, piano, guitar and Chicago, but there is so much great music here by so many great artists - especially on the guitar and Chicago blues CDs - and so little of it is available elsewhere, that only a cretinous miscreant would do anything other than whole heartedly recommend this package. I hated it.

Asphyx - Crush The Cenotaph

Heavy, heavy, heavy death metal unit that likes to mix-in large dollops of sludgy, lumbering sounds with its speed. Don't know what the hell they're singing about or why they want to crush anything (except our skulls) because their vocalist sounds like he's giving birth to tiger sharks through his anus, but some of the songs are kind of (heaven forbid) catchy in a dire way. If there's a band working this dark side of the street that's going to make it big, it's this one (Century Media).

Demolition Hammer - Epidemic of Violence

And if there's a band who's working that same street that doesn't care if they make it, it's this one. Savage, uncompromising, built solely for speed and the hell with melody and subtlety, this scalding sonic spew will be ringing in your skull long after you've stopped listening. Then again, repeated plays may make it impossible for you to stop. It's not that it's catchy, it's just so damn... so damn... oh MY GOD TAKE IT OFFFFFFF... (Metal Blade).

AUDIO DEPRAVATION
AUDIO DEPRAVATION

KMFDM - Naive

This German minimalist band has been popping up quite a bit in the trade papers of late thanks to U2 citing them as a prime source of inspiration in the shaping of *Achtung Baby*. Ah, blow it out your ass Bozo, I mean Bono; your latest piece of product doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to anything these guys have ever waxed. KMFDM (which stands for Kraut's Most Favored Dance Machine) favors simple three or four note riffs - rhythm tracks really - counterpointed by a hard, infectious beat which often wanders very far from disco territory. Welded to this are shards of keening, moaning guitar and fuzzy metallic chords, angelic female voices, Teutonic muttering masquerading as singing and brief bits of purloined sound, e.g. military count offs, speeches, snatches of Orff's *Carmina Burana*. There are several impressive cuts here (*Godlike*, *Go To Hell*, *Piggy Bank*) but none of it even approaches the gloriously numbing boom doom blast the band generates in live performances (*Wax Trax*).

Malhavoc - Malhavoc

The other night I dreamed I was taking a ride in a dissolute spook house at an abandoned seaside amusement park. The car would clatter around in the dark for awhile and then come to rest against a wire mesh cage which would suddenly fill with an incandescent glow. In the cage, were ghouls who were savagely and delightedly ripping and cutting people apart. I was only allowed the briefest glimpse of the mutilations before the lights would dim and the car started up again. On and on it went, each stop presenting tableaux successively more ghastly than their predecessors until I was reduced to a howling and slobbering animal. I didn't care if I lived or died, I just wanted it all to end. And as I sat there screaming in the darkness, I heard the creatures in the cage begin to chant and what they sang in their foul and abandoned voices was this: "Cry Malhavoc and let slip the wogs of gore! Cry Malhavoc and let him dwell in dark despair evermore!" (*Metal Blade*).

Wiseblood - Pedal to the Metal

Lydia Lunch's boyfriend is back with a four song EP that is going to knock your dick in the dirt. The title cut kicks things off in fine style with a deranged piece of big band swing laced with shrill horn fills, feral growls and tortured screams, and then just gets weirder. *Grease Nipples* conjures up images of Mike Hammer harrowing hell while the minimalist blues piece, *Hey Bop A Ree Bop* suggests that the composer may have already spent some time there (*Big Cat*).

Steroid Maximus - Quilombo

Released right on the heels of the aforementioned, Maximus suffers somewhat from the absence of Thirwell's vocal pyrotechnics. Still, there's enough insanity here to satisfy even the most jaded lower East Side dilettante. *Life in the Greenhouse* with its dissonant horns and bleating sax riding atop furious rhythms would make a perfect soundtrack to a film noir chase sequence while *Quilombo* and its moody trumpet solos might be played over the opening credits. And the final cut, *Ogro*, is a magnificent cacophonique suffused with eerie synthesizer figures, industrial noises, overheated beats and eardrum popping sounds from a brass section that simply takes no prisoners (*Big Cat*).

Union Carbide - In the Air Tonight (1989)/Financially Dissatisfied Philosophically Trying (1991)

Slavish study of the Book of Stooze has imparted much wisdom to this Swedish band. It has enabled them to master the secrets of the hard, three-chord sonic blast involving the intricate dance of wah wah and wail guitars. It has allowed them to perfect the bluesy-psychedelic dirge first made manifest in *We Will Fall*. It has permitted them to take the hircine beat and preternatural pululation to such sublime heights that ordinary men are no longer able to discern

whether it is Scandinavians or the punk-God Iggy himself gurgling at them. Sagaciously too, have these acolytes read from the Book of Common Law, invoking from that sacred tome the mandate that to bless listeners with such things as whining, atonal horns and passages of mindless dissonance is to abate the vexations of the keepers of copyright who would otherwise be given to much weeping and gnashing of teeth over such blatant imitation (*Skyclad*).

Pigface - Welcome to Mexico Asshole

Live performance of superstars from Skinny Puppy, Killing Joke, Revolting Cocks, Ministry, et al. banging and shouting over shards of industrial sound for no apparent reason; well, other than the fact that they hate you and everything you may or may not stand for. Brutal and pitifully uncompromising, this trip to Mexico is nevertheless recommended to fans of atonal, shapeless, faceless, meandering noise (*Invisible*).

Various Artists - Pathological Compilation


Simply mesmerizing grindcore - bands that mix elements of hard-core, metal, industrial, industrial dance, thrash, and silver bells and cockle shells - with surprisingly few duds which in context will seem more like failed experiments. Many of these aggregations (*Carcass*, *Godflesh*, *Napalm Death*) have since snagged recording contracts - how the hell they managed that I have no idea - but it's fascinating to hear these pulverizing monoliths in their early incarnations. I don't know if this thing is still in print, but you should try to track it down because it's an excellent introduction to an often overlooked and misunderstood genre (*Pathological*).

Black Sabbath - The Ozzy Osbourne Years

You may have stopped listening to these guys after *Masters of Reality* but you shouldn't have. Sabbath made a number of fitfully interesting LPs before Ozzy left and this three cd set collects all the decent cuts from those releases as well as the essential stuff from the first three. Leave it to the Japs to recognize the need for a collection like this. When the American recording industry decides it's time for a box set rest assured that they'll select a lot of the later work including that of the present incarnation fronted by the histrionic and insufferable Tony Martin (Dean would have been a better choice) singing some of the most laughably moribund couplets in the history of rock music (*Castle*).

ESG - ESG

Yo, motherfucker! Now that I've got your attention, are you interested in listening to some of the baddest funk ever waxed? No, asshole I ain't talkin' bout that silly little, teeny, tiny Prince and his white fairy land music, and I ain't talkin' bout white homeboys like Red Hot Chillin Pampers or whatever the fuck they call themselves. No, I'm talkin' bout E S mothafuckin' G, boyeeeeeeeeee! This ain't no project cunt! The rock critics are makin' a big noise about their minimalist strategies but before you start readin' those punchless reviews and havin' your eyes cross, looka here. ESG didn't do much in terms of writin' and arrangin' but they didn't have to. What they did, was take a beat, a bumpin' beat, man, with the bass and drums workin' together like a finely tuned machine and over that they laid some dubbin' effects, some sexy imprecatin', a little guitar for flavor, and go your own way congos for that exotic polyrhythmic effect. And the baddest part of all man, is this: ESG were bitches, man, bitches. You know, women, four of them, from the South Bronx, homegirls, and from all reports they could rock the house like nobody's business. If you white and from the suburbs, the only place you might have heard the girls was on the soundtrack to that goofy Nick Cage film, *Vampire's Kiss*, but don't run out and rent that turkey, man, get this twelve song CD which combines some of their killer old stuff with some newly recorded shit (*Pow Wow*).




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Lou Reed - *Between Thought and Expression*

All you have to know is that the compiler of this three CD box set of Lou's work for RCA and Arista, believes *New York* and *Songs for Drella* to be two of Reed's finest works. This means that you get lots of self-consciously literate work like *Teach The Gifted Children*, *My House*, *Tell It To Your Heart* and almost everything from *Berlin*. Lou claims he fought tooth and nail over the song selection but it looks like he lost both the battle and the war. Just look at a few of the cuts that have been left off: *Wild Child*, *I'm So Free*, the live version of *Vicious*, *Crazy Feeling*, *City Lights*, *Heavenly Arms* (the greatest song ever written by Lou or anyone) and on and on. Look it's not that this is a bad set, there are too many good cuts here, but the whole project has obviously been designed to appeal to VH-1 viewers and aging baby boomers and that's a fucking shame.

PIL - *That What Is Not*

What more need be said about this whining noisome lout and his cohorts? Nothing. But of course that never stopped us. And luckily the complete lack of necessity for another PIL album never stopped Lydon either. This one has all the disco-durge accessibility of *Disappointed* and only refines that album's sound in a fairly predictable way, but who cares? Know of anybody else producing this brand of blithely hateful, cynical caress these days? No, of course not. So you almost have to buy it don't you? (Virgin/W.B.).

The Cavedogs - *Soul Martini*

Hot pop by a band that cannot be described as pop, at least that's how lead singer and guitarist Todd Spahr describes this offering. Todd also tells us that whatever we write, to please not forget to emphasize the "whiteness" of this music. Well, no one would be going out on a limb in stating that James Brown wouldn't feel threatened by any of this stuff, but Marshall Crenshaw, Brian Wilson, Burt Bachrach and Paul McCartney might. And you can't get much "whiter" than that. Anyway, what we have here is, primarily, hoppin' pop and poppin' rock chock full of gorgeous melodies, infectious riffs, sublime harmonies and guitars, guitars and guitars. Start with *///* and *Sorrow* or better still see these guys put the rough edges back while playing live and become a fan for life (Capitol).

The Electric Eels - *God Says Fuck You*

And the celebration of obscure Ohio bands continues. How obscure were these guys? Well, they only played six live shows, never found their way into a recording studio and never released a record. So of course they developed a cult following whose members inflated the bands' reputation to such Brobdingnagian proportions that a record company was willing to release an LP's worth of material culled from old, moldy cassette tapes. And, ah hah hah hah hah, guess what? These midwestern morons were actually a great messy, noisy, garage rock band. The Eels' followers cite Beefheart and Ayler as influences but that's nonsense, these guys weren't artists, they were faux-artistes screwing around with tone, sound and texture just to piss off the terminally unhip (Homestead Records).

Radio Blue - *Radio Blue*

Winsomely tuneful rock with dark undercurrents and feathery, achingly romantic vocals laced with a textured pastiche of neo-sixties pop, psychedelic flourishes and ethereal harmonies, at times reminiscent of the Left Banke, Strawberry Fields era Beatles, the Three O'Clock and Let's Active. And don't get the impression that these three guys are wimpy poseurs, *Sheila* and *Gun It* show that this outfit can rave-on whenever it wants to (Mary Jane Records).

Cro-Mags - *Cro-Mags III, Alpha-Omega*

You'd think that a band that helped define hardcore and that was fronted by a Krishna devotee would rock pretty hard wouldn't you? Well, you'd be right but you probably wouldn't expect them to rock this well, not after adding a guitarist and a drummer and not having recorded anything in almost three years. But they do and this thing does; it's a terrific sonic spew of scabrous riffs, impassioned throaty singing, and searing guitars anchored by a dynamic rhythm section. Bonus points added for the high level of social consciousness displayed in the lyrics (Century Media).

Body Count - *Body Count*

They're an American Band, They're comin' to yo town, They're gonna burn it to the ground . . . Move over Metallica, the baddest, heaviest hard rock band around has just released its first album. And its been made by black men with gangsta rapper Ice "Motherfuckin" T at the controls! It's insanely hateful, hilarious and politically correct (well cops may have a problem with this thing but fuck them) and full of bone crunching riffs and some inspired rhyming. Women of course will be screaming "misogyny" as soon as they hear Ice's voice come roaring through the stereo, but if you start them off with *Evil Dick*, *KKK Bitch*, or *Momma's Gotta Die Tonight* you'll be able to set them straight . . . well, maybe not. (Sire).

My Bloody Valentine - Loveless

Yeah this whippy melodic treacle laid over churning, feedback-drenched, wall-of-sound crunge is probably just more pointless power pop masquerading as the real thing, but goddamn this band sounds great live so who cares if it's all a mirage, right? Wrong, because the assholes who produce MBV's records insist on staking out bold aesthetic turf one half-step to the left of Lush, which means this disc has a lot more in common with Wilson Phillips than is humanly possible to endure. Hear 'em live but skip this thing, it won't stand more than a couple listens.

Godflesh - Pure

Of the following industrial art noise bands, God, Godbullies and Godflesh, which can truly be said to be winged Urizen? If you said Godflesh then we hereby hand you the head of the class and if you didn't then you probably won't enjoy listening to a band which makes music that conjures up images of unrelieved suffering, of mankind as leprous harlequins who fill the air with harsh croaks of idiot laughter and anile cries of despair. Godflesh, couldn't give a rat's ass if you listen or not; hell, they've even gone on record as saying that they get bored with their compositions long before entering the recording studio. What they like to do is take the drum machine and turn it way up, and then take a simple looped melody and turn that way up, and then take lots of noise, filtered speech, distorted vocals and stun guitar and throw that over everything, after turning it way up of course. If you don't buy the CD you don't get the amazing twenty-one minute *Pure II*, a bleak, dolorous soundscape oozing feedback, reverberation, echo, distortion and sustain (Combat/Earache).

Circus Lupus - Super Genius

If Gang of Four was punk then this emotional and highly volatile music is surely the quintessence of post-punk. *Super Genius* is a collection of seamlessly interwoven riffs, a magnificent interplay of icy sparks of guitar clatter and cool, throbbing liquid basslines. Shot through it all are drums that crack like approaching thunder and yowls, barks, screams and cries of frustration, alienation and righteous indignation demanding to make themselves heard. Impressive and moving work from a band - listen to the haunting *Pulp* - just beginning to realize what it can do (Dischord).

Screamin Popeyes - Save The Brainforest

Yes, those savagely satirical, drug ingesting, Missouri mutants are back with their long promised and equally long awaited, rock-n-roll opus, a journey to the center of a damaged brain. Thrill to the sights and sounds of *The Brainforest*: the credibility tunnel, hot sugar beaches, dancing hemoglobin fountains, cranial carnivals; all set against a backdrop of outlandish overtures, mind-numbing minimalist mood muzak, deranged declamations, new age nuttiness, stark raving rock and some pseudo-psychedelic psychosis. Perhaps the Popeyes' most accessible work yet, which means that they think that you can dance to it. Well, you can but I wouldn't do it in front of people who don't know you very well. Five dollars is the toll for this wild, weird, wacky, stuff. YES SIR! (Jeff Olson).

Shudder To Think - Get Your Goat

These deep Thinkers are considered by many D.C. insiders to be the closest thing Dischord has to a mainstream band. And after giving this platter a cursory spin, you'd probably find yourself agreeing with this assessment because on the surface, *Get Your Goat* sounds like little more than an interesting collection of quirky, hard-edged pop. But take a closer listen and you'll start to notice the odd, vaguely discordant harmonies, the disquieting minor key guitar squalls in the background and, in the foreground, Craig Wedren's curiously detached voice eerily sliding from languorous croons to near hysterical falsettos as he unburdens himself of thoughts of killing rain-covered

AUDIO DEPRAVATION AUDIO DEPRAVATION

cats and jumping from buildings. I wonder if the marketing people at Dischord are aware of how strange this combo really is (Dischord).

Stumpy Joe - Kicksville

Seattle based, Sassy magazine "cute band alert" contenders sport nappy hair-dos and smartly run through the numbers with a professional hard rock/pop sound that occasionally careens into mid-eighties country punkdom a'la Nashville Scorchers, etc. Accompanying literature states that the fab foursome is occasionally "forced to drink beer." But is it OLYMPIA? (Pop Llama).

Levitation - Need For Not

Critics are rushing to their word processors in the hopes that they will be the first in print with the news that this band, founded by ex-House Of Love guitarist Terry Bickers, is the NEXT BIG THING. Don't know about that - it's hard to anticipate the tastes of the ever fickle masses - but I can tell you that this is an intelligent and obviously talented pop-rock combo who favor trippy trappings that on the dreamier numbers - *Embedded*, *Arcs of Light* and *Dew* - recall many of the moodily melodic late sixties psychedelic bands while their up-tempo stuff like *Against* and *Hangnail* works territory uniquely their own (Capitol).

Flop - Flop & The Fall Of The Mopsqueezer

Curious name for a band - the alternatives were Buttsweat & Tears and Faggots From Outer Space - that plays precocious, peppy, poppy punk. Flop mopsqueezes fifteen bracing, bright, bouncy boppers onto one shiny disc, only two of them over three minutes long with the emphasis on hooks, simple rhythms and unpretentious guitar play and interplay. But don't get the idea that this is uncompromisingly lightweight stuff; there's far too much nervous energy in the vocals and grungy buzz in the guitars. And just in case you're debating the point, Flop will be happy to play you their controversial *Fucking Thing* (damn it's not included) to settle matters (Frontier).

Webb Wilder - Doo Dad

It's the name of a man, it's also the name of the band and they do rootsy rock n' roll real good adding bits of psychedelia, rockabilly, and English power pop for flavoring. But it ain't artsy or studied, it kicks constant butt with its crisply produced, humongously booming sound, big, fat, twangy, in your face guitar and bigger, fatter rollicking rhythm section. Over all of this bubblin' hot sonic brew wafts the suave, soignee, big-throated croonin' - cept on one cut, the surf instro *Sputnick* that sounds like Duane Eddy playing lead - of the last of the "full grown men," the man of a thousand vocal inflections, Webb Wilder hisself. If Webb can't get you on your feet, believe me, it's not his or his band or this recording's fault, you're just a pathetic, anal retentive, Republican, white-bread eating, two-car in the garage suburbanite motherfucker (Z00).

Fudge Tunnel - Fudgecake

A grunge band that really rocks? You are correct sir, none of that caterwauling tuneless thrash for these boys. Boys? I mean men, sir, because only men (or she-males) are capable of composing such bowel emptying riffs and then having the temerity to put them over with such muscular insouciance. The Fudgesters' first full length work, *Hate Songs in E Minor*, was one of last year's revelations; this set comprising all eight tracks from the first two EPs, is just as good (Cargo).

Pig - A Stroll In The Pork

Is this a Foetus CD or isn't this a Foetus CD? And what kind of way is that to lead off a short music review? It's not like this is *Spin* or *Rolling Stone* and I have tons of space to dissect how this guy's feral, growly vocal style, his songs and his arrangements - check out those nightmarish noir horns in *Sondero Luminoso* - so strongly betray Mr. Thirwell's influence. I mean, who cares who made this music and how much he, she or it may or may not sound like somebody else, certainly not me. And you shouldn't either, and besides, I may be wrong, Pig may sound nothing like Foetus/Thirwell. Then again I may be right but you may have never heard of Foetus so you'd never know whether I was right or wrong. And that's the kind of thing that bothers me when I write these short pieces: that you, the person reading this, may or may not know about an artist I'm using as a basis for comparison. So normally I don't talk about other artists when I'm reviewing a piece of music. But Foetus has actually produced some of this guy's stuff and this guy toured with Foetus as part of musical ensemble called Foetus Corruptus so I don't feel I'm out of line in comparing the two. What do you think? Yeah, alright, forget it. No, really just forget it. Just buy this fucking thing; it's got a couple of pulverizingly grandiose industrial dance cuts, some disquieting but arresting instrumentals and two boorishly hilarious versions of Alice Cooper's *Hello Hooray*. And don't tell anybody about the Foetus-Pig thing, okay? I mean, you can tell them, but just don't tell them that I said it (Cargo).

Skinny Puppy - Last Rights

Dark, dark, we go into the dark. Big beat electronic experimentalists take a cue from Rimbaud and produce their most lugubrious, impenetrable work to date. Not much to dance to in these morbid soundscapes, nothing to celebrate either. Instead, the purgation of

all human hope, the harsh croak of idiot laughter, and a few hideous pages torn from the notebook of one of the damned (Capitol).

Pavement - Slanted and Enchanted

The WORD is out. The rock press has anointed this quintet the savior of indie-guitar rock. In other words, they're this years Nirvana but better. Why? Because they're not just another post-hardcore band BUT a deconstructionist post-hardcore band which means they're moody and smart and can make a decent guitar-noise maelstrom and they like The Fall and Dream Syndicate and probably the Velvet Underground and about two releases from now are going to throw down an infinitely forgettable artyfact instead of an intermittently interesting one (Matador).

Chemical People - Chemical People

Winsome Husker Du type power-pop that sounds a lot like the only Husker Du album I own, but I stole that from a radio station and I can't remember what it's called or what songs are on it. Dedicated to loathsome jazz fuck Miles Davis (Cruz Records).

Pitch Shifter - Industrial

Slapping together the vocal approach of death metal (nonsensical chortling), the bludgeon and bluster of the heaviest of metal (savagely lugubrious riffs backed with lumbering rhythms) and the lyrical concerns of industrial bands (anomie, atomization, alienation, pestilence, putrescence and pustulation), the Shifters pitch a winner. This acidulous sonic sludgefest ain't pretty - the first cut, *Landfill*, finds the band laconically lambasting us with these pithy sentiments: "Hate, I hate you. Motherfucker, Drown, Bleed, I wish you would." - but it's almost irresistibly disagreeable (Deaf).



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Curve - Doppelganger

Easily the best of the recent spate of neo-psychedelic-British-shoe gazing-My Bloody Valentine-tribute combos. Curve throws up a shimmering, gossamer like wall of guitar reverb and feedback on a foundation of churning, surging, burning mid-tempo grooves over which they gently place delicate, languorous, come hither, femme fatale type croons. If you've already written off the movement after hearing a bit of Lush, Blur, Ride, ad nauseam, ad infinitum, you might want to give this one a listen, it's infectious and clever (Charisma).

BIG SEVEN-INCHERS

by Dom Salemi, Steve Jeffries and Jim Kirkland

Fells - Rancid Hell Spawn: This disc features bands that are so good, it will have you phoning the folks at Toxic Shock asking about earlier releases. The Fells play bracing, melodic three chord punk with studiously dispassionate vocals. This isn't post-punk however, but that late seventies kind played by the Ramones and the Saints. Whereas the Fells attempt to charm, *Hell Spawn* attempts to brutalize with a pulverizing barrage of rhythmic sound. Imagine yourself strapped to the underside of a subway car while screaming at the top of your lungs and you'll get the idea.

Barmaid of Earthy Delights - Little One: Rootsy rock with solid, earthy guitar interplay and engagingly off-key vocals. There's just the right touch of raggedness, of over reliance on melody to help put the whole thing over. (Community 3).

Devil Dogs - Live in Tokyo: More jackhammer pogorama from NY's primo purveyors of slash n' burn ballroom blitz recorded live in some oriental country. Wearing their Thunders/Ramones-induced glam-punk influences proudly on their snotty sleeves, you know The Devil Dogs always deliver the goods. Attractive full color sleeve features enticing cameos from The Million Eyes of Su-muru (Crypt).

A-Bones - Take Up The Slack, Daddy-O and Girl Trouble - Sister Mary Motorcycle: If I had enough money to BUY the new A-Bones album I could tell you if this band is suffering from brain damage or if it's just this 45 that BLOWS GRITS! But since they never deigned to send us the LP to review I guess you'll never know. Described as "a harrowing water-skiing opus," this single is sure to provoke sneers of contempt from Duane Eddy fans around the world. If I was water-skiing to this lackluster board buster, I'd sink, drown and die happy. Girl Trouble's flip side contribution, on the other hand, is a hilarious slab of garage-punkabilly. Orchestrated by conductor Baron Von Wheelie, this combo sics the vicious Annette Beat on sixties era biker flicks to produce an immaculately conceived Glory Stomp. Black Souls Beware! (Cruddy/Pop Llama).

Vacant Lot - Vacant Lot: Two sides of adrenalinized, power-pop-punk - you know - speedy guitars, infectious harmonies, catchy tunes, devil may care performances. And speaking of performances - no not the terrific Real Kids cover on the B-side - catch the anorexic, semi-clad brunette groupie's act at each and every Lot show.

Date Bait - Dragsters/Werewolf: MD 75 n' 80 Drag-a-Way eliminators Date Bait shut down the boss 7 inch competition again with fuzzy drenched AA/fuel class punker *Dragster*, laying the Munster mopar on *Fever* for B-side *Werewolf* with all the classy savoir faire we have come to expect from these handsome men of leisure. Kustom Flamed Kim Kane sleeve art enhances pro stock punk performance. Desirable women free their breasts when Date Bait smashes out *Dragsters* live alongside tastefully selected Wreckless Eric, Dictators and Lancelot Link covers and so should you. Alfred E. Newman says, "It's a gas!" (Deceased Records c/o Brian Horowitz).

The Thing - Austere Precautions/Dream Head: *Dream Head* is probably actually an out-take from Led Zep's *Presence* LP because it has these spacey vocals which I can't understand and that Big Zepper guitar sound I'd know anywhere. Great Zeppelin cut! *Austere Precautions* is a zoomy Sonic Puke type of Art Thing that, like Sonic Puke, I don't understand and I hate. The Mint green Thing comes with a groovy op-art sleeve and an unpaid endorsement from Zen leather-

boy Lemmy. I would go see this band live because they have caged go-go dancers and because they might play too fast and sound like the Ramones. Hypnotics fans will dig this at whatever speed (Mint Tone).

Estrus Half Rack - The 12 Drunkest Bands In America: Hey, it's a GAS baby! Just like Cisco this thing - there's a flavor for everybody. We dig "Berry" (it's purple), but pick your passion. Twelve bands on three singles and connoisseurs of finer wines everywhere can dig these Monsieur Henri selections: **The Derelects - Lost Cause:** your basic waste case punk-meta... **The Fastbacks - Beaujolais, The Beat:** Desirable naked pubescent girls bathe in loathsome Go-Go's bubble bath. Needs more Cisco. But hey, '66-'67 Dodge Chargers rule. What a cool name... **Gorilla - Everybody's Happy:** Macho '70s vocals punctuated by Argent-inspired organ break. Brownsville Station meets Brownsville Station. Eats quaaludes and smokes... **The Kings of Rock - Little Girl Be Good:** Pile-driving punker penned by popped-rivet Billy Childish. The Death of a Mighty Caesar? (FUCK NO!)... **Marble Orchard - Munsters' Theme:** If the Munsters were good enough for the Standells, they're good enough for you. Even the Corna-teens' *Munster Theme* was decent... **Mono-Men - Pisswater:** It's like, mono-chromatic! Slow. Wasted. Snide... **Mudhoney - March To Fuzz:** The Beloved of the stringy haired perform a snarling tribute to Davey Allen and the Arrows... **The Mummies - What A Way To Die:** Pretty faithful rendition of the Pleasure Seekers' greatest hit, but it's just not the same without the genuine Suzy Quatro teenybopper skin snap-shot on Satan Records' *What A Way To Die* 60s punk comp... **The Phantom Surfers - 6-Pack:** Authentic 1963 surf revival. Lots of snap, crackle and pop. Surf aficionados can relate... **Prisonshake - Beer Break:** Black Label-drenched garage-metal grunge. Recorded live. REAL LIVE... **Seaweed - Glassy Eyes:** Bo-ring. Sounds like the 80s... **Untamed Youth - She Cares:** Missouri's premier action surf/car band shifts gears to record a real 60s punker replete with baroque vocal touches. Hey, if she doesn't care she's stupid! Founders of the International Sophisticated Playboy Club have feelings too you know! So that's it, twelve tall boys of punk and no ass wiggling funk. How can you lose?

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TOKEN NIGHTMARES

THE WOMAN IN THE CRACK

She was no taller than five feet. Her torso, I would later find out, was spherical. Her arms and legs looked like they were applied as an afterthought. Her large hennaed afro mirrored her torso.

I didn't notice her at first. The subway car was packed beyond capacity. At the previous stop, Grand Central Station, people had been diving as they will, into the already full train.

It seemed as though there was an empty space in front of me. I looked down into the space and saw the top of the woman's head.

There is a condition that often occurs at rush hour in the subway system. The force of the people trying to get on the train often equals that of those who are trying to get off. This makes for a seething, undulating wave of sweaty commuters.

The #4 downtown express stopped at the fourteenth street Union Square Station. I was going one stop further. But when the doors opened, I was forced, along with many others, off the train by those behind us. As soon as I was forced off the train, those trying to get in forced me back. This went on, back and forth, for about a minute.

At one point when I was on the outside of the train I heard a woman screaming. The last thing you want to hear down there is a woman screaming.

I looked around for the cause of this, but found nothing.

The person screaming, a large polish woman, was pointing at me. I was fine. I looked down at the small hispanic woman with the red afro. She was a hell of a lot shorter than I'd remembered. Then it hit me. She was becoming what transit police call a "Spacer."

A "Spacer" is someone who gets caught between the train and the platform. If this happens when the train is barreling out of the station . . .

The place where they put the Union Square Subway Station was too small for a train station, so that's where they put it. Because of it's small size the tracks come in at a very tight arc. Against this tight arc, the straight sides of the subway cars make for tremendous gaps which are more or less dealt with by a series of moving platforms. However, there are still gaps regardless of these devices.

The small woman was slipping into one of these gaps. I instinctively grabbed her under her arms. Guess where I didn't want to put my hands that morning?

The woman was small so I assumed she'd be easy to lift. I pulled hard on her sweaty armpits. She was not budging.

As I yanked on the woman, she kept muttering something about her shoe. I was thinking to myself, "What?"

The large polish lass continued screaming. It was the perfect soundtrack for the swarming commuters who were now trying to catch a glimpse of a woman who might get twisted in half.

by
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The reason I couldn't pull the hispanic woman out of the crack was that the back of her shoe was caught under the platform.

She kept ranting about her damned shoe. I could see the complication by looking down the crack between the train and the platform. She obviously had her little toes curled in an instinctive desire to keep her footwear. I was starting to tire from all the heaving. The woman really liked the shoe. I said, "Forget the fucking shoe, you're going to die!"

The threat of death overrode concern for her shoe. Her little toes uncurled and the shoe fell onto the tracks.

I carried her back onto the train. The doors of the train shut and we rumbled out of the station.

I felt sorry for her. She was small and old. On top of that, she only had one shoe on. I watched her lower lip tuck in. I watched her stockinged foot collect dirt on the train floor. She gripped her handbag tightly. The Worth Street - Brooklyn Bridge stop was built in a larger place than Union Square. When we got off the train I followed

the woman (who was limping, as one with only one shoe might) for about ten feet.

Not being able to stand it a second longer, I rushed up and asked her if I could be of any help. The poor woman was frantic. She kept asking how she would get home.

I asked her where she lived.

She looked at me with worried eyes and said, "Fourteenth street."

ADJUSTED SKIRT

It sounded like a cat. I hoped it was a cat. It sounded like a cat whose ribs were being rhythmically tromped on by someone's foot.

There are some things you don't want to hear in the subway system.

I looked down the platform. There was no cat. Across the tracks, on the up-town side, a woman in business garb, braver than I, walked briskly towards the sound. I got up and followed. I knew it wasn't a cat. I don't think the woman across the tracks even considered the possibility.

The woman across the tracks found, before I did, the smaller un-manned subway exit on my side of the tracks. She spun violently around, her hands clamped to the side of her head and ran frantically back toward the token booth on her side.

This, I thought, was the last fucking thing I wanted to see that morning.

I started to run towards what had so horrified the woman across the tracks.

Once in view of the small un-manned exit, my eyes focused on the acid washed buttocks of a very large man beyond the turnstile. He was pushing up against the tiled wall of the exit.

What drew my attention to his backside was the universal motion with which it moved in perfect unison to the rhythmic cat sounds.

I threw down my newspaper, wasting forty cents. I ran through the subway turnstile, wasting one dollar and fifteen cents.

A guy much smaller than Mr. Acid Wash ran down the station steps. He jumped the guy and started wrestling him to the ground. By the time I reached them, the smaller man somehow had the huge man in a headlock with his face pushed into the cement floor of the station.

I watched myself kick the larger man in the ribs with a force so severe that the two rose up in the air about a foot. They both moaned. There, I did it. I kicked someone in the ribs.

The smaller man, now in control, turned his delicately featured face up and looked at me. With the same inflection one might say "Hello" to a nun, he said, "It's cool man, I've got him."

I reached down, squeezed his shoulder and said, "Thank you."

Something dusty and removed occurred to me, something I'd completely forgotten about. The guy wasn't humping a wall. There was supposed to be another person there.

She was standing, looking quite composed, except for her skirt, which she nimbly readjusted. Her face was calm but very worn. My guess was that she'd blown out the candles on about sixty birthday cakes. I grabbed her prunish arm firmly and asked, "Are you O.K.?" To this day I can't tell you what she said or in what language it was.

By this time there was a crowd of leering yuppies pressed up to the bars that separate those "In" from those "Out." They looked like they were in jail, too cheap to pay the \$1.15 bail money to get out and maybe offer some assistance.

I sprinted up the steps two at a time. With every step I took, another misconception I'd had of rape flew out the window.

I was going to call 911. It would be my first time. I was so shaken up that my lips quivered and shook when I tried to speak. The woman I spoke to was used to this. She calmed me down.

After she coaxed me into submitting to conventional word formation, making it possible to ascertain in which borough, at what station and on which train line the

crime had taken place, she asked me simply, "Is it the uptown side or the downtown side?" With images of the police searching the uptown side for an hour, I realized that in a city as big as New York, questions are of some importance to the effectiveness of emergency rescue.

While I was on the telephone, relearning english, the victim, the sexagenarian with the ruffled skirt, walked by; walked by as if this was her normal routine. All I could think of was, "Shock?"

I grabbed her arm again, told her not to leave and once again asked if she was alright, which, upon reflection, was a really stupid fucking question to ask someone who had just been raped.

She uttered more unintelligibles and waddled away. Having used all my energy trying to pronounce the words, "Rape" and "Acid wash," I didn't have the wherewithal to follow her. The victim got away.

I went back down to where the engaged couple, rapist and captor, were lying.

The rapist's face, which I now saw for the first time, was angelic. His skin was a flawless dark brown. His huge brown eyes, models for Bambi, glowed with fear.

A heroically smarmy transit worker with a thick accent, was engaged in a vile conversation with the angelic rapist.

"Ah, yuz was trying tah fuck her!" he kept saying.

The prostrate man with the ugliest jeans ever produced by human beings, kept responding, in a voice smoother than a good lie, "NO! I was only trying to rob her!"

"Of what?" I thought.

When the cops showed up, sandbox sand in their shoes and guns drawn, I decided to split.

I wanted to have nothing to do with them.

I decided to walk the seventy blocks to work. I figured I had a decent excuse for being late.

I had sunglasses on and that helped disguise the real man wearing them. On the way to work I passed many women and many men. Some of them were young and some were old.



THE SMELL OF DEATH

I'll describe one of the beautiful twins. Her brown hair was long and straight. Her skin was smooth and white. The stickiness from her gum shone on her pink, ten year old lips.

Their mom hovered over them. She had "MARINES" written all over her face. Down at the other end of the subway car was a young woman dressed in a blue skirt suit. Her serene, fresh face was conventionally pretty. She wore running shoes which she would no doubt substitute for something that matched her clothes when she got to work. Across from me was Minnie Pearl. She slept peacefully.

I listened to the clicking of the twins' gum as the train pulled into Grand Central. Although it was eight o'clock on a Thursday morning, the local train was uncrowded.

We stopped in the station for the normal amount of time. My eyes glanced from the face of the twins to their mother's, then to the blond in the skirt suit with the ugly footwear. There were many people on the platform.

The doors opened and an assortment of them strode in.

The doors shut and the train lurched forward gently. I was thinking about my first task at work when, through the window, I saw horror on the face of a business woman on the platform. She was looking to my left, just about where the two cars were joined. Without taking her eyes from the space between the cars she started yelling, "Hey! Hey!" at the top of her lungs. Other people nearby turned towards the front of the train and began yelling, "STOP! OH GOD! STOP!"

The panic, framed nicely in the window of the car, took a nasty turn.

The woman's mouth shot open, forming an "O." Her hands went to her temples. Her forehead folded up like a fan. The people around her responded just as violently. Some actually covering their eyes. They all screamed.

There are some things you simply don't want to hear in the New York City subway system.

The train window went black as we entered the tunnel. The train slammed to a halt. There was a quick moment of silence before the people in my car, all looking around as if caught shoplifting, began to react.

The twins started to cry, "I'm scared! I'm scared!" Minnie Pearl woke up and started pacing up and down. She chanted, "Someone was pushed! Someone was pushed!" Most of the business men tried to hide all signs of a reaction.

I looked down the car at the business woman with the running shoes. For some reason, she looked at me. Her face contorted slowly into a red mask of grief. It was as if she actually knew that someone had just lost their life. She began to whimper. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she maintained her fix on me.

The atmosphere in the car changed.

The smoke was thick and white and took little time to fill the car. I pictured the following days' newspaper headlines: Fifty Commuters ASPHYXIATED!

But I recognized something. It's familiarity calmed me in one way and nauseated me in another. The smoke smelled like burning hair.

The smell of death wove its way into the fabric of our garments. I realized that a life was passing through us, rising up.

The conductor's voice was pretty, however, you could tell by the way it wavered that she was absent the day they discussed people getting sliced and fried under your train.

We were to exit through the back of the train. I looked at the twins as they pulled their turtle-necks up in unison over their runny noses. Other people took a cue from them and covered their noses. We started to exit.

Looking down between the cars was tempting, however, with an imagination like mine one needn't check. On the platform was an old transit worker with an older bullhorn trying to convince everyone that it wasn't a circus. I was surprised how many people thought it was, as they tried to look into the tunnel to see the fried commuter.

Across the platform was a waiting express train. Those on it had no idea what had happened so it was rather comical when they found their train invaded by fifty weeping, horrified people.

The doors closed. The train sped off. I didn't feel well at this point. The smell of

death was in my clothes and it sickened me. I shifted into "I Hate This Town" mode.

At fifty-ninth street, about twenty blocks from where I was going, I got off. I had to leave the system. I walked in the humid September air. I felt bad. I was burdened by the thought that some unfortunate guy, a fellow commuter, had just lost his life.

After about ten blocks, a cabbie, a guy with a thick New York accent, pulled over and asked me directions. I couldn't believe it. I gave him the wrong directions as punishment and continued on my way.

The transformation started to take place.

A *New York Times*' vending machine was being cleared out by a guy who would sell the newspapers elsewhere. An elderly Asian man had a large wiggling, testicle-like nose. The template in the "Don't Walk" sign was upside down. A young woman with a moustache was walking eight dogs. And I, unlike some dumb fuck too impatient to wait for the next train, was alive.



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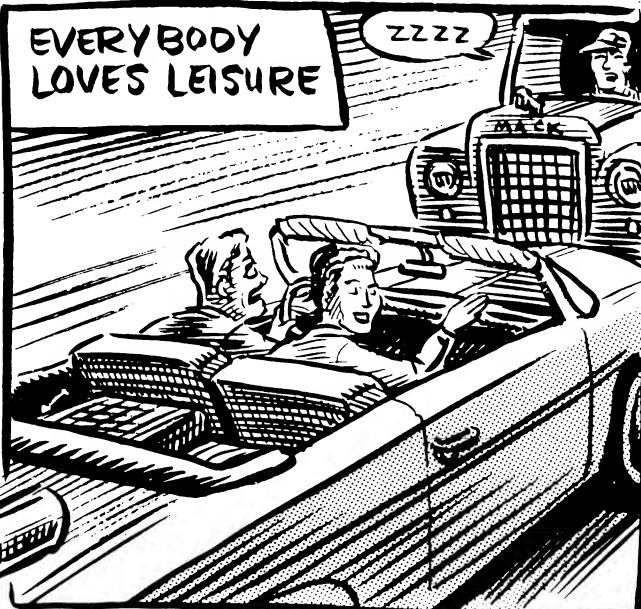
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SURVIVE



The Culture Of Terrorism

Noam Chomsky
South End Press (1988)

In Paris in the spring of 1973 a peace agreement between North Vietnam and the United States was signed. This agreement called for the U.S. and all other countries to recognize the independence of North Vietnam pending reunification of Vietnam by "peaceful means" without foreign interference. South Vietnam was to recognize two "parallel and equivalent" Vietnamese parties: the U.S. backed G.V.N. and the P.R.G. (or "Viet Cong" as U.S. agitprop would have it). These two parties were to work toward national reconciliation by peaceful means under conditions of full civil liberties. Foreign countries were forbidden from imposing pressure of any kind, with the U.S. agreeing to withdraw all "advisers and technicians" within thirty days.

Shortly thereafter, Kissinger and Nixon made the startling pronouncement that they were rejecting, in no uncertain terms,

the agreement in toto. The White House stated its belief in maintaining its right to provide "civilian technicians serving in military branches," and proceeded to increase their number to seventy-two hundred. Even more unbelievable was the announcement that the U.S. would continue to regard the G.V.N. as the "sole legitimate government of Vietnam" with "its constitutional leadership and structure unchanged." Not only did this later statement effectively nullify the central provision of the peace accord, it neglected to mention that this "constitution" outlawed the second "parallel and equivalent" party, the P.R.G. along with "pro-communist neutralism" and any form of expression "aimed to spreading communist policies, slogans and instructions." Subsequently emboldened, the G.V.N. announced that all such "illegal" activities would be suppressed by force - thereby eradicating the remainder of the agreement.

Now here's where it gets really sick. The media, including, according to Chomsky, the most outspoken doves, adopted the White House's statements as the actual terms of the peace agreement! Thus, with the press on their side, the U.S. was able to subsequently violate the terms of the agreement with brazen impunity, secure in the knowledge that the inevitable response by our "gook" enemies would be reported as proof of their perfidy. Such reporting initiated the eventual renewal of the war as the U.S. sanctioned G.V.N. violence elicited the predictable response.



Our "Vietnam experience" is still interpreted in Nixonian terms by the mainstream press, even today, with the Reagan and Bush administrations invoking it whenever it serves their needs. Moreover, the practice of substituting administration goals and pronouncements for the terms of an international peace agreement is still being employed. This is how the Arias peace plan with the Central American nations, which had as its primary aim peace in Nicaragua, was sabotaged by the Reagan administration. Never mind that the terms of such plan were virtually identical to those proposed by the White House, the U.S. was backing the Contras, a pro-American business mercenary squad that had virtually no popular support.

You may ask yourself, how can this happen, how is it possible in the land of the free and the home of the brave? Well, it "happens" according to Chomsky, because U.S. international and security policy "rooted in the structure of power in the domestic society" has as its primary goal the preservation of the Fifth Freedom. This Fifth Freedom is the "freedom to rob, to exploit and to dominate, to undertake any course of action to ensure that existing privilege" - read wealth and power - "is protected and advanced." And it is our primary cultural export: the culture of terrorism.

This Fifth Freedom, the operative principle that primarily dictates what the U.S. does in and with the rest of the world, was overlooked when FDR announced the Four Freedoms that the U.S. and its allies would uphold in the conflict with fascism: freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. None of this is mere theorizing; a cursory study of the internal documentary record of U.S. planning as well as a quick bone-up on recent history will clearly show these Four Freedoms' subordination to the Fifth. And when the Four Freedoms are deemed incompatible with the Fifth, as they often are, they are dispensed with.

However, in pursuing programs that are concerned and applied in such terms, the government must lie to the people, it must "spin an elaborate web of illusion and deceit." Enlisting the cooperation of ideological institutions like the CIA, the State Department and the public relations sector of Big Business, the "facts" of current events are placed in a favorable light. Exercises in historical revisionism are constantly conducted as they were with

Vietnam and still are with Central America and the Middle East. No one pays much attention to the distortions and lies because the government frames everything in terms of good vs. evil. Give the people an "enemy" and as was the case with Iraq, the citizens will come to believe that its government is fighting a just and holy war for democracy and not one for economic hegemony.

To insure that the populace follows the party line, the government keeps the people "inert from developing individual modes of thought and perception, from formulating and pressing effectively for alternative policies." This is done by forcing the average Joe or Jane to spend an inordinate amount of time and energy with a job from which they are completely alienated, by having a servile media pushing the notion of family and consumerism as the proper subject of one's leisure time, and in general, fostering the belief that unswerving obedience to authority brings peace and unlimited prosperity. Even the pop culture is shaped so as to reinforce the idea of rampant materialism as an end in itself and the government view of fact as reality.

If the government is nevertheless unable to overcome popular dissatisfaction with one of its goals or policies, it goes underground. The Iran-Contra scandals of 1986 are an example of this in recent times and Chomsky uses the exposure of these transgressions as a springboard for questioning and examining our political system and the "intellectual culture that interprets and sustains it." As you may have already guessed, it is not a pretty picture that emerges from Chomsky's study:

The culture of terrorism is now a structure of considerable power with an impressive arsenal of devices to protect itself from the threat of understanding and with a powerful base in the institutions that dominate every facet of social life - the economy and political institution, the intellectual culture and much of the popular culture as well.

The publishers would like us to believe that *The Culture Of Terrorism* is essentially a "message of hope," but in light of our recent forays in Panama and Iraq, with our refusal to extend financial aid to the struggling democracies in eastern Europe and with Bush or Perot fascist

forces virtually assured of the presidency, it is difficult to share their optimism. The publication of this book may serve only as a testament to the fact that an articulate voice of resistance and protest is infinitely cooptable and easily absorbed by the culture of terrorism.

The Sins Of The Fathers

Lawrence Block

Avon (1976/1991)

It's an open and shut case. An attractive young call girl is found brutally murdered, her face and body slashed so many times that she is virtually unrecognizable. Her homosexual roommate is arrested shortly after the murder, wandering the streets, blood-soaked, penis exposed screaming that he has just fucked his mother. Booked, fingerprinted and thrust in a prison cell, the accused subsequently hangs himself.

Matthew Scudder, unlicensed private investigator, is hired by the girl's estranged father, not to find the murderer, he's dead now, but to flesh out the girl's character, to find out what made her tick. And a funny thing happens, the more time he spends on the case, the more Scudder is plagued by a nagging malaise, not doubt really, just uneasiness as to the identity of the murderer. Things are just too pat, everything fits too neatly.

And no one has bothered to ask the obvious questions. Like why would a homosexual slice up his female roommate and then have sex with the body? What would be the motivation? Certainly not jealousy over a lover? And why didn't anyone on the force follow up on the roommates' statement that he couldn't recall attacking the girl, he only remembered discovering the mutilated corpse?

Block manages the neat trick of making this all rather exciting while relying almost totally on dialogue. There is only one action sequence in the book and it has nothing to do with the story. And although there is only one real suspect, Block has you so mesmerized, so caught up in the technicalities of the investigation that you never suspect him. Police procedures don't get much better than this. *Sins* is a short read, but an unforgettable one.

Tied Up With Love - The Making Of Mistress Antoinette

Jeanette Luther

Versatile Productions, Inc. (1988)

By Greg Goodsell

Mistress Antoinette is a chatty, middle-aged housewife whose chief interest lies in "dressing for pleasure": constricting leather and rubber wear, six or seven-inch high heel shoes or boots, tight belts and straps and exotic jewelry and accessories. Antoinette makes the rounds of all the TV chat shows when the subject of the day is sadomasochism, strange sex or alternate lifestyles. However, her appearance on a Sally Jesse Raphael/Geraldo/Tom Snyder/David Letterman soundstage only gives the audience the briefest glimpse into a complex and fascinating woman: grandmother, housewife, costume designer, businesswoman and of course, dominatrix. In order to fill the yawning chasm left by these tantalizing TV tidbits, Antoinette has penned this rather unconventional autobiography which gives the reader much more and at the same time, much less than bargained for. First of all, there is very little here for the onanist. What sex there is in the memoir is distinctly of the PG variety. Antoinette would actually have the reader believe that she is totally faithful to her wealthy physician husband. Moreover, the description of their sex life is cursory and uneventful. And the antics she purports to engage in as a mistress are purely of the tie-you-up-and-call-you-silly kind. Antoinette believes that her brand of bondage and discipline reaffirms her subjects' sense of self and their sexuality without the need for penetration or spillage of precious bodily fluids.

Tied Up With Love's tone and style will remind the reader of nothing so much as *Woman's World* or Fannie Hurst's *Imitation of Life*. The fact that the book addresses whips



and methods of bondage rather than mixed marriages and fondue recipes is beside the point; everything is recounted in a forthright, matter of fact manner. Yet Antoinette's story still makes for fascinating reading even if she does make the bizarre world of master and slave relationships seem as natural and mundane as volunteer work at the local Chamber of Commerce.

A tireless and devoted champion of radical lifestyles, Antoinette disdained the well-meaning advice of counselors who saw her fling with alcoholism as inextricably linked with her brand of loveplay. "I knew that the B&D was not what was hurting me. That part of my life was in fine shape. Some of the older counselors, who were so sure I couldn't be healed without giving up my B&D, called me a miracle when it was apparent I would survive just fine with my convictions about B&D intact. They would say: 'Here comes the cat woman. She hasn't lost her spots, but the color has changed.'"

Tied Up With Love makes for breezy, entertaining and even inspiring reading. It can easily be consumed in one sitting. At a lean, one hundred and thirty pages with large type it is however, wa-ay overpriced at \$14.95. Anyone interested in a cheap used copy only slightly stained?

A Dance At The Slaughterhouse

Lawrence Block

William Morrow (1992)

In his relatively brief career, Lawrence Block has published over two dozen well received books but with his last six Matthew Scudder novels Block has suddenly found his name being bandied about with the likes of Dashiell Hammett and James Cain. With the publication of 1990's *A Ticket To The Boneyard*, the comparisons stopped; Block had become a nonpareil, perhaps the greatest mystery writer of the twentieth century.

It's easy to see why critics have been so unabashed in their praises of Block. He writes terse, no-nonsense prose, witty, hardboiled dialogue, draws characters that at first blush appear amusingly simplistic but later turn out to be surprisingly complex, and has a fiendishly clever method of plotting that literally forces

the reader to tear through his books in a fever of anticipation. And if you're looking for sentiment or compassion, forget it: Block doesn't have time for such nonsense.

Matthew Scudder once had time for compassion and sentiment, for a career - New York police detective - and a family as well. Then he accidentally shot and killed a little Puerto Rican girl and Scudder found himself unraveling. Alcohol didn't help and neither did the self-pity. After quitting the force and divorcing his wife, Scudder bottomed out and then kicked the booze with the help of the AA. Got himself a girlfriend too, a high priced call girl named Elaine who knew a good thing when she saw it. Soon Scudder found himself working again, as a private dick, doing a little investigative work for his friends, some of whom sit firmly on the other side of the fence. Which is okay with Scudder because as an unlicensed gumshoe, he can avail himself of their help without any second thoughts when the rules have to be bent a little, as with this case involving the murder of the wife of a middle-aged cable executive. The husband claims that he and the missus were attacked by two burglars, the assault culminating in the rape and strangulation of his beloved. The brother-in-law isn't buying it, however, and hires Scudder to get to the bottom of things. A lack of evidence and an unassailable story on the part of the hubby has Scudder seriously considering returning the retainer but when dame fortune turns up a snuff film with a runaway boy as the victim, things began to fall sickeningly into place.

It's been a long time since I've read a piece of contemporary detective fiction this literate and compelling. With just a few lines of dialogue, Block can turn a sadistic monster into a refined epicure, take a conversation with a drunken Irish gangster known as the Butcher and transform it into a meditation on the dangers of epiphany. The beauty of it is that Block makes all of it seem so true, so right somehow, that you never really notice the transition, you never find yourself shaking your head and muttering, "That guy would never say a thing like that." And when the protagonists have to make decisions, you find yourself asking the same questions and not coming up with any easy answers. I don't know about you, but this kind of ability is what most mystery, hell, most writers would kill for, and is the sine qua non of great fiction.

Regarding Henry: A Survey of Henry Lee Lucas Literature

Henry Lee Lucas. Is he the worst serial killer to ever roam the country's highways or is he our greatest con man? Students of Lucas must accept the fact that they will never know the truth. Hell, Henry himself probably doesn't know anymore, he's changed his story so often. To me though, Henry Lee is the King, the Elvis Presley of serial killers. No one else comes close.

My initial impressions were born from early newspaper accounts: the one-eyed drifter from the backwoods of Virginia, criss-crossing the country in a beat up old car with Otis and Becky, killing by the hundreds, in every way imaginable; hicks on an endless roadtrip of murder and mayhem, plucking the unsuspecting from truck stops and convenience stores and leaving their bodies in the weeds by the side of the road. These perceptions were modified somewhat when Henry started showing up on the local news as he made the rounds helping to clear up old murder cases. He appeared to be an affable sort, with a lop-sided grin and a twinkle in his good eye. Often, he'd sigh, shake his head and earnestly tell us, "It don't pay to hitchhike." Henry seemed a bit like Jim Siedow, the man who played the cook in the original *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* - "Heh, heh, I just can't take no pleasure in killin'." - and not much like the sullen, menacing psycho I later saw in *Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer*.

Whether or not the man awaiting lethal injection down in Huntsville has much in common with the myth that's been built up around him is open to speculation, and the three books that have come out so far on Henry offer little enlightenment.

The Confessions of Henry Lee Lucas by Mike Cox is the literary equivalent of a *Hard Copy* expose: big hype ("In the backwoods of Virginia, he was born to kill" is the legend emblazoned on the back cover), little substance. Cox was a reporter for the *Austin American Statesman* who broke the Lucas story, so I had high hopes for this book since its author had been involved in the Lucas saga since day one. What we have here, unfortunately, is a one dimensional narrative with lame, conjectured dialogue thrown in. And the passages dealing with the murders are completely uninvolved. The second half of the book has Henry behind bars and the Lucas legal quagmire uninterestingly detailed. So Ok, the book's kinda dull, is it at least a credible source of factual information? Not really, considering that Mike Cox is now employed in the PR department of the Texas Rangers, a law enforcement agency with its own agenda for Henry Lee. The only reason to purchase this book is for the photos.

Henry Lee Lucas by Dr. Joel Norris is a book not so much about Henry as it is about Joel Norris trying to promote himself as America's preeminent "expert" on serial killers. To be fair, this book is better written than the Cox book, and it is more objective in that several versions of events are often presented for the reader's consideration, but Norris emphasizes those elements of the Lucas myth which fit in with his psychological profile of Henry. Much of his "research" was taken from Texas writer Nan Cuba - apparently with her blessing - who had written a big article about Lucas for *Third Coast* magazine in 1985. The book comes shrink wrapped with a cassette tape of some of Henry's actual confessions - a great gimmick which is too brief (fifteen minutes or so) and somewhat marred by Norris' whiny interruptions as he explains to us what we're hearing. It's a wonderful artifact nonetheless.

An earlier book about Henry must also be noted: *The Hand of Death* by pornographer-turned-holy-roller, Max Call. This work is a laff a minute, written on a sub-Weekly-World-News level and treating us to Henry's most outlandish confessions as if they were gospel truth. The main focus of the book is the cult Henry and Otis were supposedly a part of, The Hand of Death. And because Henry's a Christian, now we're suppose to believe that he wouldn't lie about being the one who delivered the poison to Jim Jones. Published by an obscure religious press (Huntington House), the book soon faded into oblivion.

The most level-headed, unbiased, informative piece I've read about Henry is by Ron Rosenbaum in the September 1990 *Vanity Fair*. It's worth seeking out. The great Henry Lee Lucas book however, remains to be written. I firmly believe that no one can ever untangle the lies and complexities of the true story, but maybe one day someone will "capture" the Myth on paper. Lucas is a boogeyman perfectly suited for our mobile, rootless society. He will forever cruise the interstates of our collective unconscious, reminding us that the slightest chance encounter may one day seal our doom, and perhaps more profoundly that, "It don't pay to hitchhike."

by Randy Reeves

Cult Movie Stars

Danny Peary

Fireside Books (1991)

A lot of people have come up to me and asked, "Dom, how do I go about writing one of those groovy psychotronic type film reviews? You know, the kind Michael Weldon writes over and over again without any apparent effort."

And what I tell them is to first watch a movie that any sane person would give up on after about five minutes. Then sit down and write a really tedious plot summary - the longer the better - that includes the name of every cast member including the stunt doubles. And then, if you want to make the piece totally unreadable, to give it that true "psychotronic" feel, go back through the review and list, in parenthesis beside each actors' name, the title of every film in which he or she appeared. Unless you have a photographic memory however, the last bit might prove to be somewhat difficult. That's why you need Danny Peary's book, a compendium of over seven hundred and fifty profiles of "cult" film stars.

So how do you determine if someone is a "cult" star? Well according to Peary it is those who have had "strong emotional impact on at least a fair-sized number of movie fans." Or, in other words, anybody Peary admires, which means that you'll find both Marlon Brando and Connie "Blood Feast" Mason here. And, unfortunately, where you'll discover James Stewart but not James Mason, Acquanetta rather than Falconetti, Fred Williamson instead of Fred Ward and Tommy Lee Jones having to make room for Darby Jones.

Minor quibbles in a book of this size but certainly the kind of moronic debate Peary hopes to generate among trash and cult film aficionados. Me, I'm just happy to have a book around that will allow the average twelve-year old to write as penetratingly as Weldon.



Step Right Up! . . . I'm Gonna Scare the Pants Right Off America

William Castle

G.P. Putnam (1991)

Is there a fright flick fan who isn't familiar with the name William Castle, the man who almost singlehandedly resuscitated the horror film in the late fifties? Of course not, but ironically, many of Castle's efforts are remembered today more for their wacky promotional schemes than for the content of the films themselves. The first of these was *Macabre* (1958) which found Castle insuring audiences with Lloyd's of London in case any of them died of fright during a screening. Then there was *The House On Haunted Hill* (1959) which promised patrons that they would be treated to the incredible new cinematic process known as Emergo which turned out to be nothing more than a lit skeleton sliding down a wire from the screen to the balcony, timed to coincide with the identical scene being projected. Critics found

both the films and the gimmicks puerile but the kids ate it up; *Macabre* cost \$95,000 to produce and made over five million. With returns like that, Castle wasn't about to let a few bad reviews stop him. In fact, the negative press may have been - although Castle doesn't admit it - the inspiration for his greatest promotion: Percepto. This involved rigging every seat in a theater that was screening *The Tingler* (1959) with a rubberized motor designed to give mild electric shocks. When the "tingler" got loose in the movie, the screen would suddenly turn black, Vincent Price would begin imploring the patrons to "Scream for their lives" (the only way to kill the centipede-like beast), and the projectionist would turn on the motors. Castle claims over twenty million people paid to be entertained in this manner.

Almost overnight it seemed, director-producer William Castle had become a star, the "King of Gimmicks," but it had not always been so. Castle had labored for years for Harry Cohn at Columbia Studios churning out undistinguished B-pictures with inane titles like *Johnny Stool Pigeon* and *Slaves of Babylon*; it wasn't until he left Cohn and started his own production company at the age of forty-four that he began to hit pay-dirt. The cinematic "innovations" ended in 1961 with *Mr. Sardonicus* (a Punishment Poll allowed the audience to chose either a reel containing a happy ending or one in which the eponymous villain got his just deserts) but the outlandish promotional campaigns continued and the hits kept coming until 1965 when the maestro seems to have lost his touch. It was only after agreeing to entrust the directing chores to a relative unknown named Roman Polanski, that Castle had his last big hit with *Rosemary's Baby* (1968). Through all the vicissitudes in his show business life, Castle never seems to have lost his sense of humor and wonderfully self-deprecating manner. *Step Right Up!* is written in a blithe, anecdotal style, a perfect choice for a man who patterned himself after P.T. Barnum and seems never to have taken anything too terribly seriously. Perhaps this is the reason his best films, while no masterpieces, are so fondly remembered by so many.

The Trial Of Gilles de Rais

Georges Bataille

Amok Books (1991)

His valor, brilliance at arms and charismatic generalship brings a summons by Joan of Arc in 1429 to fight the English at the gates of Paris. Although the French are eventually forced to retreat, Gilles de Rais is consecrated by King Charles VII for his unprecedented bravery, unmatched since the time of Charlemagne.

Less than a decade later, Gilles is discovered to have ritually tortured and murdered hundreds of children. Under threat of the customary gentle coaxing, Gilles confessed to the Inquisition that this was all done with the help of just a few accomplices. Gilles would lure children - only beautiful, young children - to his castle and drag them to the bowels of his fortress where he would proceed to strangle or hang them until they were nearly unconscious and then sodomize them. After climaxing, Gilles or his henchmen would cut the carotid artery of the child or decapitate the victim and Gilles would sit on the belly to better observe the pathetic reflexive movements. Many times, after steeling himself with strong liquors, this monster would disembowel the poor wretches and masturbate on their spilled intestines.

In one of the great demented essays of all time, Bataille postulates that de Rais was not simply some inhuman monster but a Doctor Faust, or rather an infantile Faust who believed that the Devil had sanctioned his crimes, and the more depraved his criminal enterprises became, the greater the chance of pleasing Satan and so escaping eternal damnation. These goofy notions may have given the deranged de Rais some peace of mind yet it also left him at the mercy of charlatans who not only encouraged his unspeakable practices but bankrupted him as well.

Tragic hero or abominable monster? You decide. In addition to Bataille's disturbing and provocative essay, the reader is provided with an annotated chronology and a discussion of the discrepancies in the historical record. Perhaps most remarkable of all, are the trial documents which include the records of the hearings, depositions of witnesses and confessions of the guilty parties. It's not a pretty picture, but it is a perversely fascinating one.



Nightmare Of Ecstasy - The Life And Art Of Edward D. Wood, Jr.

Rudolph Grey

Feral House (1992)

by Greg Goodsell

YEOW! This hotly anticipated volume, ten years in the making (word has it that author and researcher Rudolph Grey was wearing out his welcome in Los Angeles just prior to this book's printing, giving rise to the notion that this project was but a pipe dream) has been well worth the wait. The life and work of anti-genius Edward D. Wood, Jr. should not be a mystery to the readers of this here periodical, nevertheless the wealth of detail Grey has unearthed is staggering. All material heretofore written about the great transvestite film director, from the initial sniggerings of the Medved Golden Turkey boys to the more recent and ridiculous, defensive exegesis of his works (myself included) has been rendered obsolete.

What does *Nightmare of Ecstasy* have on him? Better to ask what doesn't it have on Wood? If Grey's assertion that Wood, at the time of his death, left little more than a suitcase containing his belongings, then the wealth of material uncovered is nothing short of phenomenal. "Yeah, yeah," the cynic says, "We've seen it all before." Oh, really? You mean you've seen the photo of the young Errol Flynn look alike lounging about in an angora sweater in a picture allegedly sent to his parents? And you're familiar with the three-dimensional postcard of Wood dressed as Jesus Christ which he sent to his friends as a Christmas card? What about the snapshot of hippie-era Wood with drinking buddy John (Zontar, *Thing From Venus*) Agar?

Recounted in the fashion of *Edie: An American Biography*, Grey strews his Woodsian paper trail with conflicting quotations from surviving friends and associates. Thus, you'll find Wood's wife describing an idyllic domestic scene and a few pages later have roommates decrying her for screaming and beating her beleaguered husband because he had the temerity to dress in drag while trying to pound out a porn novel. Disappointingly, there are few seamy or shocking revelations here unless you think that something on the order of TV psychic Criswell's confession that he was an

alcoholic or that he "couldn't look out the window and tell you what the weather that day would be like," is startling. Nonetheless, statements from frauds like this always make for entertaining reading.

Nightmare includes a thorough filmography, listing not only completed projects like *Glen or Glenda* and *Jailbait*, but many uncompleted projects including silent porn loops. In addition, Woods' association with soft porn producer A. C. Stephens (A. C. Apostolof) is given special attention. And laid to rest is the theory, first espoused by Raymond Young of the late, lamented fanzine, *Magick Theater*, that Wood directed well into the seventies (all those nudie movies that had extraneous sub-plots involving transvestism were merely Wood screenplays).

An extensive bibliography of Wood's pornographic work is also included. Mr. Wood turns out to have been quite a prolific writer. Associates remember him churning out a book a week over the course of a few months when the spirit moved him; thus, a thorough survey of his published work is damned near impossible. Still, books published under pen names such as "Ann Gora" and "Daniel Edwards" have been uncovered as well as such racy titles as *Killer In Drag* and *Watts ... the Difference?* A synopsis of these books is given and outlines of Wood's innumerable screenplays and half-finished novels are also provided.

Your reviewer will go way out on a limb ... something he rarely does, and simply state that *Nightmare of Ecstasy* is the single most important book purchase of the year for the dedicated *Brutarian*. Good show, Feral House!



Out On The Cutting Edge

Lawrence Block

Avon (1989)

Pity poor AA member Matthew Scudder. He's having a hard time trying to stay sober. He's just broken up with his girlfriend and on top of that, he's supposed to find a young waitress/actress who has simply vanished into thin air. Scudder's questioning everyone who ever saw her, he's handing out snapshots to anyone who lived within a one mile radius of her but he's not learning anything that would change his mind about her: she's dead. There's no proof; Scudder just knows it, knows it the way he knows he's an alcoholic, knows it the way you just know things after having worked as a cop for fifteen years. But Scudder's a persistent son of a bitch; he's not going to quit until he has proof that the girl is dead so he keeps making the rounds, asking questions until a funny thing happens. No, he doesn't find the girl. He finds a girlfriend, a hot looking thirty something blonde and no sooner does Scudder take her to bed then dead bodies start popping up all around him including Eddie, a friend of his from AA. The cops call it a suicide, a little misadventure resulting from autoerotic asphyxiation but the coroner finds chloral hydrate in the body, the body of a man who hadn't touched anything stronger than coffee in over a year. So now Scudder's investigating two "possible" murders, one of which he isn't even getting paid for. Alright, so in trying to figure out whether Eddie's death was murder or suicide, we know Scudder is going to get the goods on the disappearance of his young waitress but really, getting there is the whole point. In the process, the mystery of Eddie's death is also resolved but the answer to that one is a sucker punch that will leave you gasping. Not that the clues aren't there you see but Block is a terribly clever writer and you have to read *Cutting Edge* slowly and carefully to stay even a step behind the plot. The problem however, is trying to read a Block novel slowly; he's such a terrific storyteller that it's almost impossible to read him at anything less than warp speed.



Rock And The Pop Narcotic

Joe Carducci

Redoubt Press (1990)

Lester Bangs once lovingly wrote that the type of music that truly rocked was, when you got right down to it, little more than childish, hysterical nonsense. Or something like that. And if Lester's definition feels right to you then I seriously doubt that you'll find anything of value in a book concerned with the aesthetics of rock, an oxymoron if I've ever heard one. For Mr. Carducci, however, "rock" is a more serious matter and for this sesquipedalian scholar "rock" is only "rock" when:

... it is guitar, bass and drums at the center and they are played by musicians who know the language of the instruments enough to be expressive with them while playing hard ... With the band's individual musicians each aggressively supplying their element, the sound made together can become more than the sum of its parts. This surplus value is the jam ...

This "surplus value is the jam?" What the fuck is this man talking about? Continental breakfast? Hey, Carducci, "jam" on this motherfucker! You want to know what rock is? I'll tell you. If it feels like a drug, if it makes you want to fuck, if it makes you want to kill, (not necessarily all at the same time) then the music can be said to "rock."

Not so for Carducci. If there is an emphasis, any emphasis, on song, voice, arrangement and production then the music is not rock but pop, a deadly narcotic that leads initially to a degeneration in musical taste and eventually brain death. Which is what happened and at this very moment is happening to most rock critics who were and are unable to differentiate between the two musical styles. And even if there isn't this "emphasis," it is physiologically impossible to rock if one isn't part of a band. In fact, rock ends whenever a songwriter leaves a band and goes solo. Bet you didn't know that. And I bet you didn't know that it "wasn't Presley the man that was rock and roll [but] his band," or that the Meat Puppets, Tar and Rush rock but Captain Beefheart, the Clash and the Velvet Underground didn't or that everybody who has ever written or thought about

popular music is wrong except for Carducci or ... On and on, he goes, for two hundred seventy one pages, none of it adding up to anything: Sound and fury signifying nothing. An obviously unedited manuscript scripted by an idiot.

Dreadfully written - syntax and diction apparently have no place in Carducci's rock world - filled with muddled and inchoate ideas and spiked with unhealthy doses of misogyny and homophobia, *Rock And The Pop Narcotic* is twaddle which can only appeal to the semi-literate reader of underground music magazines. The fact that the book, despite its acrimoniously elitist tone and numbing prose style, has generally been well received in the rock community is, in the final analysis, rather ironic, inasmuch as it is this cineade that Carducci repeatedly savages for its lack of erudition and insight. Well, at least he got something right.

The Lesbian S&M Safety Manual

Ed. Pat Califia

Alyson Publications (1991)

by Vic Stanley

The arcane chauvinist who coined the phrase "The Weaker Sex" in reference to women undoubtedly knew nothing of the lesbian S & M subculture. Some of the activities graphically described in this book really made me squeamish but I found them nevertheless compelling reading. My next comment will no doubt infuriate some feminists. Although this is an instructional manual and not fiction (a few essays are included however) it reminded me of the writings of G. J. Schaefer in the sense that the unsettling subject matter was rendered in a detached, matter of fact manner. It's as if the writers are assuming that this type of behavior is as prevalent in all segments of society as it is in the lesbian culture. Perhaps it actually is in varying degrees and we just won't admit it. It's not my intention to equate lesbian fetishism with sociopathic behavior. Sharon Stone has already done an admirable job of that, so all you angry tops and bottoms can send your hate mail to her.

With chapter titles such as *So You Wanna Be a Sadist?* and *A Temporary Consensual Slave Contract*, one can well imagine the tenor of the

contents. Damage control, both physical and emotional, is a principal topic and is addressed in almost every chapter. Aside from the more mundane "safe sex tips," the reader is also educated in dealing with such after effects of rough sex as: profuse bleeding, abrasion, infection, bruises, burns, fainting, dizziness, nausea, muscle strains, nerve damage, broken bones, head injuries, and more. Thus, it comes as no surprise that potential practitioners, in addition to being exhorted to stock the usual marital aids, are also asked to keep on hand an ample supply of: Ace bandages, eye patches and dressings, Betadine, rubbing alcohol, hydrogen peroxide, antibiotics, nonoxynol-9, pain killers, ice packs, splints, tweezers, rectal thermometers, smelling salts, bolt cutters (!) and spare keys; in other words, all the basic necessities for a quiet evening at home with a loved one. And for those who don't keep the basic necessities on hand, another chapter is devoted entirely to a veritable rainbow coalition of STDs (Sexually Transmitted Diseases), parasitic infestations and genital warts.

My favorite section discusses the use of electro shock as a form of sexual stimulation and demonstration of affection. Where one so naive as myself had always considered this a method of cruel torture practiced in dank, dingy Third World dungeons, apparently some people get a thrill out of being jolted out of their skins in the name of love. Other sections describe more mundane forms of sexual expression such as fisting, branding, scarification, urologia and piercing in minute detail.

The key to this form of sexual activity, as well as all others, is establishing mutually consensual ground rules. As incongruous as it may seem considering the grim nature of some of the physical acts depicted in this book, there is an equal emphasis placed on caring, consideration, trust and restraint. Since one party is literally placing her life in the hands of her partner, perhaps this is not as strange as it seems. Although it may be difficult to comprehend that some people are willing to participate in this type of sex play, who's to say what's fun and what isn't? Perhaps the women who enjoy this type of activity have reached higher planes of sexual enlightenment than the rest of us have or ever will? God bless 'em for it if it's true. All I know is that I will never be an S & M lesbian. I don't have the balls for it.

Ladies! Ladies! A little decorum, please!

WELCOME TO PRIAPOLIS,
BUSTLING HUB OF THE PLANET
EARTH, 2226 AD. I'M DOCTOR
DICK JOHNSON JR. AND TODAY
I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE FOR...

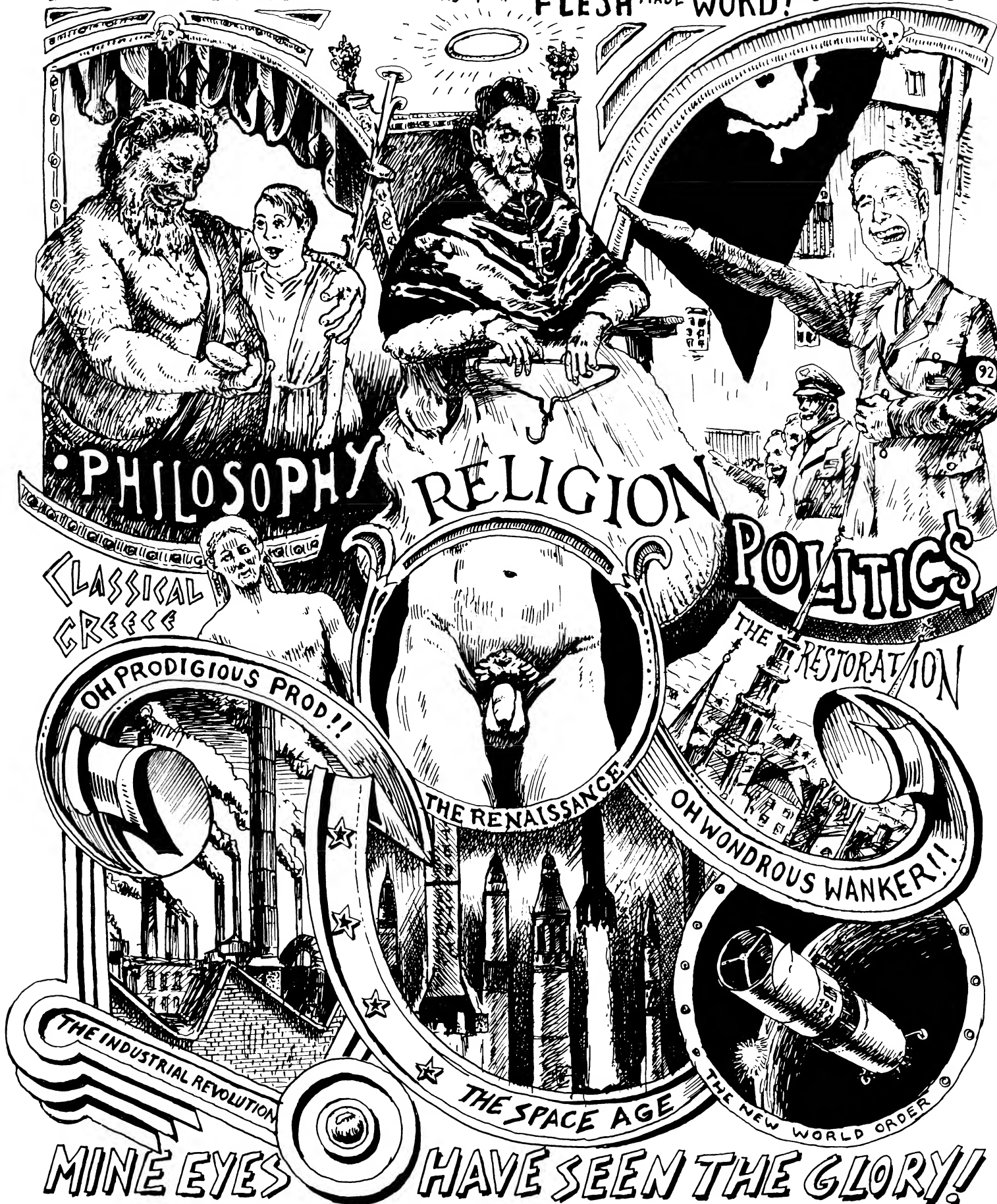
GLORY OF
CREATION!

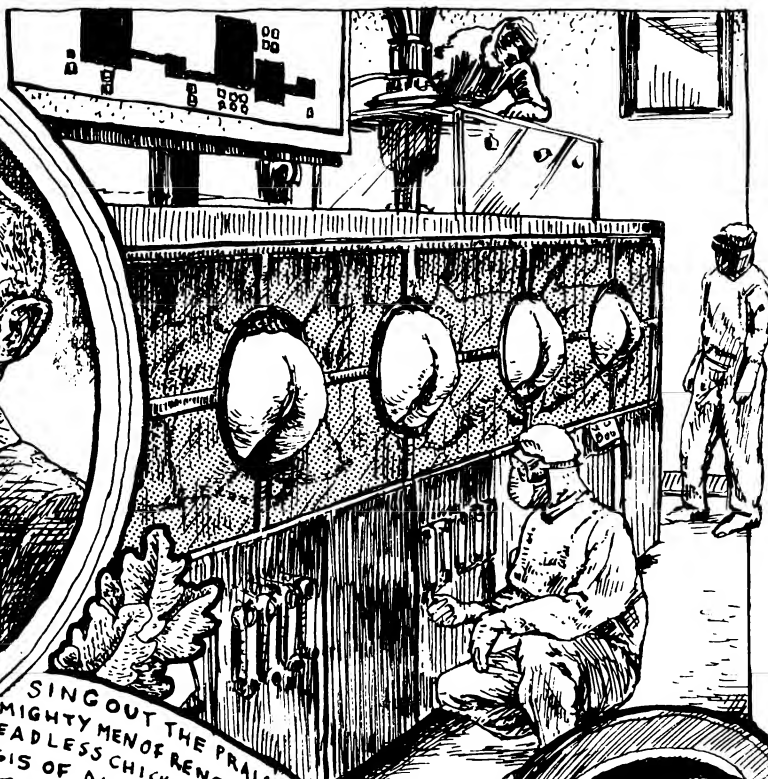
A BRIEF HISTORY OF



"ALTHOUGH ITS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE TODAY, THINGS WERE NOT ALWAYS SO CLEAN, SO EFFICIENT, SO HARMONIOUS! NOT LONG AGO ALL WAS DARKNESS AND CHAOS. THE EARLY 21ST CENTURY WITNESSED THE RISE TO POWER OF BIZARRE CREATURES KNOWN AS "WOMEN" WHO DOMINATED THE EARTH, SUFFOCATING MANKIND IN A NOXIOUS MIASMA, THE OBSCENE ISSUE OF THEIR RIOTOUS FECUNDITY. ORIGINALLY SUPPLIED BY THE ALL-INSEMINATING FATHER AS A PARASITIC VESSEL FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE SONS OF MAN, THESE ODIOUS UPSTARTS PRESUMED A STATUS EQUAL TO THEIR LORDS AND MASTERS! DEPRAVITY OFTEN ENCROACHES WHERE RIGHTEDUSNESS IS TIMID; THE CROWN OF CREATION SAT IDLY BY WHILE IMPERTINENCE SIEZED THE DAY! CRIPPLED BY THE SLY PERSUADERS OF "POLITICAL CORRECTNESS" PHALLOCRATIC CIVILIZATION COLLAPSED INTO A MUCID MORASS OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL CORRUPTION! MAN COWERED IN THE DARKNESS AND DREAMED OF THE DAY WHEN HE WOULD SHUFFLE OFF THIS COITAL MOLL!"

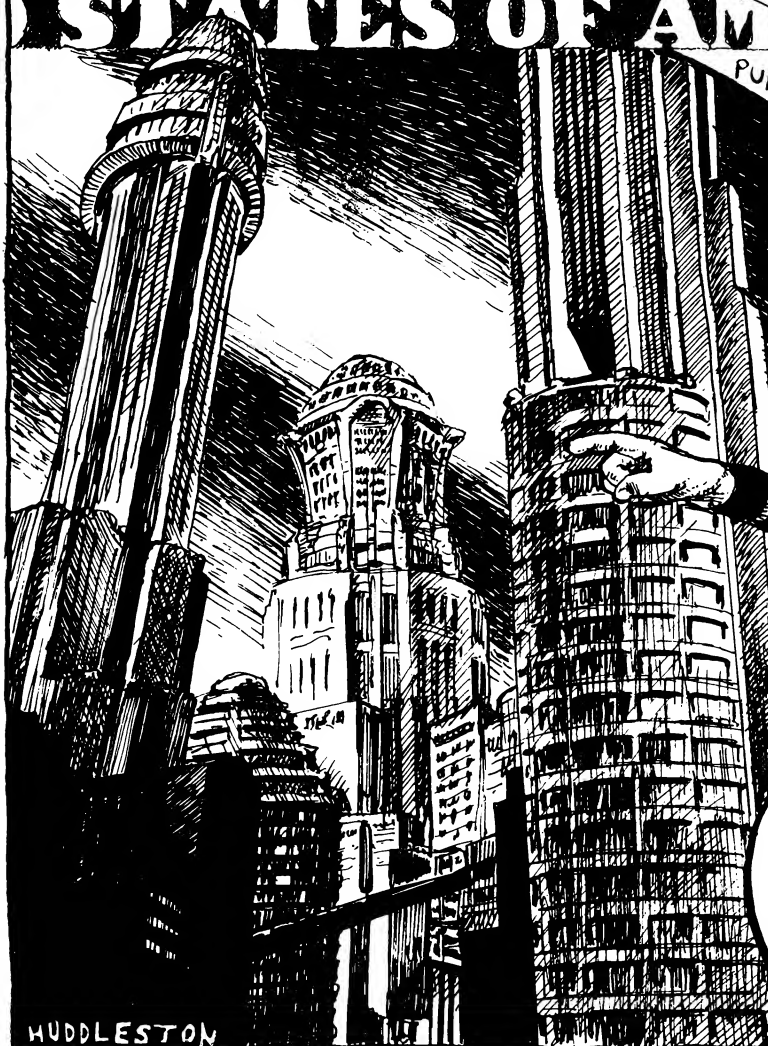
HAIL PHALLUS! HAIL GODHEAD! THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IS THE HISTORY OF THAT EFFULGENT PHOENIX,
ERECT AND GLISTENING! BEHOLD THE WONDERS OF THE **FLESH MADE WORD!** ○ ○ ○ ○ ○





PERDUE • PEROT THE STATES OF AMERICA

SING OUT THE PRAISES OF OUR FOREFATHERS!
MIGHTY MEN OF RENOWN! PERDUE, PIONEER OF
HEADLESS CHICKEN TECHNOLOGY, WHO, UNDER THE
AEGIS OF AMERICA'S FIRST CEO, DEVELOPED THE FINAL COLLUSION!
CITIZEN PEROT, EQUIPPED WITH THE POLITICAL WILL TO IMPLEMENT
THE GRAND SCHEME! HUMAN HATCHERIES!
PROCREATION WITHOUT LOSS OF OUR MANLY
PURITY OF ESSENCE! THE HEADLESS WOMAN!!



FINALLY, THE PERFECT WOMAN!
A HEADLESS HIVE! A DOCILE SACK OF
FERMENTING FLUIDS, PUMPING OUT THE
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MEN OF TOMORROW!!
UNCOMPROMISINGLY MANLY MEN, BUILDERS
OF THE GREAT PHALLUSES OF CONCRETE,
GLASS AND STEEL PIERCING THE
VEIL OF ETERNAL NIGHT: MEN
WITH **PENISES!**

HUDDLESTON

END

Celluloid Voids

GWAR: Phallus In Wonderland

(d) Distortion Wells and Judas Bullhorn (1992)

Rude, crude, lewd and simply reeking of politically incorrect attitude, GWAR's latest musical odyssey has something to offend almost everybody. Oh yes, it's also very, very funny. If I even attempt to detail the narrative, I would end up going on for pages; suffice it to say, the story involves GWAR taking on the right wing political establishment, the holy mother Church and a four hundred foot tyrannosaurs Rex. Along the way, we are treated to five music videos from their latest album and enough depravity to make Passolini's *Salo* look like a Disney outing. My favorite sequence has a pederastic priest being disemboweled and anally raped with a large crucifix while the band stands over him reading *The Bible* and laughing hysterically (relax, it involves one of those life size puppets), but I'm sure you'll find at least a dozen scenes as fulsomely memorable. Special effects, make-up, and art design are remarkable given the film's budget and while I wouldn't call *Phallus* witty that's probably intentional; it's far too bile-filled to admit cleverness. Reportedly, GWAR's next project is another installment in the Barbarian Muppet cycle entitled *We Dug Up Jim Hensen and Fucked Him. His Skeleton*.

Geek Maggot Bingo

(d) Nick Zedd (1983)

As you might expect with a title that is a hateful play on the name of an innocuous Frankie and Annette surf and sand epic, *Geek Maggot Bingo* is a hateful spoof, but what is surprising is that this is a spoof of thirties horror films not of sixties beach musicals. Made for about eight thousand dollars and shot on eight millimeter stock, this *Geek* is a woefully amateurish production that works because of the refusal of any of the participants to take themselves or the film seriously. Zedd, who wrote the screenplay and designed the playful and imaginative sets, doesn't really direct so much as film the proceedings - at one point Richard Hell, playing the part of a drunken cowboy, yells, "Give me some direction, Nick," before falling to the floor - which means the actors are pretty much on their own. Fortunately, they rise to the occasion by either chewing the scenery like mad dogs or underacting to the point of invisibility. The story isn't much; it's a retelling of James Whale's *Frankenstein* (here he's named Frankenbury, clever isn't it?) with a vampire subplot (she's named Scumbalina) but Zedd has written a script without a trace of wit or style and after a while its numbing vapidity becomes fascinating in an awful sort of way. Maybe it's me, but there's just something appealing about watching adults mouthing lines about nothing in particular, especially when pseudo-scientific jargon is involved. Costume design is high school level amateurish, especially that of the two headed, three legged and armed monster which is a marvelous mixture of paper mache, putty and Sherwin-Williams. The special effects are terribly gory, terribly cheesy and, it almost goes without saying, terribly funny. The handheld camerawork is rather shaky, the lighting is poor and the post-synchronization dubbing a mess but only an NYU film professor would view this as anything but intentional; the merest hint of professionalism would have worked against the spirit and intent of the film. If you've never seen any of *enfant terrible* Zedd's "creations," this is probably the place to start as it's one of his more accessible works.

The Ambulance

(d) Larry Cohen (1991)

It's been a while since a Larry Cohen helmed film cut the mustard (Remember *The Stuff* or *Return To Salem's Lot*? I didn't think so) but *The Ambulance* is a welcome return to form. A witty mystery with marvelously self-deprecating, wise-guy performances by Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones and, better sit down for this one, Red Buttons; it's nothing less than schlock filmmaking of the most entertaining and contemptuous kind. The flick follows Marvel comic book artist Eric Roberts as he attempts to track down a refurbished sixties ambulance whose crew poisons diabetics and then spirits away the victims after they fall ill. A mad doctor is behind it all *naturalement*, but half the fun of *The Ambulance* is trying to figure out why anyone would hatch such a seemingly looney scheme. The rest of the fun comes from watching the hilarious interchanges between Roberts and his two comic foils, Jones and Buttons. The latter is particularly effective as a wizened and cantankerous newspaper reporter, a comic turn that is more vintage Borsch-Belt stand-up than emoting. Jones doesn't really try to act either; he just exaggeratedly glowers, spitting out dialogue between chomps on what appears to be either a hideously swollen tongue or an impossible wad of gum. All of this mugging would be for naught had Cohen not given his cast such delightfully cynical and disdainful dialogue; it's his strongest script in years, almost as good as the ones he wrote for *God Told Me To* and *Maniac Cop*.

But don't get the impression that Cohen has turned into Harold Pinter or Peter Greenaway, this is pure exploitation. Thus, the film has been generously laced with car chases, foot chases, gurney chases and dollops of gratuitous violence. There's no nudity, alas, but girls, Eric Roberts is in almost every frame of this thing and isn't that reason enough to watch?

Slaughter Hotel

(d) Fernando Di Leo (1971)

by Craig Ledbetter

I love this thoroughly irredeemable film. It veers all over the place from gothic-styled chiller to pure sexploitation and comes with an ending that reflects the seventies' fascination with violence. (In the U.S., advertising for the film tried to capitalize on killer Richard Speck's mass murder of eight student nurses.) Di Leo made his name scripting some of the better examples of the Spaghetti Western (*Navajo Joe*, *Massacre Time*). From there, he moved on to make his name in crime films like *The Boss* and *Milan Caliber 9*. His brief flirtation with the horror genre makes me regret he didn't try his hand at more. They may not have been any good, but like this one they probably would have been wonderful, trashy fun. Klaus Kinski stars as a doctor working at a private women's sanitarium where a murderer is lowering the number of clientele. Although Margaret Lee has the female lead (and like every other female in the cast, a number of nude scenes), it's Rosalba Neri, as a nymphomaniac, who steals the show. The U.S. release is longer than foreign versions but the French video has graphic female masturbation sequences crudely inserted (oops, sorry about that) throughout. (Available from Video Search of Miami).

Flesh Eaters

(d) Jack Curtis (1964)

by Stately Wayne Manor

I'll give the scenario and you try to guess the subject of this review. Because the weather started getting rough, a movie star, professor and less-glamorous associates wound up stranded on an otherwise deserted isle, but before you start considering the implications of a sailor calling his male roommate "little buddy," be advised that one of the actors billed in the credits is none other than critically-acclaimed Louis The Parrot.

Okay, time's up. All pencils down. Obviously (?), the parrot tidbit eliminated the response: "One of those beloved *Gilligan's Island* made for TV movies." But give yourself five big bonus points if you came up with the correct answer, *Flesh Eaters*, a 1964 release filmed in stunning "Supramotion."

Rita Morley stars as boozy, busty (over)actress Laura Winters, a thesp who resembles Liz in more ways than two. After nearly staggering into New York Harbor, Laura orders aide Jan Letterman (Barbara Wilkin) to hire seaplane pilot Grant Murdoch (Byron Sanders) for a flight to Provincetown.

Author's note: Although Jan is not related to the gap-toothed telegeek, she shares a common bond with her talentless namesake in that she does not provoke a single laugh through the course of her performance. In Jan's case, however, it's intentional.

A storm grounds the trio on the isle of (one) man, Professor Peter Bartell (Martin Kosleck), a marine biologist who, unbeknownst to the others, is up to something fishy. Murdoch is the first to suspect Bartell's a baddy. Of course, the flier isn't exactly Mr. Trustful after nursing a healthy fifteen-plus-year paranoia streak.

Apparently, upon returning home from WW II, Grant was told the only reason his bride tied the knot was because she hoped he would get shot down, leaving the bimbo widow with a generous insurance payoff. Murdoch concludes his sob story by uttering one of the most romantic lines ever committed to celluloid: "I actually loved that little tramp."

The ocean surrounding the island is teeming with flesh eaters which appear to be cannibalistic glowing bingo chips. We later learn that sneaky Pete discovered the critters while investigating Nazi experimentation and is breeding them as a weapon for sale to the highest bidder. In the interim, beatnik Omar (Ray Tudor) barely makes it to the beach before the creatures gobble his makeshift raft.

Omar is a cool cat who steals the show, daddyo. He calls his vessel "Rosebud" (!) and has a swinging rap with lines such as "Love is the weapon." Unfortunately, Omar's screen time is cut short when the Prof gives him a drink spiked with flesh eaters then casually tape records the bebop-er's agonizing death screams.

Other highlights include Jan tearing off her blouse for use as a bandage, a rare Woman Simultaneously Being Kissed And Stabbed scene and a syringe so large it would scare Keith Richards. *Flesh Eaters* was directed by Jack Curtis whose artistic achievements include the wholesome, X-rated *The Pink Pussy*. It's safe to assume the latter does not have a Henry Mancini theme song.

For peak viewing pleasure throw a *Flesh Eaters* pool party, recreating the carnivores by dumping fifty pounds of Fizzies and lye in the water. And if some buttinski tries to convince you to switch to a dreary Bergman pic, quote the sage Omar: "Where's the love, Max? Don't tell me about that other jazz."

Then shove him in the pool.

Aroused

(d) Anton Holden (1965)

If released today, *Aroused* would more than likely generate a lot of controversy and probably not be stocked at most video stores. That says a lot about the times we live in and the times we used to have at the drive-in where depraved little numbers like this were screened with regularity and not a word was said about it. And speaking of depraved, you should check out the bartender in this flick. His name is Louie and when he's not mixing drinks for the customers at Gus' Bar, he's murdering whores and having sex with the corpses. It seems Louie was mistreated a bit as a kid by his prostitute mother and so grew up harboring a little hostility toward the world's oldest profession. No one suspects Louie even though he won't take freebies from the girls working the bar - won't let them touch him in fact - and despite living alone in a filthy one room apartment plastered with pictures of naked girls and festooned with mannequin parts. Louis finally exposes himself (no, not that way, this is a picture made in the sixties) when his uncontrollable urges get the better of him and he attacks the wife of the cop given the task of solving the murders. But before the detective can get to him, Louis is attacked in his room by vengeful streetwalkers who hold him down, lick and nibble his entire unshapely body and then castrate him. Sleazy almost beyond belief, *Aroused* possesses a hopelessly seedy noir look that is cleverly reinforced through the use of oblique camera angles and monstrous close-ups of sweaty and often distorted faces. The flaky jazz score nicely reinforces the somber mood as does the dispassionately vitriolic dialogue which has the guys talking tough and the gals either moaning or hissing while in various states of undress. This is a film that doesn't want to be liked and is all the better for it. (Available from Something Weird Video).



The Flesh Eaters

Door To Door Maniac

(d) Bill Karn (1961)

Before Johnny Cash settled down with his emasculating wife, June Carter, and dedicated himself to becoming a black clad American icon, he was a pill-popping, ho-chasing, alcoholic who didn't give a tinker's dam about his image. In other words, he was a man's man and he thought nothing of picking up some beer money for appearing in a no-budget, no brainer exploitation thriller like this one. In *Maniac*, aka *Five Minutes To Live*, Cash plays a two-bit dimwitted, guitar picking, gunman who dreams of becoming the next John Dillinger. Unfortunately, Cash has little chance of fulfilling this laudable goal, for he carries the seeds of his own destruction, a tragic flaw that is destined to lead him to an early grave: he's hopelessly insane. Cash also has another little problem; he's being sought by every major law enforcement agency in the country after gunning down two cops in a bungled warehouse job in New Jersey. Now he's on the lam, holed up in a boardinghouse in a small southern town with his slattern of a girlfriend waiting for things to cool down. While holed up, Cash gets a call from the backwater's Mr. Big (Vic Tayback) a small time crook who owns the local bowling alley (I said it was a small town) about a can't miss scheme designed to net the pair seventy thousand dollars. The plan goes something like this: Cash, disguised as a guitar salesman is to gain access to the house of the vice-president of the town bank and subsequently hold the VP's wife (Pamela Mason) hostage while Tayback enters the bank and demands the aforementioned sum from the husband. If the VP doesn't hand the money over, Cash is to put a bullet in the little lady's head and to insure that there is no monkey business, Tayback is supposed to call Cash every five minutes after he enters the bank at the designated time. What Cash and Tayback don't know however is that the vice-pres simply loathes his wife - he's planning to run off with a shop girl that very day in fact - and murdering her would be doing him a very big favor.



Not that any of these subsequent developments would have made the slightest difference to Cash, for once inside the house it becomes apparent that he has taken the job not for the money but merely for the chance to physically and psychologically abuse a woman. And abuse her he does, in ways you've probably never dreamed possible, but the beauty of *Maniac* is that its screenplay will have you looking at Cash more as an avenging angel than a psychopathic miscreant. You see, Pamela Mason is limned as such a horrible grotesquerie, a nightmarish burlesque of a hausfrau gone to seed that it becomes impossible to feel anything but contempt for her. I mean, how are you supposed to empathize with an obviously attractive woman who wears a barbaric construction of curlers and netting in her hair, shuffles around the house in a tattered house robe and worn out moccasins, and has the temerity to serve the adorable Ron "Opie" Howard sludge for breakfast? So when Cash starts shooting his gun at this frumpy harlequin's head, pawing her lasciviously, smashing her precious gee-gaws or torturing her by singing the movie's theme song (*What would you give/ for five minutes to live?*) you'll find yourself snarling: "That's right, and maybe next time you'll take the time to serve that darling little boy a DECENT breakfast."

I don't think I'll be giving anything away by telling you that *Maniac* ends happily with little Opie outwitting the crazed Cash, Tayback in handcuffs and the VP and his properly chastened (and properly attired and made up as well) wife back in each other's arms and headed to Vegas for a second honeymoon. Ardent feminists and, I suspect, a few of Johnny Cash's relatives will not be amused by any of this but the rest of you will find *Maniac*, and Cash's insanely histrionic performance, a barrel of laughs.

Naked Obsession

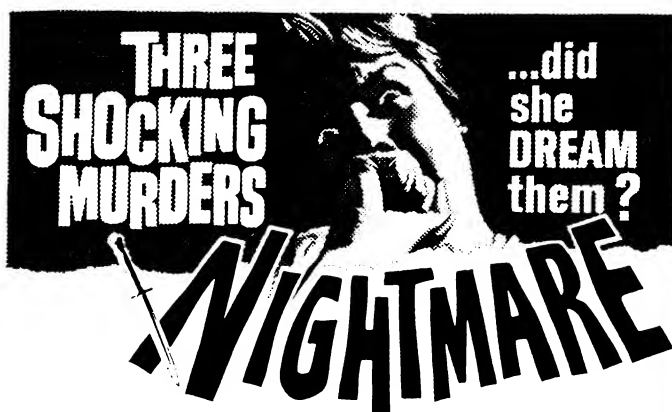
(d) Dan Golden (1991)

And obsessed is the right word to use when referring to the emotional state of the filmmakers as they have chosen to stuff almost every frame of this lubricious melodrama with creamy, tumescent flesh. If you need to know what nineties soft-core exploitation looks like, look no further, there's more fur flying here than at a taxidermist convention.

Naked Obsession effectively begins with city councilman William Katt (who looks like he's been hitting the crack pipe a little hard of late) driving through a red light district on a fact finding mission for a civic improvement program he's spearheading and which he hopes will catapult him into the mayor's office. While stopped at a corner, Katt gets pulled from his car and konked on the head subsequently awakening in an alley with a wino (Roger Craig) leering over him. Rather than head home, Katt allows the surprisingly cogent and articulate tramp to persuade him to take in a show at a strip joint called the Yin Yang Club, an ironic name for the type of place where men go to get shitfaced. Anyway, Katt and this gorgeous blond stripper (hot newcomer Maria Ford) hit it off and soon find themselves in bed having the kind of rough sex that got Robert Chambers in trouble. Katt survives this seamy, steamy ordeal and returns home to his well appointed house and frigid wife (whom he tries to ravish on the table but she being an ice queen doesn't go for it). The next day Katt decides to return to the stripper's apartment to tell her that it's all been a mistake but the real mistake is showing up just as the cops are bagging the stripper's body. Katt coolly runs from the building screaming, making a miraculous escape with the help of that amazing wino who appears out of nowhere. But for Katt, his troubles are only just beginning, soon he's stumbling over more bodies and seeing his skid row savior everywhere he looks. Is this bum the devil in disguise? Is Katt suffering a nightmare from which he is desperately trying to awake? Who cares? You won't, because you'll be too busy internally debating the relative physiognomic merits of the naked women in the nudie joint where most of this film seems to take place. You think I'm kidding? Well I'm not, this flick even has a strip denouement which involves the killer tying up Katt and then, after an excruciatingly delightful fan dance, going down on him while slowly pulling a noose tightly about his neck. In the literary trade this is known as persistence of vision.

Nightmare

(d) romano scavolini (1981)



George Tatum is having trouble sleeping. It's his dreams. In one, George is a small boy, dressed in white, intently watching a voluptuous young woman clad solely in bustier and nylon straddle a somber middle-aged man whom she has tied spread-eagle to a bed. The luscious dominatrix begins to slap the man in the face, softly at first, and then harder, much harder, until he is bleeding from the nose and mouth. Suddenly, blood begins to fly everywhere, splattering windows, lamps and even the child who remains curiously passive as he turns to watch the now headless torso of the once comely woman spew plasma and grue while spastically clutching and pawing at the shredded tendons of her neck.

In another dream, George awakes to find himself on a sweat-stained mattress amidst twisted sheets soaked in blood. Slowly . . . ever so slowly, George untangles the sanguinary linens, to reveal . . . the gore splattered head of the dominatrix staring up at him.

George is, of course, insane. We know this from the dreams and from the jacket George favors when he deigns to dress: a strait jacket! We know too, George will shortly escape or will be released from the asylum that houses him so that he can stalk and brutally murder curvaceous nubile whenever the spint moves him. And all of this newfound knowledge leaves us with the sneaking suspicion of having seen this before. Haddonfield, Illinois and a masked maniac named Michael Meyers come readily to mind.

What distinguishes *Nightmare* from the plague of witless slasher films that followed in the wake of *Halloween* (1978) is the relatively ingenuous direction of Scavolini. Romano may not be a master craftsman, but he cross-cuts quite effectively to heighten tension, keeps the picture moving at a brisk pace and imaginatively stages and shoots both the murder scenes and the recurring dream sequences.

Like *Halloween*, *Nightmare* relies on the rather shaky premise of having latent insanity awakened by premature exposure to sex. The screenwriters however, create such a sleazy and ominously surreal milieu and populate it with such a gallery of grotesques that our reservations concerning the psychological underpinnings of George's madness are quickly dispelled. Even Saint Francis of Assisi would have trouble maintaining his sanity in an environment where women were either aged, garishly made-up whores or cretinous harpies, men at best, bumbling incompetents and children burgeoning psychopaths whose idea of play is to cover their t-shirts with ketchup and stagger about the house pretending that they have been knifed by a burglar.

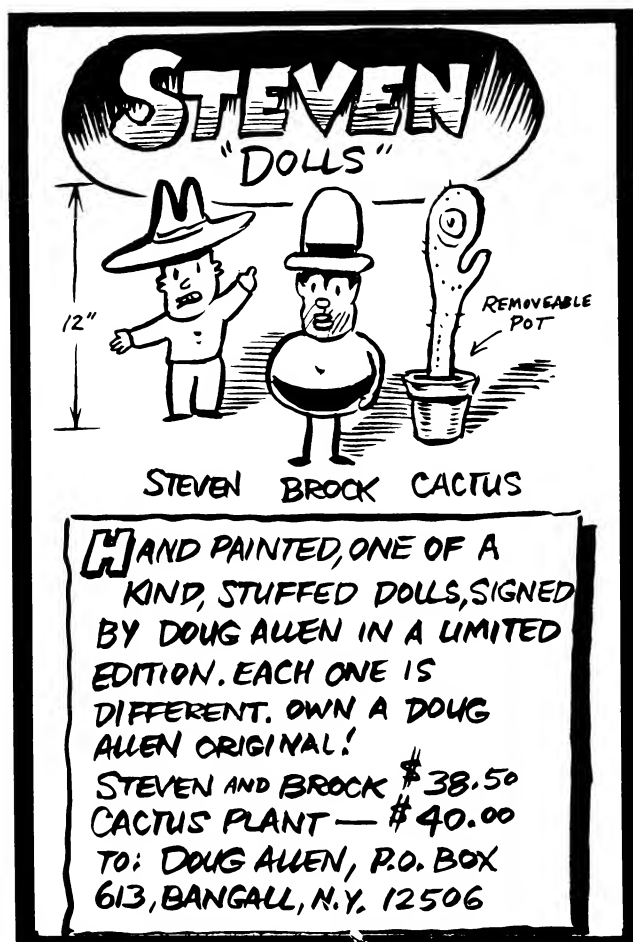
Of course these vagaries of plot are hardly the filmmakers' primary concern. This is a horror-exploitation film that was originally distributed with a self-imposed X-rating and so the intent is to, at all costs, shock, frighten and repel. Toward these ends we are given ample doses of female nudity, a tour of the neon-bedizened porno houses of Times

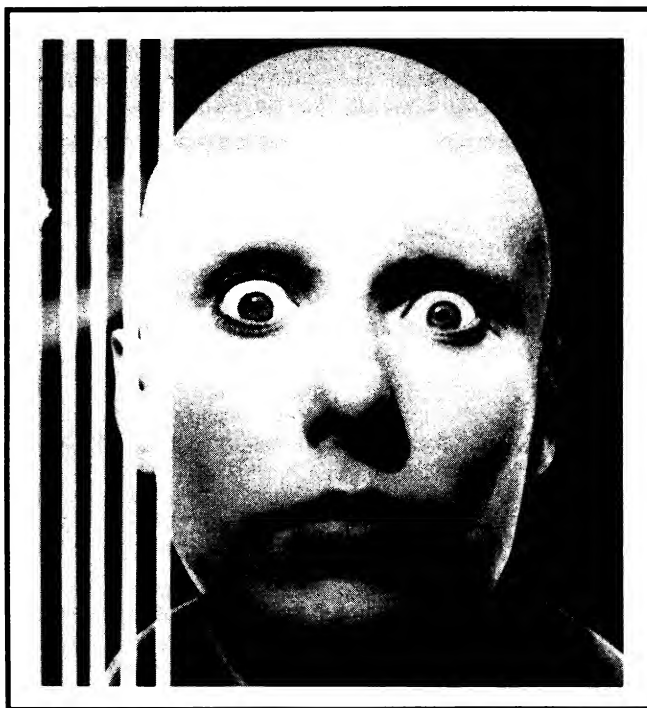
Square (the highlight of which is a hooker masturbating with a dildo) and incredibly graphic scenes of mayhem and mutilation, one of which, if you are able to sit through it, will haunt you the rest of your life.

Naturally, a film this disturbing was the subject of much controversy. In the U.K. where it was released as *Nightmares In A Damaged Brain*, the film's distributor served a six month sentence for trafficking in a print that was only sixty seconds longer than the certified version. And when the film was finally released on video it became one of the focal points of the anti "video nasty" movement. Then again, encouraging video dealers to enter a contest in which they were asked to guess the weight of a model of a damaged brain contained in a bottle of formaldehyde couldn't have helped matters much.

In the States, the distributors heard similar outcries over the film's content and had the added headache of a lawsuit instituted by special effects mavin Tom Savini. Savini, in an effort to remove his name from the prints, claimed that he had worked in only a minor consultative capacity and that the film company was attempting to sell the film by promoting him as the special effects director. (The suit was eventually settled out of court and Savini's name was removed from the credits but many cassette copies still bear his imprimatur).

Today, *Nightmare* is remembered, if at all, for the controversy surrounding its release. This is unfortunate because the film is something of an anomaly: a work of horror that is relatively imaginative and genuinely frightening.





Blue Sunshine

Blue Sunshine

(d) Jeff Lieberman (1977)

With the recent notoriety achieved by director-screenwriter Zalman King (*9 1/2 Weeks*, *Wild Orchid I & II*) in his pitiful attempts to resuscitate the soft-core porn film, we thought it would be rather timely to alert you to a somewhat more successful project with which Zalman was involved: *Blue Sunshine*, a creepy low-budget film expertly blending mystery, horror and social satire.

Zalman stars as a young, upper middle class Stanford graduate on the lam for a murder committed in self-defense. It seems that a friend of his went berserk at a party after his wig was accidentally pulled off and slaughtered a number of people, stuffing one comely young woman in the fireplace while she was still alive. Zalman stumbles upon the carnage and the murderer who has apparently been waiting for him and subsequently is forced to push the lunatic in front of a truck after chasing him onto a remote highway. Realizing no one is going to believe that a guy flipped his wig over a hairpiece, Zalman runs to his girlfriend for help. What he discovers after a few more internecine murders committed by balding butchers is that all of the perps attended Stanford ten years earlier and had purchased a form of LSD known as Blue Sunshine from a professor Flemming. So, all Zalman has to do is get ahold of this Flemming, tell him what's happening and have him go to the police and clear his name, right? Wrong, Flemming is running for Congress and quite understandably wants nothing to do with Zalman, murder and LSD, the kind of touchy subjects that could easily nip a burgeoning political career right in the bud. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Flemming, his bodyguard, who has become quite irritable of late, is pulling large amounts of hair from his head everytime he runs a comb through it.



Lieberman, director of the woefully underrated *Squirm* (1976) and the atrocious *Just Before Dawn* (1980), does a marvelous job of integrating moments of horror with those of mordant humor. I didn't think it was possible, but certain scenes are so well done that you'll actually find yourself laughing while inadvertently holding your breath in suspense. Of course, the most hilarious (and frightening) aspect of *Blue Sunshine* is its principal conceit: the notion that those members of our society who are in the business of providing for our security and well-being, i. e. doctors, policemen and politicians, are merely human time-bombs liable to explode at any minute in homicidal rage. Lieberman so cleverly exploits this premise that the film becomes something of an ironic commentary on American social and political mores. If you can't trust those working for the public's safety and welfare, Lieberman seems to be asking, then what does that say about the society that has so empowered these individuals? Maybe the inmates are running the asylum after all. A rather sobering thought, wouldn't you say?

The Last Boy Scout

(d) Tony Scott (1991)

Reversing a disastrous four picture slide that began with the financially successful but almost unwatchable *Die Hard 2*, Bruce Willis makes a triumphant return in this action-adventure potboiler. There's not much to *Boy Scout*; it's essentially a pas de deux between the by now well honed world weary Willis cop persona and a street wise, self-deprecating "black" athlete, here, played by Daymon Wayans but there's enough gratuitous violence, misogyny and hateful repartee to satisfy even the most jaded MAN. And make no mistake about it, this is a film made by MEN solely for MEN. MEN who hate women that is. In *Boy Scout*, women are apparently of three types: stupid whores (Wayans' stripper girlfriend), cuckolding haridans (Willis' wife); or whorish haridans in training (Willis's daughter who refers to him as "asshole"). The men fare little better; they are depicted as either fools or homicidal latent homosexuals but at least we have the heroic Wayans and Willis with whom to identify.

And what heroes they are, deciding to take on the big, bad National Football League in the person of a Tex Schramm-like character who is attempting to bribe Congress to legalize nationwide gambling on professional football. No one would have found out about the bribes except that Damon's girlfriend who was also screwing around with the Tex character was going the blackmail route in an effort to win back Damon's starting quarterback job with Tex' team. Damon, who was set up on a drug charge and kicked out of the league, doesn't know anything about his girlfriend's shenanigans but when the heat starts coming down, the girlfriend hires Willis, a disgraced secret service agent now working as a gumshoe, to protect her. The girl gets dusted by Tex and his boys and for reasons of their own, Willis and Wayans find themselves thrown together trying to track down the killers.

Director Scott botches the chase scenes and poorly stages the fight sequences, but he does blow up a lot of things rather nicely, paces the film effectively and secures fine performances from Willis and Wayans who manage to establish a genuinely affectionate and humorous rapport. You really believe these characters' growing respect for one another even as the insults and profanity continue. Besides, no one in this film is capable of expressing affection honestly and openly; everyone speaks in profane code and it is relentless. Thus, when things wind down and Willis finds himself reconciled in the arms of his wife, he doesn't say something like, "Baby, I'll make it up to you I swear," or even, "I forgive you and I'll always love you." He forlornly mutters, "Fuck you Sarah, you're a lying bitch and if the cops weren't here I'd spit in your face." Now a woman may not find this kind of thing the least bit humorous or touching, but a MAN, a real MAN, well, he'd understand. It's the way you're supposed to talk to a woman, if you love her.

ALIEN 3

(d) David Fincher(1992)

by Randy Palmer

I'll be damned if I can find anything terribly wrong with what must be considered the concluding chapter of the *Alien* "trilogy." Despite depressing reports in *Cinefantastique* and other genre publications that suggested *Alien 3* was destined to turn into a fifty million dollar pile of crud, I found myself actually enjoying the finished film. In fact, I like it a helluva lot better than James Cameron's vastly overrated *Aliens* of 1986.

The film opens with the *Aliens* earthbound spaceship jettisoning a malfunctioning escape pod containing the slumbering Lt. Ellen Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), Hicks (the only surviving Marine from *Aliens*, originally played by Michael Biehn but here seen only fleetingly - an extra in a Biehn face mask?) and li'l Newt (surviving brat from *Aliens*). All are in hypersleep but only Ripley manages to awake once the pod crash lands on Fiorina, a planet harboring its own "sinister" life form . . . Thus, the scenario manages to dispense with both Hicks and Newt - a not, altogether displeasing plot development in my estimation. (True, it may not please those fans of *Aliens* who felt Ripley's rescue of Newt was "the whole point" of the 1986 Cameron film, as writer Sheldon Teitelbaum pointed out in *Cinefantastique*, but hey, this isn't *Aliens*, that story has been told, and besides, did I get upset when Hammer didn't tell us what happened to Father Shandor when *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* followed *Dracula Prince Of Darkness*? For cryin' out loud, Shel, forget about that squeaky little troublemaker already!)

So anyway, only Ripley survives. She's looked after by Chief Medical Officer Clemens (Chas. Dance), one of about two dozen hardened criminals who make up the work force of Fiorina (which is one letter away - "L" in case you were wondering - from a famous barbiturate). (D'ya suppose that's significant or what?) Of course, Clemens is no criminal himself; he's just an ex-drug addict now in charge of the entire station's medical supplies . . . like morphine, hypodermic syringes, etc. (Clemens swears he's reformed, but I dunno . . . his pupils look awfully pinned to me!)

Surrounded by the likes of murderers, rapists, and similar misfits, Ripley seems far from safe. In fact, during one brief sequence she is attacked by a group of the horny bastards and nearly suffers some of the old in-out, in-out until she's rescued by Dillon, the prisoners' religious leader.

The interplay between one lone female and a horde of pseudo monastic bad guys leaves a bit to be desired; the prisoners are virtually interchangeable, and at times it's difficult to remember who's who. But this isn't what *Alien 3* is about anyway. The film is actually a return to the mold of the first flick. Consequently, subplots are virtually nonexistent, the storyline (by Walter Hill, David Giler & Larry Ferguson, from an original treatment by Vincent Ward) concerning itself almost exclusively with the alien. And that is as it should be.

Unlike Cameron's film, the new picture contains just a single creature - but audiences certainly shouldn't feel cheated in any way. Again taking his cue from the original, director David Fincher provides viewers with a truly scary, "haunted house in space" kind of movie. There is little action, but lots of suspense, and more than a handful of scares to boot.

Once the alien is "reborn" (a lone face-hugger, which had secreted itself inside Ripley's escape pod, and then impregnates a dog on Fiorina) in an unusual "chest-bursting" scene, *Alien 3* really takes off. The resulting mix - of monster and dog - makes for a terrifically unique creature, one which can zip along claustrophobic corridors and darkened tunnels at a lightning clip. In fact, while Fincher maintains a low profile for his alien, it's still more visible than the first film's monster ever was. Its speed is unnerving, its frequent attacks on the prison population are occasionally startling, and, in its few closeups, the alien appears appropriately awe-inducing.



Sigourney Weaver as Ripley in Alien 3.

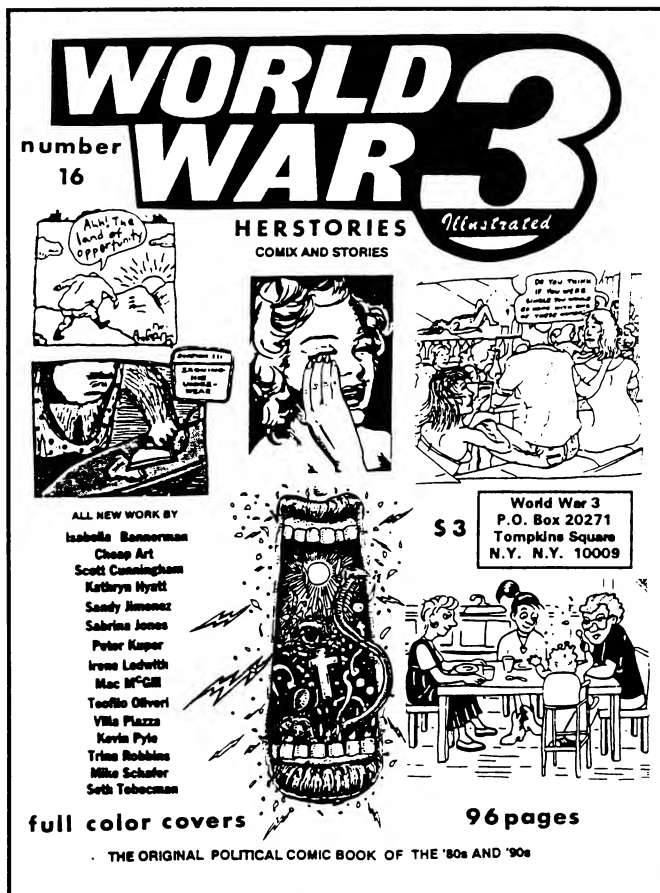
Most of the film's second half is taken up with Ripley and the prisoners trying to figure out how to eradicate the menace while the thing picks off the populace one by one. Director Fincher obviously knows how to use his camera (which careens down interstellar hallways seemingly at one hundred miles per hour while gyrating and pulling off three hundred sixty degree rotational gymnastics at the same time) and how to scare a modern movie audience, something that Jim Cameron never learned or maybe just didn't care to learn.

While the minimalist storyline fails to advance much of the alien "mythos," it has provided the filmmakers with a terrific opportunity to devise another crap-in-your-pants scare-fest. (There's one scene, in particular, that outdoes anything in the original *Alien*.) In the former sense, *Alien 3* is definitely not adding anything new to the series, but the bottom line is this: It's the best damned monster movie to hit the silver screen since *Pumpkinhead* and *The Fly*!

Manson Family Movies

(d) AES-NIHIL (1984)

A deranged and loving tribute to that kooky southern California death cult, the *Manson Family Movies* contains just enough banality and unintentional hilarity to give it a chilling air of reality. Shot in what looks to be grainy eight millimeter blown up to sixteen, *Movies* is both a chronicle of the nefarious practices of this depraved band and an engrossing "peek" at their lifestyle. There is no dialogue but the filmmakers cleverly overlay some of the more disquieting music of the late sixties in the form of The Velvet Underground, Stooges, Pink Floyd, Nico and of course the Beatles and Manson himself, to underscore, as well as ironically comment on, many of the staged sequences. Somewhat surprisingly, the scenes of violence are not nearly as effective as those involving the Family at work or at play, but given the obvious intelligence and talent displayed here this was, in all likelihood, intentional. A favorite of both John Waters and Genesis P. Orridge, the film has gained something of a following among the lunatic fringe (AES-NIHIL Productions).



Sweet Movie

(d) Dusan Makavejek (1975)

by Ernie Santilli

John Vernon - he of the beady eyes and rich baritone voice - has found a niche playing broad comedic villains such as the dean in *Animal House* and Mr. Big in *I'm Gonna Get You Sucka*. If those roles are considered "offbeat," his part in this French/Canadian/German co-production could only be described as "off several measures."

Contestants in the 1984 Miss World contest are examined to ensure their hymens are still intact during a televised portion of this excessively glitzy pageant. The winner (Carole Laure) is awarded \$50 billion and the hand of obsessive tycoon Mr. Dollars (Vernon). On their wedding night Dollars wipes his bride down with isopropyl alcohol, pulls out his gold-plated penis and, in a screen-filling close up, urinates! (One wonders whether Vernon put himself on "double secret probation" after that act.)

Vernon's "golden shower" - one of three bladder-emptying scenes - is far from the most bizarre moment in *Sweet Movie*. The tipoff that this is hardly standard fare comes immediately after the opening credits when a woman sings: "On the mountain top, I see something black. Is it cow shit or my beloved?"

Sweet Movie employs a double storyline, one following the adventures of Miss World, the other concerning the female captain of a candy-laden ship, *Survival*. In addition to the escapade with Mr. Dollars, Miss World is placed in a suitcase and shipped to France where she publicly loses her virginity to a Mexican television singer. Stuck in *flagrante delicto*, the twosome are brought into a restaurant kitchen, the deflowered beauty breaking eggs over her head as the couple separates.

Near-catatonic Miss World next surfaces as a guest at a bohemian banquet. The diners indulge in simulated self-castration, induced vomiting and other practices so much cruder that they would put Emily Post in the cardiac ward. Finally, the naked Laure takes a *very* erotic bath in dark chocolate, reminiscent of Lina Romay's literal "blood bath" in *Erotikill*.

The *Survival* helmswoman picks up a sailor from *Battleship Potemkin* with whom she exchanges political rhetoric and body fluids before stabbing him to death as they recline in a sugar-filled sandbox. Another eye-popping shipboard scene, this one with a strong suggestion of pedophilia, involves a strip tease performed for an audience of young boys.

When I acquired this tape in a 1989 swap, the trader labeled it: "The *blackest* comedy ever made!" You won't get much of an argument here.

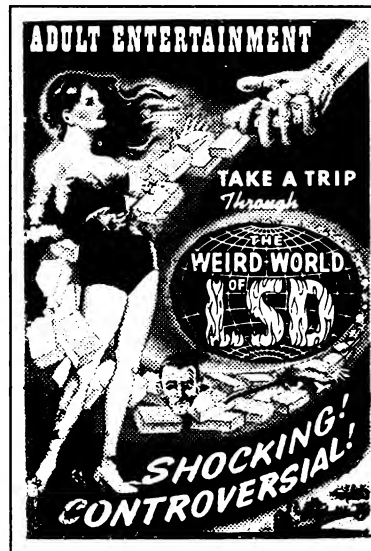
The Weird World of LSD

(d) Robert Ground (1966)

This hilariously uninformed pseudo-documentary attempts to examine the physiological and psychological effects of acid on the habitual user and to visually recreate certain kinds of trips. The filmmakers really want to get inside the heads of these tripsters and discover just what they actually see, hear, and do under the influence of this baleful drug. And make no mistake about it, LSD is not the path to enlightenment that Timothy Leary and Aldous Huxley proselytized about. It is a dangerous hallucinogen that has "hit our youth like a medieval plague," seducing them by disordering their senses so that "colors become sounds, sounds can be touched, faces becomes fluid, ideas become physical and AN HOUR BECOMES ETERNITY!" I don't know about you but that all sounds pretty groovy to me.

But what happens, actually happens to you when you ingest this lysergic stuff? Well, many things but believe me, all of it is bad. Your trip may start off okay; you might for example begin by entering the "pleasurable, sensuous world of watery sensation," but soon, very soon, your latent paranoia will erupt and you will either end up running down the street screaming as strange forms chase you, or hacking your girlfriend to death because she has turned into a demon with huge oversized rubber teeth. All of this pales in comparison with *Trip Of Terror*, otherwise known in medical research circles as "flying the giant bird." For the poor user who embarks on this route nothing is certain save death at the hands of a paper chicken.

As you may have guessed by now, *Weird World* was made by charlatans who haven't the faintest idea of what they are talking about. This, of course, is the quintessence of exploitation and you either find this kind of thing enjoyable or unendurable. With its portentous, deadpan narration intoning all manner of sophistries and its nitemarish hallucinatory sequences that would induce disdainful laughter from a child of even the most impressionable age, this film will be perversely entertaining to even the dilettante dropper. (Available from Something Weird Video).



Sincerely Yours

(d) Gordon Douglas (1955)

by Ernie Santilli (with a tip of the candelabra to Harry and Michael)

Every couple of years since the advent of "talkies" some Tinseltown bright boy has entertained the notion that the popularity of a singer would guarantee the success of a film starring said performer. In certain cases (e.g. Frank Sinatra), the theory has proven correct. Often, however, the results have been disastrous.

In 1955, Liberace was an ivory-tinkling mint, the polite son every blue-haired matron wished she had. Granted, he may have been a bit, er, soft, but that was excusable in such a nice young man. No doubt his legion of adoring fans would gladly sacrifice their bingo money to see the schmaltz master on the big screen at the neighborhood bijou - or so producer Henry Blanke thought.

Warners dusted off the script of *The Man Who Played God* (1932), hired screenwriter Irving Wallace to punch it up and sat back waiting for the Liberace lucre to pour in. To the chagrin of investors, box office receipts hit the poverty level after the second week of release. Apparently, the golden goose laid an egg.

Financial failure aside, *Sincerely Yours* is a chucklefest for any viewer who enjoys the absurdity of overblown melodramatic storylines. The keyboard king stars as playboy concert pianist Anthony Warrin, assisted by a lovestruck secretary (Joanne Dru) and raspy manager (William "Uncle Charlie" Demarest). Dorothy Malone plays the (gasp!) aggressive woman whom Warrin woos, unaware of his secretary's devotion beyond the call of duty. You can almost hear the grannies hissing Miss Malone on the soundtrack.

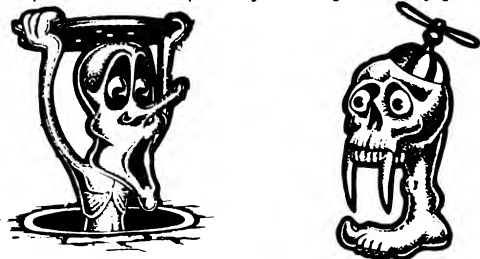
Warrin wants to expose his stuffed shirt audience to the music of the common folk and, conversely, bring the classics to the masses. This plot device provides Liberace with an excuse to perform his trademark blend of popular traditional themes and cornpone favorites. Who else but the Polish Piano Prince would have the brass to encourage a Carnegie Hall audience to sing *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*?

Career and love life in high gear, Warrin is suddenly struck with deafness. After a lengthy period of world class self-pity, Anthony learns lip reading, buys a pair of Nazi surplus binoculars and surreptitiously eavesdrops on patrons of a park within view of his apartment. There he spies a boy who can't play with the other kids due to a bum leg, a "gone uptown" daughter embarrassed by her working class mother (shades of the Supremes' *I'm Living In Shame*), and, gulp, his fiancée in the arms of a new suitor.

Buoyed by the Christmas holiday spirit, the pianist picks up the tab for a limb operation the boy's family cannot afford. Next, he takes the elderly woman to his favorite dress shop and introduces her to the upper crust at a ritzy ball. He even cuts his fiancée loose so she can marry the other man. What a guy!

The Libomaniacs expected a happy ending of course, and they got one. After a successful ear operation, Warrin performs an enthusiastically received comeback concert with a must-see tap dance sequence. To complete the fairy tale finish, the pianist finally returns his secretary's affection.

What makes *Sincerely Yours* a standout among oddball films is its ability to amuse viewers who generally miss the appeal of titles normally reviewed in these pages. Older squares, who might otherwise be lost while viewing something like *Repo Man*, either dig the star's histrionics or adopt a good-humored "Can you believe we used to like this guy?" posture. Young whippersnappers laugh at the ludicrousness. An excellent tape to further complicate your image at family gatherings.



Gently Before She Dies

(d) Sergio Martino (1972)

by Craig Ledbetter

One of the best thrillers ever made, period, and, in my humble opinion, Sergio Martino's (*Blade of the Ripper*, *Torso*, *Screamers*) masterwork. Luigi Pistilli stars as an unbelievable son-of-a-bitch who takes every opportunity to verbally and physically abuse his poor wife Irene (Anita Strindberg). Into this coupling from hell enters cousin Floriana (Edwige Fenech), a bi-sexual trollop who beds anyone she believes can further her own goals. Murders suddenly begin to break out all around with suspicion centering on Pistilli. After Pistilli is finally killed by Strindberg, the murders begin again. Before the film concludes, Martino and his scriptwriters effortlessly weave Poe's *The Black Cat* and the giallo plot staple of two different killers working the same back yard. Fenech in a short, cropped hairdo has never been more impressive, but even more impressive, both in the nude scenes and in the thesping department, is Anita Strindberg. Usually playing second-fiddle or a total goody-two-shoes, here she gets to pull out all the stops in her metamorphosis from an abused, meek, mousey girl to full-blown, cold-hearted murderess. Ivan Rassimov has a minor but effective cameo as Strindberg's mostly off-camera accomplice. However, the scariest thing about his character is the wig with which he was saddled. Lastly, Bruno Nicolai's score here is among his richest yet in tone and variety. In fact, no one really screws off in this one. (Available from Video Search of Miami).

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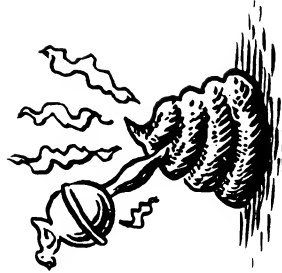
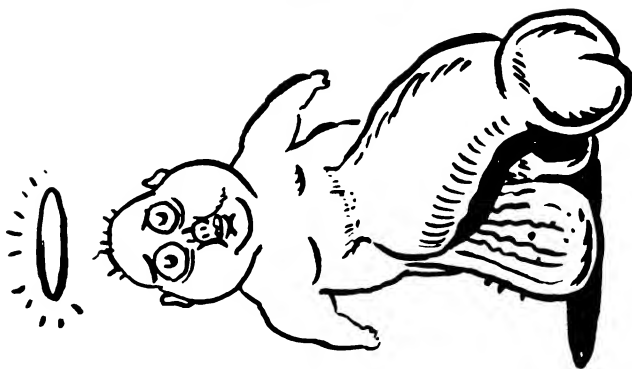
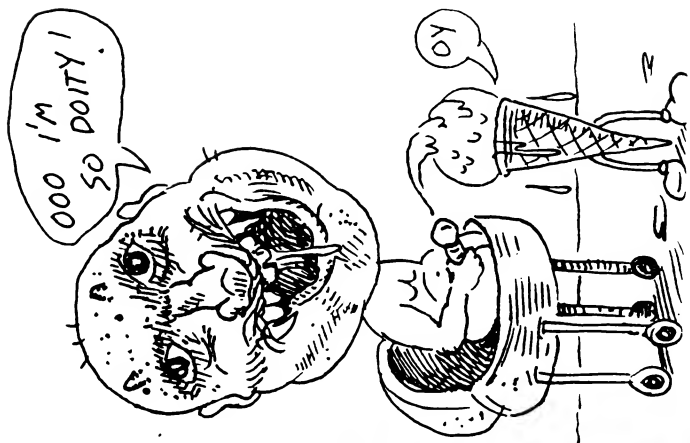
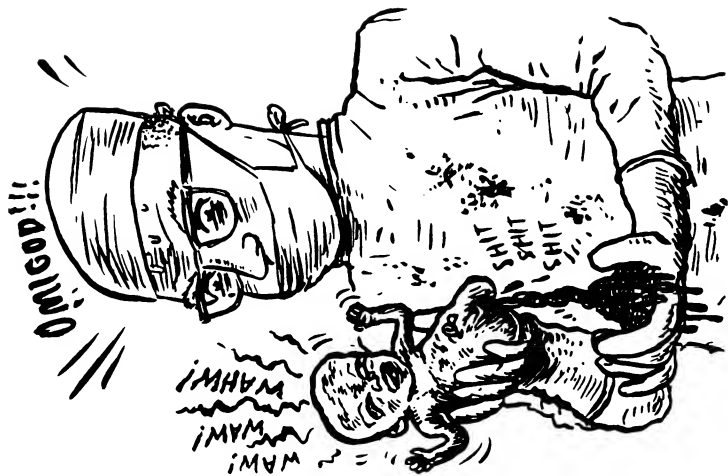
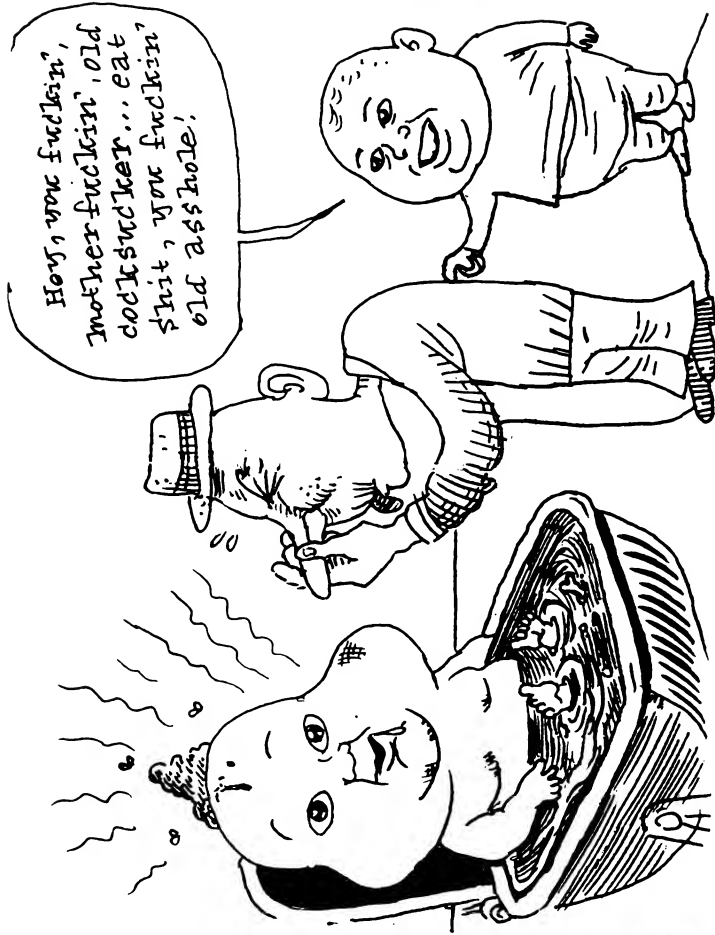
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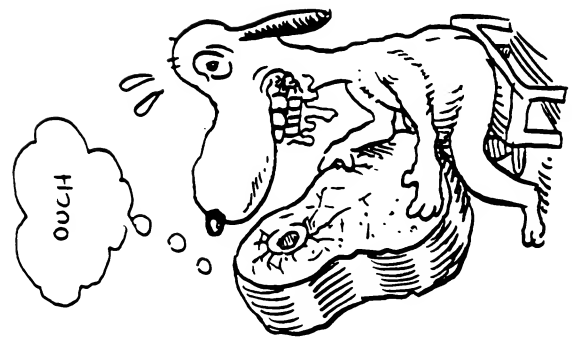
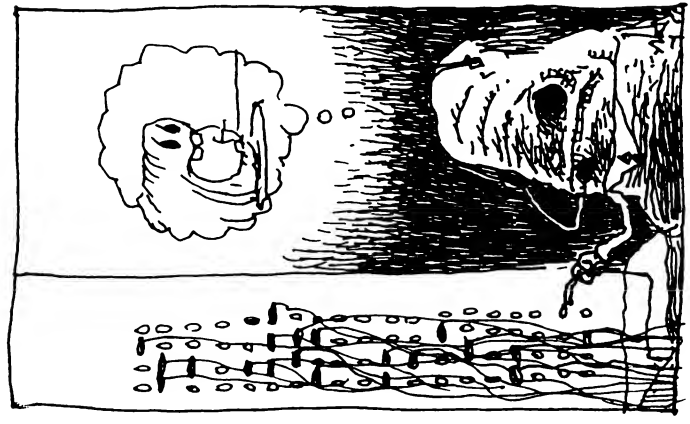
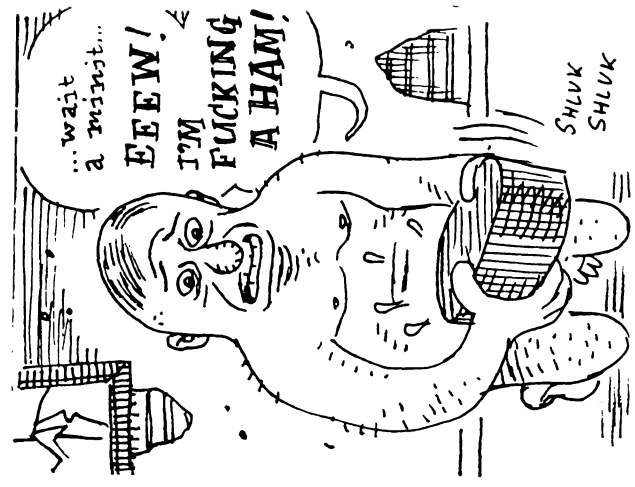
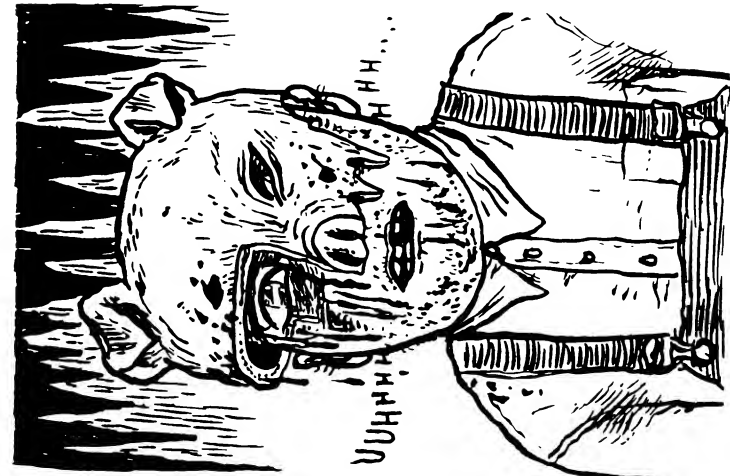
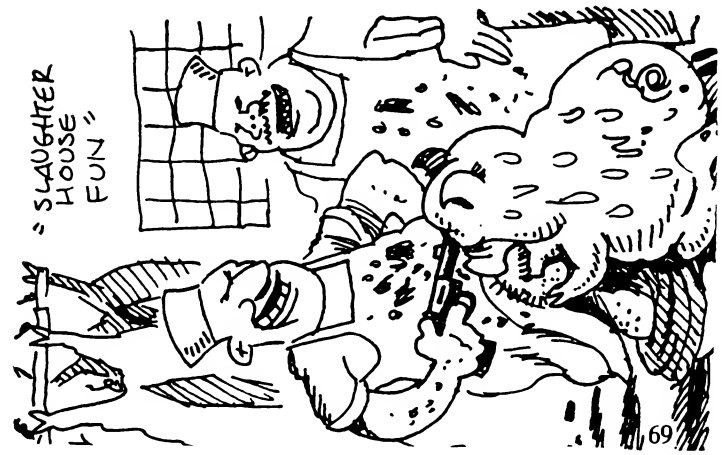
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Untamed Youth

(d) Howard W. Koch (1957)

by Ernie Santilli

Well-preserved Mamie Van Doren, once considered little more than a Marilyn Monroe knockoff, staged a comeback of sorts in the late eighties, releasing a biography and serving as hostess of Rhino's Teenage Theater video series. Rather than striking a serious actress pose, Miss Van Doren was, and still is, refreshingly good natured about her status as a sex bomb of days gone by.

Despite the resurgence of interest in the platinum blonde all but a few of her works have either been discontinued (*Navy Vs. The Night Monster*) or unreleased (*Sex Kittens Go To College*) by the major vid distributors. Fans must often turn to public domain mail order houses such as The Fang, carrier of *Untamed Youth*.

Mamie and not-too-shabby-herself Lori (Revenge Of The Creature) Nelson play musical entertainers who pick the wrong country road on which to hitchhike to Hollywood. The crooked sheriff arrests the women for vagrancy, bringing them before a crooked lady judge who sentences the duo to a thirty day stint at the local work farm owned by crookedest Russ Tropp (John Russell).

Tropp is a classic heel. He feeds inmates dog food, uses his cheap labor to undersell honest neighbors and enlists a female "guest" to serve as his very personal housekeeper. One look at the new arrivals and the creep goes into hormonal overdrive.

Complications arise when the judge's nice guy son Bob gets a job on the farm. Naturally, he's appalled by the drunkenness of the employees and Tropp's callous disregard for the welfare of the laborers. Things worsen when the young man learns Russ is his mother's gigolo. The prisoners revolt in the final reel, spurred by the death of a pregnant worker who was denied proper medical attention.

Untamed Youth is neither a "camp classic" nor a bottom of the barrel effort. It is simply a traditional B-movie of its era spiced up by the appeal of its cast. Miss Van Doren is called upon to give a dramatic reading - as opposed to merely showcasing her pneumatic physique - and does just fine.

Celluloid Void

That's not to say she doesn't have her moments. Mamie's song-and-dance number in the farm's canteen ranks up there on the droolometer with her apple-biting scene in *High School Confidential*. And, yes, that is early rock 'n' roll casualty Eddie Cochran in a supporting role.

More weird rock trivia/coincidences? There's a guy in the cast named Keith Richards . . . and Mamie sings a song called *Rollin' Like A Rolling Stone*.

Confessions Of A Serial Killer

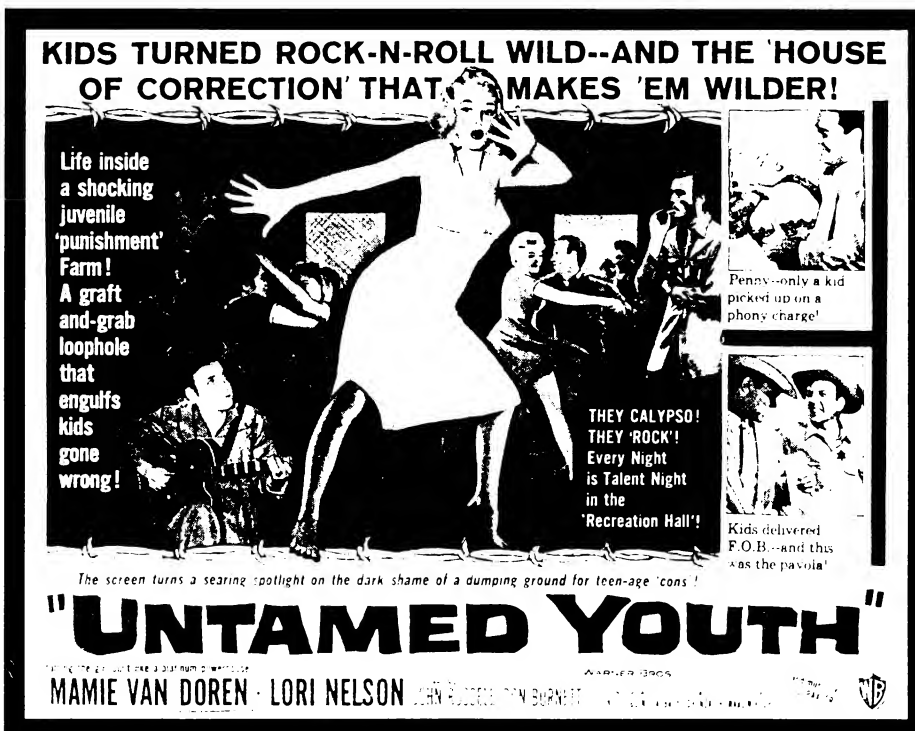
(d) Mark Blair (1987)

This film hasn't been released yet and with a title that is an obvious play on the art house horror hit *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, it may never see the light of day. Which is a shame, because *Confessions* is, in many ways, a far more terrifying film. Unlike *Henry*, *Confessions* eschews a restrained and polished approach for one that is relatively ingenuous and shockingly matter of fact. In the demimondaine of this serial killer, murder is not an artful form of expression committed by a poet maudit but the banal and unimaginative act of an ignorant, and decidedly unattractive, butcher.

For those of you interested in such matters, *Confessions* is also far more faithful and realistic adaptation of the case history of Henry Lee Lucas than we were given in *Henry*. Lucas' youth, his homosexual relationship with Otis Toole as well as his chaste and unholy partnership with Otis' cousin are not glamorized or romanticized but depicted as the pitiful, shabby, tedious affairs that we know they must have been. Somewhat ironically however, this realistic approach renders the film's more de-

praved sequences almost completely unwatchable. Such telling attention to detail, to nuances of character, to the finer points of their murderous operandi gives everything an unwholesome air of reality, of depraved normalcy. To watch Lucas and his fellow ghouls ply their deadly trade in dogged, workmanlike fashion rather than in the grandiose guignol style we've come to associate with the contemporary horror film is to finally and fully understand the concept of the banality of evil.

Confessions is loosely but effectively plotted, told through a series of flashbacks arising from Henry's confessions to a small town Texas sheriff. Adding to the film's effectiveness is the decision to include a long, early sequence in which the intended victim escapes. This clever strategy effectively heightens tension, repeatedly keeping the viewer off guard as to the fate of potential victims. Effective too is Robert Burns' interpretation of the titular monster; he's so laid back, so unspeakably detached, that it never fails to appall when we see him take knife, gun or chainsaw in hand to exact retribution for imagined grievances.



Barton Fink

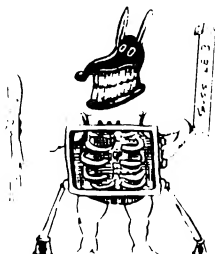
(d) Ethan Coen (1991)

So is it possible to write fiction that is real, that is truly a reflection of reality? Of course not; the minute you take pen to paper you're transforming the "real" no matter how hard you try to remain objective. Barton Fink (John Turturo) doesn't realize this; he's a playwright who wants to create a living theater, drama that accurately depicts and ultimately celebrates the struggles of the common man, shades of Clifford Odets (with a George S. Kauffman haircut). But after some success on the New York stage, Fink finds himself in Hollywood laboring as a scriptwriter with the studio heads asking him "Odets where is thy sting?"

The irony is that Fink's first assignment is suppose to be a relatively realistic treatment of a very common man - the story of an east side lug's struggles to establish himself in the wrestling world - but our aspiring screenwriter suddenly finds himself with a case of severe writer's block. In the shabby hotel where he deliberately holes up in an effort to keep in touch with his beloved lower classes, Barton discovers that his neighbor is the perfect model for his script: a garrulous insurance salesman (John Goodman) and former amateur wrestler who is perfectly willing to show Fink the ropes. Yet he is unable to take advantage of this *deus ex machina* opportunity because he's too busy talking (Fink literally means blabber-mouth). He never listens, never observes the things going on around him. It is not until he immerses himself in the surreal world of the Hollywood film community that he comes to understand his failings as a writer.

And what a demimondaine the Coen brothers draw for us: An unreal world peopled with toadies, narcissists and megalomaniacs; cutthroats all who could give two shits about Fink and his problems. It's a hilarious rogue's gallery with many of the characters drawn from Hollywood's past. There's Michael Lerner as Columbia studio head Harry Cohn, a man who became legend in Tinsletown for his brutality and capriciousness and, incidentally, was a good friend of Odets'. There's John Mahoney as the alcoholic William Faulkner whose binges and his mistreatment of his sultry mistress, Meta Carpenter (Judy Davis) are the stuff of nightmares. In fact the only character that Barton meets that appears relatively stable is John Goodman and he turns out to be . . . well, let's just say it's the discovery of Goodman's true vocation that serves to finally open Fink's ears and eyes.

A mordant black comedy that is witty, literate and savagely funny, *Barton Fink* also boasts fine performances from an attractive cast. And the stylish turns of the actors are matched by the film's art direction, camera work and cinematography - Fink's Hotel Hell with it's crepuscularly lit hallways running on forever, eerily gurgling sinks, fetid rooms with parchment colored wallpaper peeling like tenderly flayed skin, and walls leaking all manner of eldritch sounds, is especially well done. Reportedly inspired by their own writers' block while attempting to finish the screenplay of the rather uninspired *Miller's Crossing*, the Coen brothers, creators of the critically acclaimed films *Blood Simple* and *Raising Arizona*, have tuned in their finest effort yet. Winner of the grand prize at last year's Cannes Festival, the film should be required viewing for all struggling writers. For in the final analysis, what the Coens, through the character of Fink, want to tell us, is this: Writing, and by implication, all work in the plastic arts, is a battle, a fight with the egotistical concerns of the self, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. The true artist doesn't attempt to "win" (how can one triumph over life after all?) but to take the stuff of life, this unforged matter, into the foul rag and bone shop of the heart, and wrestle with it in the hope that some masterful image or idea will emerge. Sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't, but the point is not to give up, to keep fighting the good fight until something emerges.



Cat fighting lesbian Hun?

Hollywood Babylon

(d) Van Gylder (1971)

David Friedman won't admit to making this deliciously trashy documentary concerning some of the more notorious Hollywood sex scandals of the twenties, but the name Van Gylder is a dead give away. It's the same pseudonym he used for his 1971 nudie western *Ramrod*. Besides, the absurd punning, the deadpan histrionic narration, the indifferent acting, are all clues pointing unmistakably to this audacious auteur. But whether or not Friedman had anything to do with this thing, *Babylon* is definitely something you shouldn't miss; it's as cheesy and contemptible as the book from which it takes its name. We are therefore treated to the spectacle of Fatty Arbuckle ramming a champagne bottle up Virginia Rappe's vagina, Clara Bow pulling a train with the USC backfield (why does Notre Dame continue to schedule these guys?) and Erich von Stroheim having a nude starlet whipped by a semi-clad, professional Austrian sadist. Some of these stories may already be familiar to you but many of them are so hot, so scandalous, that the producers had to refrain from utilizing the names of the guilty parties. This leaves them free to embellish, exaggerate and prevaricate whenever the spirit moves them. It may not be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but it sure as hell is entertaining to watch. Thus, the story of a predatory German lesbian actress (played by the delectable Uschi Digart) who was catapulted to stardom through the Machiavellian machinations of a New York Jewish director will be immediately recognizable to any film fan; the tales of her nude cat fights may not. And while the tale of a diminutive British music hall comedian who went on to become one of Hollywood's greatest legends and later got suckered into marrying his pregnant underaged protege will also be familiar to most students of scandal, the "fact" that this comedian hired prostitutes to teach his young wife the art of fellatio, may not. This is the kind of touch that makes *Hollywood Babylon* so deliciously low, so wonderfully contemptible and, it almost goes without saying, so much sleazier than the sleazy histories it purports to reveal.

Red

(d) Chris Gore (1991)

by Vic Stanley

The premise of Chris Gore's new film *Red* is based on a time honored adolescent phone prank carried to a ludicrous extreme. Anyone who can ever recall ringing up the local bowling alley and requesting a page for "Dick Guzinya" or "E. Nawder Titzoff" knows exactly what I mean.

The film is inspired by a series of now legendary, recorded prank calls of mysterious origin, which elicit an ever increasingly antagonistic reaction from Red Dietsch - the gruff, beleaguered proprietor of a seedy, New Jersey gin joint known as the Tube Bar. Red's urban white trash clientele don't frequent The Tube to schmooze or socialize. They are there to get shnocked on cheap, watered down drinks as quickly as possible. The only atmosphere, other than an almost visible odor of fetid decay, is the irrepressible wit and charm of Red himself, who has gone on to become a posthumous cult hero.

The first half of *Red* consists of a staccato sequence of relentlessly obnoxious prank calls, accompanied by a montage of black and white still photos depicting veteran character actor Lawrence Tierney. His dour, bloated physical presence visually compliments the less than effervescent verbal banter of the audio. The vulgarity of the exchanges reaches such absurd extremes that it verges on performance art in its purity of essence. Obscenities lose their outrageous character when they become the only words employed and so the dialogue becomes perverse, mind numbing entertainment.

The concluding half of the film is more conventionally structured live action sequence depicting Red's wretched day to day existence with an alarmingly testosterone laden bedmate and his fantasies which involve winning a ludicrous sweepstakes and subsequent poolside frolicking with a pair of nubile, bikini clad starlets, and the gruesome obliteration of his cretinous phone nemesis and anybody else who is unfortunate enough to find themselves in the line of fire. The well deserved fate of his adversary is, unfortunately, short lived. The post-hallucinatory conclusion jolts us back to The Tube Bar where business is being conducted as usual. We are left with Red, a creature of habit, a creature to be pitied, a creature to be despised. He went to his grave never knowing the identity of his tormentor. This is his legacy.

Overall, the film exhibits Gore's pugnacious and moribund sense of wit to an even greater degree than his previous work, *Ouch!* which was a whimsical, albeit somewhat gruesome yarn. His directorial style is sharper and more focused than before. Although the character Red has absolutely no traditionally endearing qualities, we somehow find cause to pity him in his plight in much the same manner as Gore's secret hero and role model, Stephen Spielberg, was able to elicit empathy for an evil/tragic Darth Vader. Propelled by photographic stylization in the first several minutes, the film flows well and provides a steady stream of titters and chuckles, sometimes verging on the guffaw. The hard core Red tape fans will, no doubt, find it hilarious - a much anticipated, visual manifestation of their fourth generation audio cassette treasure. At the same time, they may blanch at the thought of their elite, subterranean cult being exposed through this film, the accompanying "Red" fan club, and the subsequent mass exposure. How long will it be before Gore appears on "Entertainment Tonight" singing the praises of Red Dietsch to Mary Hart? After all, it happened to Elvis.

Since the subject matter is so narrow, the film certainly benefits from not being any lengthier than the thirty-five minutes it is. Gore understands and appreciates the merits of brevity, especially in such a claustrophobic setting. My major criticism of *Red* lies not with the "film" but with some of the phraseology which appears on the packaging. The laudatory, obviously manufactured quote: "Combined with the original, profanity ridden "Red" tapes, *Red* the movie is sure to become a cult favorite," is pretentious cliché unbecoming of mavericks like Gore who would usually decry such pomposity if employed by others. True cult films are borne

of an intangible phenomenon immune to manipulation not fabricated by a publicist on the film's payroll.

The original audio version of Red's misadventures has indeed reached and maintained a true cult status, not through hype, but through word of mouth among Red Dietsch's legion of enthusiastic fans. The film version of Red could very well become a popular cult item, but that is not for the creators or their employees to decide. In the meantime, *Red*, while not quite yet achieving its self-proclaimed cult status, is a noteworthy effort, especially in light of the seemingly endless torment that Gore and his crew endured in order to complete this project.

Film Threat may be contemporary, but Red is eternal!

Mr. Vampire

(d) Wong Kee Hung (1984)

Remember those games of "monster" you used to play when you were very young? You know, the ones where the giant slithering shapoopie was vanquished by you and your fearless band of noble warriors only to have it come back to life when the evil sorcerer Vencevone reanimated it with his magical kwanda ray? Well, this seminal Hong Kong production, a delirious mishmash of laughable horror, baggy pants comedy and chop sockey heroics manifests a similar sensibility. There is little rhyme or reason to any of the proceedings but the film is so full of life and childish invention, so suffused with a sense of wonder, with the notion that all things are possible, that only a contentious miscreant would find fault with any of it.

Mr. Vampire is essentially plotless, director Hung choosing to dispense with such niceties as narrative integration and character development in favor of scenes of broad comedy and mindless violence. However, Hung throws everything at you with furious speed, making it virtually impossible to notice that very little in his film makes sense. Such as: Why do some vampires hop and others run? Why does sticky rice burn a vampire but regular rice have no effect? What are all these vampires doing in this town anyway and why is this magician the only one who knows how to handle them? Why can one guy turn into a vampire and be cured but the other victims cannot? And why are you asking all these questions when you're watching a Chinese vampire movie?

Alright, so your question at this point is: What the hell is this film about? Well, I'll be honest, I'm not entirely sure. It has something to do with this kung-fu magician and his attempts to rid a nineteenth century Chinese village of a plague of vampires. At least, that's how *Mr. Vampire* began, but after a couple of minutes, the film veered off onto all kinds of crazy paths and I got kind of lost. They were interesting paths though, fraught with horny female ghosts, necromancy, perfidy, cowardice, madness and, of course, vampires of every shape and kind: rotting vampires, rutting vampires, ambling vampires, shambling vampires, hopping vampires and almost vampires. It was kind of confusing but it was also incredibly entertaining inasmuch as all of the nonsense was wonderfully staged and filmed, particularly the fight scenes between the ghoulies and the good guys which were these marvelous bits of moronic dance reminiscent of some of the better moments in Jackie Chan's films. In fact, there was almost nothing in *Mr. Vampire* but fighting or some form of rodomontade precipitating a fight; characters always seemed to be either on the verge of screaming and trying to smack one another or screaming and smacking one another.

The special effects, noticeably those employed in a duel of light and electricity between the magician and a love sick ghost were . . . well, magical. But then, the filmmakers managed to suffuse most of the scenes with magic in one form or another. Hey, look, I'm not trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; I know this isn't Shakespeare's *Tempest* or *Midsummer's Nights Dream*. If you want profundity, check out Orson Welle's *Othello* or *Macbeth*; if you want idiot entertainment, rent this thing; they don't come any better than this.

Seeding Of A Ghost

(d) Yang Chuan (1987)

When Hong Kong's Shaw Brothers, pioneers of the kung fu film grew weary of working in that genre, they turned to splatter horror. Their initial efforts, *Black Magic* and *Revenge of the Zombies* (*Black Magic II*) were lively, gory and highly amusing efforts but this film, which is part three of the series and has only been recently released in this country due to censorship problems, is the most outlandish and entertaining of them all. *Seeding* doesn't really have a plot or much of a story, but given the outrageous special effects and total contempt for character, the picture doesn't really need them. There is a premise however, and it concerns an outraged husband who, seeking to avenge his wife's rape and subsequent murder, employs a warlock to torture and eventually dispense with her lover, the two young punks who killed her and anyone remotely connected with them. The warlock resurrects the rotting corpse of the wife and through her and a few bits of mummery proceeds to wreak havoc on most of southeast Asia. Men vomit worms, coconut deserts turn into palpitating animal organs, toilets fill up with excrement and then explode, women become possessed and then attempt to anally rape their lovers with huge wooden objects, and so on and so forth. Each atrocity becomes more gruesome and inventively outrageous. And when the filmmakers run out of ideas, they simply steal them from other films: the climax involves a dead ringer for the acid spewing, toothy baby monster from *Alien* and like the beast in that film it bursts forth fully formed from a human's stomach. Unlike *Alien* however, none of the graphic violence is very realistic. The Shaw Brothers' and their director are more interested in making a kind of sick cartoon rather than a shocking and rebarbative horror film.



Lace is having her own problems. She mistakenly believes that she has been dumped by Dominick for Maggie, the newest member of the Debs, and because of this apparent humiliation is on the verge of losing control of her gang of girls. Now she must find a way to rekindle Dominick's passion, develop a successful stratagem for the Daggers in their struggle with Crab's cohorts, put the innocent Maggie on ice without drawing attention to herself, and finish that term paper on T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*.

For those uninterested in such extravagances of plot, Hill provides ample doses of nudity, bloodletting, and graphic brutality. *Sisters'* set pieces, noticeably the assault on Crab's headquarters and the climactic knife fight between Maggie and Lace which ends in a strikingly silhouetted dance of death, are well-staged and effectively rendered through fleeting, staccato-like bursts of violent imagery. The acting is never less than competent, and, in the case of Robbie Lee (*Big Bad Mama*), is strikingly effective. Her performance contains just the right mix of childish coquetry, insecurity, and psychosis - a deranged Lolita who is just as likely to slice your face to ribbons as to plant a kiss on it.

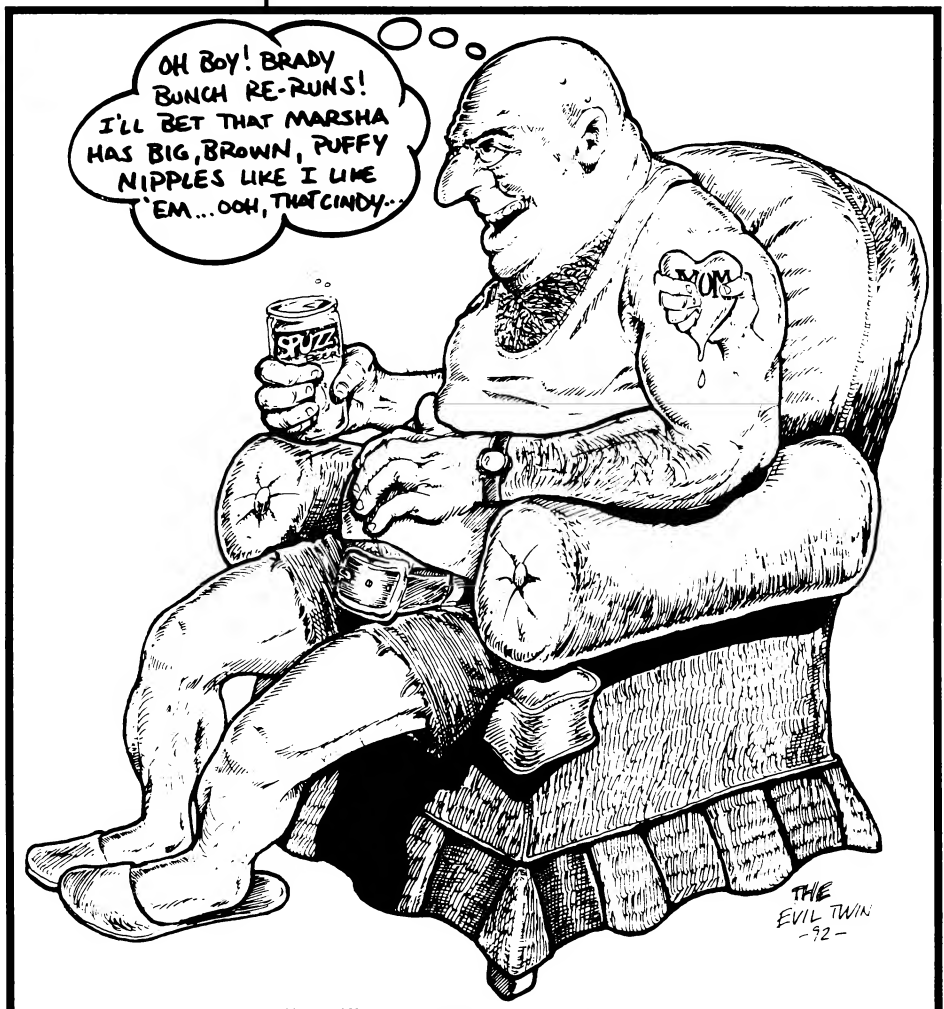
Although Hill has made dozens of films for AIP and other studios, *Switchblade Sisters* is one of the few currently available on videocassette. Viewers are advised to track down the disquieting and often hilarious *Spider Baby* (which has acquired a strong cult following of its own) and *The Big Bird Cage*, one of the better women-in-prison films.

Switchblade Sisters

(d) Jack Hill (1974)

Put simply, *Switchblade Sisters* is one of the best of the rarely-worked girl-gang genre. Not that this is of any particular import, but we're talking about garbage here right, so who gives a fuck? The film is competently directed and efficiently paced by veteran AIP director and screenwriter Jack Hill and somewhat surprisingly for an exploitation film boasts female characters who are both gutsy and resourceful. The men on the other hand are cast in the mold normally reserved for females in potboilers of this sort: perpetual adolescents fueled by hormones and dreams of idiot romance.

The "Sisters" of the title are the Dagger Debs, a sadistic sorority with close ties to the Silver Daggers, a largely teenage male gang led by a swinish dolt named Dominick. The Silver Daggers are not what you would call a sophisticated criminal organization: they run whores out of high school lavatories for five dollars a pop and openly clean and bag their dope during recess. Naturally, a gang this cretinous is ripe for muscling, and when the muscle comes in the form of a crosstown drug dealing cartel led by a slimeball named Crabs (who dresses like he is about to audition for that seventies black dance group the Lockers), Dominick turns, as he always does, to the Debs and their leader, Lace.



This Land Is Mine

(d) Jean Renoir (1944)

This rarely screened and relatively obscure film is one of the few pieces of Hollywood produced agitprop that holds up under repeated viewings. The fact that the great Mr. Renoir was the director probably had something to do with this.

Our story unfolds in a small, nameless town in Nazi-occupied France, shortly after the outbreak of WWII. The occupation has resulted in a few hardships but most of the people in the village seem to have taken everything in stride. This includes Charles Laughton, a milquetoast, middle aged school teacher who lives with his doting and domineering harriidan mother (Una O'Connor). Next door, is the sublimely beautiful Maureen O'Hara, also a teacher, with whom Laughton is hopelessly in love. What O'Hara and Laughton don't know is that her brother (Kent Smith) is a member of the resistance. Una O'Connor knows, though, and when Laughton and nine other members of the community are taken as hostage by the Nazis in reprisal for Smith's act of sabotage, she spills the beans to George Sanders, a wealthy railroad official and Nazi collaborator. And even though Sanders is engaged to O'Hara and a childhood friend of her brother, he is enraged at what he believes to be an act of cowardice and so rats out Smith to the Germans. Smith is pursued, shot and killed and Laughton is subsequently released having been told nothing. When he learns the truth, Laughton marches to Sanders' office only to find the collaborator has killed himself in guilt and despair. While innocently picking up the gun, Laughton is discovered by the Nazis and charged with murder. At his trial, the cowardly Laughton, seeking only to defend himself, gives a speech which condemns Sanders, the Nazis, and the Vichy judicial system. This is a terrible embarrassment for the Nazis, so they adjourn the trial and offer Laughton a deal. They will manufacture evidence in the form Sanders' suicide note if he agrees not to make any more speeches. If not, he will be executed.

This is soap opera but it is soap opera on a grand, heroic scale played for all it is worth by a cast of superb character actors: Laughton, O'Hara, Sanders, Slezak, Smith and O'Connor. Renoir, doesn't attempt to rein any of them in, and by way of thanks each delivers the performance of a lifetime and in the case of Laughton, the performance of several lifetimes. His final soliloquy, in which he thumbs his nose at the Nazis and confesses his love for Maureen O'Hara, is one of the most moving scenes in the history of cinema, it would have brought tears to the eyes of Der Fuhrer himself had he seen it.

Like most successful works of art, *This Land* has numerous subtexts and themes but for readers of *Brutarian*, the relationship between Laughton and O'Connor will provoke the most interest. Laughton's plays a man whose maternal relationship goes beyond the Oedipal into a total abdication of responsibility. He allows his mother to become all things to and for him: lover, protector, physician, psychiatrist and ironically, given his chosen profession, teacher. To underscore the perverse dependency Laughton labors under, Renoir has O'Connor, in the beginning of the film, magically produce a bottle of black market milk for her son's breakfast, the implication of which is, of course, that Laughton is still suckling at O'Connor's ancient and withered dugs, still dependent on mommy for nourishment, for his very survival. The children and townspeople think Laughton is a coward, yet to see him burying his head in his mother's lap during an air raid or to watch his reaction as she battles the Huns who have come to arrest him, is not to gaze upon a milksop but a frightened, uncomprehending animal. This is what makes Laughton's transformation at the end of the film so moving; he's not finding his courage really, but his humanity. It's no mistake that Laughton is reading *The Declaration of The Rights of Man* to his once disdainful class of schoolchildren when he is rearrested. In discovering the human being in himself, he has come to understand what it means to be civilized, what our social contract entails - the recognition that man is born free and that each of us must respect that fact.

With *This Land*, Renoir desired to make a film "uniquely for America, to suggest to the Americans that daily life in an occupied country was not as simple as some might assume." The American press bought this load of malarkey and praised *This Land* for its "humanity," for its willingness to show both Germans and French alike as imperfect creatures, neither totally good nor evil. This is nonsense. Renoir portrays the Germans as either stupid bullies or as with the case of commandant, Walter Slezak, suave, racist, fascists. And it's intentional. Do you suppose Renoir expected an American audience to empathize with characters like Slezak who were allowed to describe the United States as a "charming cocktail of Irish and Jews but essentially childish?" And the French? Well with the exception of Laughton, O'Hara and Smith, they are shown to be little more than miserable toadies willing to endure almost any hardship as long as they have a baguette to chew on. This is the reason Renoir's countrymen savaged this film when it was finally released overseas; it revealed the Vichy collaborationist government and the French for the cowards they were, and perhaps still are. As a close friend of mine, a very liberal man, once said to me when I asked him which nationality he was least afraid to get in a fight with: "Well, the French, of course. I mean, what are they going to do, put a sauce on you?" Renoir would have agreed.



Charles Laughton and Una O'Connor

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IN LESS THAN
TWO WEEKS!

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BLUE
PORCELAIN
BEAR

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HEY, BEAR,
MRS. MÜLLER
HAS BAKED
SOME PIES!
YUM YUM!

The
Archduke
and the
bear re-
paired to
the top of a
nearby tree to
plot and
scheme.

P. Rever



I MUST
GET THOSE
PIES!...
BUT HOW?

OF
COURSE!
MY ARMY!
HA HA!



Soon, on the
hills over-
looking the
town, the
massive en-
gine of war.

WE ARE
READY TO BEGIN
SHELLING THE
TOWN, YOUR
HIGHNESS!

EXCELLENT!
PROCEED!
...NOW FOR
THOSE PIES!

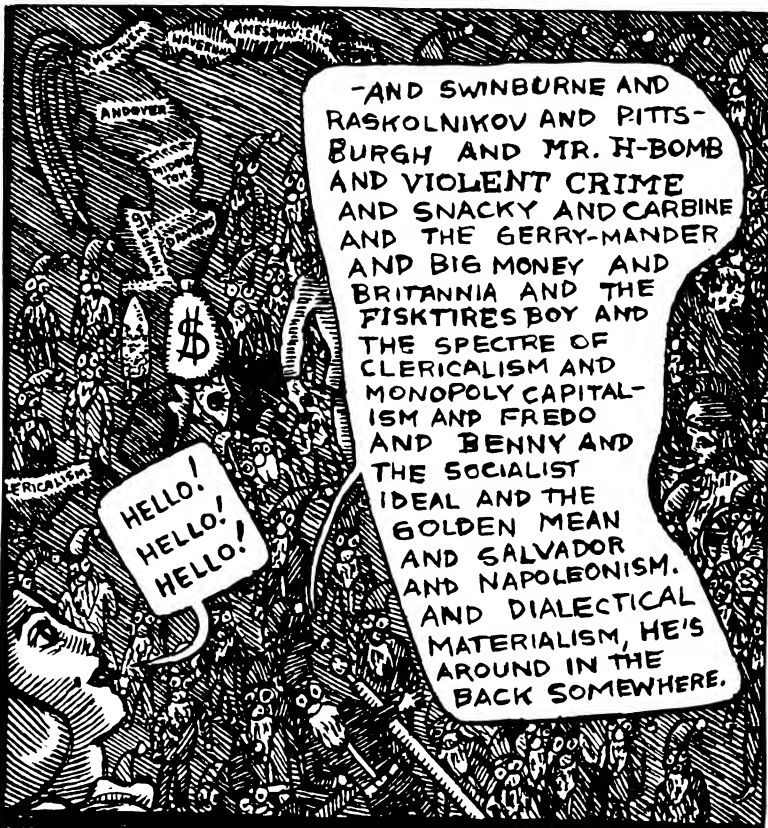
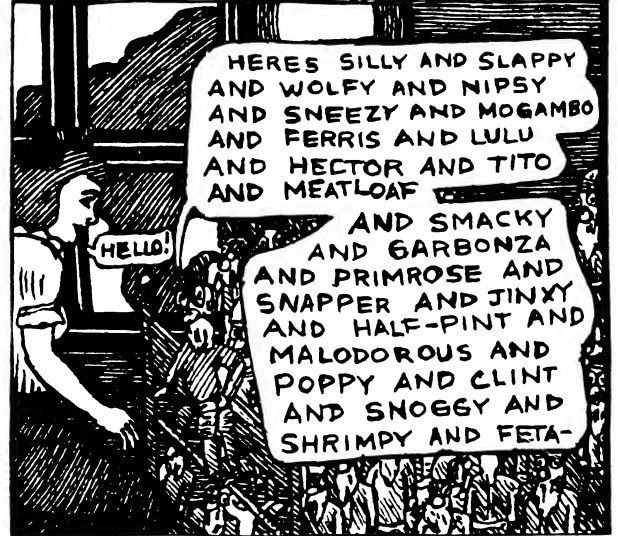


And, in
the con-
fusion of
the ensu-
ing des-
truction,
the Arch-
Duke
triumphs.

HA HA HA!
GOT THOSE
PIES!!

SNOW WHITE AND THE 47 ASSORTED DWARVES AND PICTORIAL SYMBOLS

P. Revess



GARGLE MY BAG

Check out **FOUL BALL TRADING CARDS**, a beautifully drawn depiction of baseball's most notorious players. They're available for \$8.95 from Eclipse Books, PO Box 1099, Forestville, California, 95436. They're the same folks who gave us Friendly Dictators, Iran-Contra, and Bush League Trading Cards. Plans are underway for the creation of an official Foul Ball Hall of Fame to honor the game's most extraordinary personalities. First inductee will be Pete Rose. For more info and suggestions, write Eclipse at the above address . . . Two welcome reprints stemming from the interest in Oliver Stone's *JFK* are **COUP D'ETAT IN AMERICA** by Alan J. Weberman and Michael Canfield, published by Quick American Archives (PO Box 429477, San Francisco, California, 94142) and Sylvia Meagher's **ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT**, her trashing of the Warren Commission Report, published by Vintage Books. The first, originally published in 1975, is updated with

by Jim Schoene

almost 100 pages of new revelations, including some impressive photographic evidence . . . **THE ARCHAIC REVIVAL** by Ter-

ence McKenna, a new trade paperback from Harper, covers psychedelic mushrooms, UFOs, virtual reality, shamanism; something for everyone . . . A new 7" by **JESUS LIZARD** and **THE DICKS** features a pic sleeve with some must-see artwork. The Dicks do *Wheelchair Epidemic*, while Lizard tackles *Dancing Naked Ladies*. \$2.99 from Touch and Go (PO Box 25520, Chicago, Il, 60625) . . . **TRACI LORDS ON PAPER** is a huge portfolio featuring framable color prints of Ohio's own Nora Kuzma. Nothing XXX here, more like a cheesecake calendar. Write to O.S.P. Publishing Inc., 1001 Monterey Pass Rd., Monterey Park, California, 91754 . . . For art and Tattoo aficionados (Yes, I am heavily inked), **FOREVER YES: ART OF THE NEW TATTOO** features some of the most beautiful inkwork you'll find anywhere. Tattooers such as Don Ed Hardy, Vyvyn Lazonga, Michael Malone, Bob Roberts, Cynthia Witkin (whose husband Joel-Peter is one of the great photographic artists) and the great Filip Leu who began tattooing at the age of thirteen, are featured, along with photographers like Bobby Neel Adams, the aforementioned Witkin, and Robert Mapplethorpe. A beautifully done book available from most bookstores, or from Hardy Marks Publications, PO Box 90520, Honolulu, Hawaii, 96835. This, friends, is tattooing, not some guy with "fuck" on his knuckles and an Iron City lite in his hand . . . **ANSWER ME** is a new magazine put out by Jim and Debbie Goad. It features interviews with Tim Leary, Holly Woodlawn, and the legendary Iceberg Slim, author of *Trick Baby* and *Pimp: The Story of My Life*. It's also got stories and articles on a wide variety of subjects such as masturbation in literary history and how fucked up some "self-help" groups are. Funny stuff. \$2.00 from Goad to Hell Enterprises, 6520 Selma Avenue, Suite 1171, Hollywood, California, 90028 . . . Ann Arbor grungemasters **BIG CHIEF** are back with *Face*. Big guitars, big drums, big noise. On SubPob, PO Box 20645, Seattle Washington, 98102 . . . For true crime fans, get **Robert Ressler's WHOEVER FIGHTS MONSTERS**, an account of his twenty-year career tracking down serial killers for the F.B.I. It includes great photos of some of the unheralded monsters in our midst, along with pix of various victims and crime scenes. I mean, where else can you see a photo of one of Richard Speck's bound, nude victims lying face down on a sofa, just as he left her? Of particular interest are his recollections of his lengthy interviews with Ed Kemper, John Gacy, and others. (Ressler just recently



A photograph taken by 1960's serial killer Murray Glatman before he killed the victim. One of the many shocking photos contained in Ressler's book *Whoever Fights Monsters*.

talked with John Wayne Gacy for over four and a half hours for an upcoming HBO special. This was the first interview Gacy has granted to anyone, except a select few, such as me, but more on that next issue). Among the book's highpoints are Ressler's meeting with Richard Chase, Sacramento's "Vampire Killer" and his last talk with giant necrophile Ed Kemper. He tells how he was left alone with Kemper after all the questions had been asked; nothing more to say, and the guard didn't answer the buzzer to come get him for almost thirty minutes. Kemper jokes about "screwing off" Ressler's head and putting it on the table for the guard. Kemper laughs when Ressler replies that he would be in big trouble if he did that. Kemper smiles and says the authorities might take away his TV privileges. *Whoever Fights Monsters* is published by St. Martin's and should be available at reputable bookstores . . . Mystic Fire Video, which has some great stuff in their catalog, has released four one-hour films by Brit weirdo **PETER GREENAWAY**, each one focusing on a distinctive American composer. Combining performance footage with interviews with and about each one, Greenaway takes the viewer into the slightly-skewed worlds of Meredith Monk, the virtuoso vocalist who also crosses over into the realms of theatre and choreography, Robert Ashley, who has helped change the face of modern opera, Philip Glass who is well-known for film scores as well as conceptual pieces (the viewer gets to see some



Photo from *Whoever Fights Monsters* of a victim of Chicago murderer Richard Speck.

intriguing sections of *Einstein On The Beach*) and John Cage, the old man who consistently challenged our notion of what "music" ought to sound like. Greenaway gives us portions of *Music for Marcel Duchamp* and *Roaratorio: An Irish Circus On Finnegans Wake*. These four short films won't appeal to everyone but the diligent viewer will be amply rewarded by sampling all of them. Available individually or in a nice slipcase from Mystic Fire Video, 1-800-292-9001.

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BRUTARIAN CONTRIBUTORS

Doug Allen: *STEVEN 5* contains more insight into Doug's genius, his penchant for alcohol, his castration complex, and his hatred for you than is probably healthy for you to absorb. Fuck you!

Dan Clowes: is the award winning creator of *EIGHTBALL*, *LOYD LEWELLAN* and many fine *SUB POP* album covers.

Scott Cunningham: When he's not working on his strip for *HEAVY METAL*, he's working on a strip for somebody else. He is an absurdist but is not himself absurd although *reductio ad absurdum* may be thought of as something of a *primum mobile* in his corpus delicti.

Greg Goodsell: One of the masterminds behind *DEEP RED*, Greg was recently spotted hobbling around LA in a pair of low flung high heeled pumps.

Danny Hellman: His work is widely published in many small press mags including his own *HODAGS AND HODADDIES* but perhaps his greatest achievement is his recent acquisition of the title "Mr. Screw" as a consequence of his continuing and somewhat sordid artistic relationship with a certain insidious rag.

Jarrett Huddleston: *Noli me tangere*.

Steve Jeffries: Suave, soignee, sophisticated desires that you send him your most precious things. Don't be a Goofus.

Jim Kirkland: only comes out at night.

Terry Laban: Creator of *UNSUPERVISED EXISTENCE* and the exciting new comic *CUD*, Terry also does editorial cartoons for the *CHICAGO TRIBUNE*.

Craig Ledbetter: This is a man who claims to have absolutely no interest in contemporary American film. Does that mean the wife will be taking the kids to *Batman Returns*, Craig?

Gary Leib: likes to go to coffee houses with weird names like Earwax and jam with his friends on doodles. He's been published in lots of places including *EIGHTBALL* and was recently the subject of a big feature piece - along with Doug Allen - in *COMICS JOURNAL*.

Stately Wayne Manor: is slightly famous, as well he should be. Known for yards for throwing celeb-studded parties, his latest bash included Cicciolina, Abdullah The Butcher, El Kabong, Doodles Weaver, Princess Di and Richard Speck among those in absentia. To conserve abusable substances, no other *BRUTARIAN* contributors were invited.

I. B. Mann: Is he or isn't he? All we know is that he worships Nabokov but writes in much shorter sentences and that the dream he nurtures while engaged in a life of pointless manly toil is of blissful retirement in a small town in Switzerland to live out his golden years as a Town Initiator deflowering steatopygic nubile.

Randy Palmer: is anxiously awaiting the release of *Pumpkinhead II*.

Archer Prewitt: is a printmaker-cartoonist-musician whose band, *THE COCKTAILS*, is a Chicago alternative music fave. He has published his own comic called *SOFBOY*.

Matt Verta-Ray: frenetic frontman for NY's *BLACK FLIES* and *GREASY SWIRL*, Matt would like everyone to know how cool and good looking he is.

Paul Reeves: If these visions penned by the inimitable Mr. Reeves have offended, think but this and all is mended: That you have slumbered here while some sailors poked your rear.

Randy Reeves: Publishes a newsletter which we can't tell you about, has many interests which he won't tell us about and has even more friends which the FBI is asking him about.

dom salemi: *Tangere me noli*.

Ernie Santilli: has been published in magazines *without* naughty cartoons including *INSIDE KARATE*, *MODERN DRUMMER* and *FILM-FAX*. So why slum at *BRUTARIAN*? The overwhelming need to be published? Bills to pay? An opportunity to walk on the wild side? When queried, Ernie eloquently replied, "I'm daring to be lame." We're proud of him.

Jim Schoene: Pope of Ohio, a stand-up guy who can take a trimming. What'd you think, he was some kinda burnt-out demolished whacko from the joint?

Sandy Smirolodo: Is a big-titted, hot fuckin' bitch. Take me darlin', its been far, far too long.

Vic Stanley: No stranger to controversy, Vic has at times enraged such small time luminaries as Chris Gore, Nick Zedd and Rick Sullivan with his trenchant commentaries. We plan to forward all of the angry mail we expect to receive from outraged feminists directly to him.

Greg Suss: We don't get it. Do you think *BUNHEAD* looks like a pig? Oh, you do. Well, fuck you!

Chris Ware: Presently earning his MFA at the Art Institute Of Chicago, Chris has been a regular in *RAW*, *NATIONAL LAMPOON* and *SNAKE EYES*. His weekly strip can be seen in Chicago's *NEW CITY*.

Barry Wooldridge: Certainly master in his own home, Barry has finally seen the light and made a break with the penurious fanzine world choosing to place his sophomoric *EVIL TWIN* illustrations with more reputable and higher paying publications . . . like ours.

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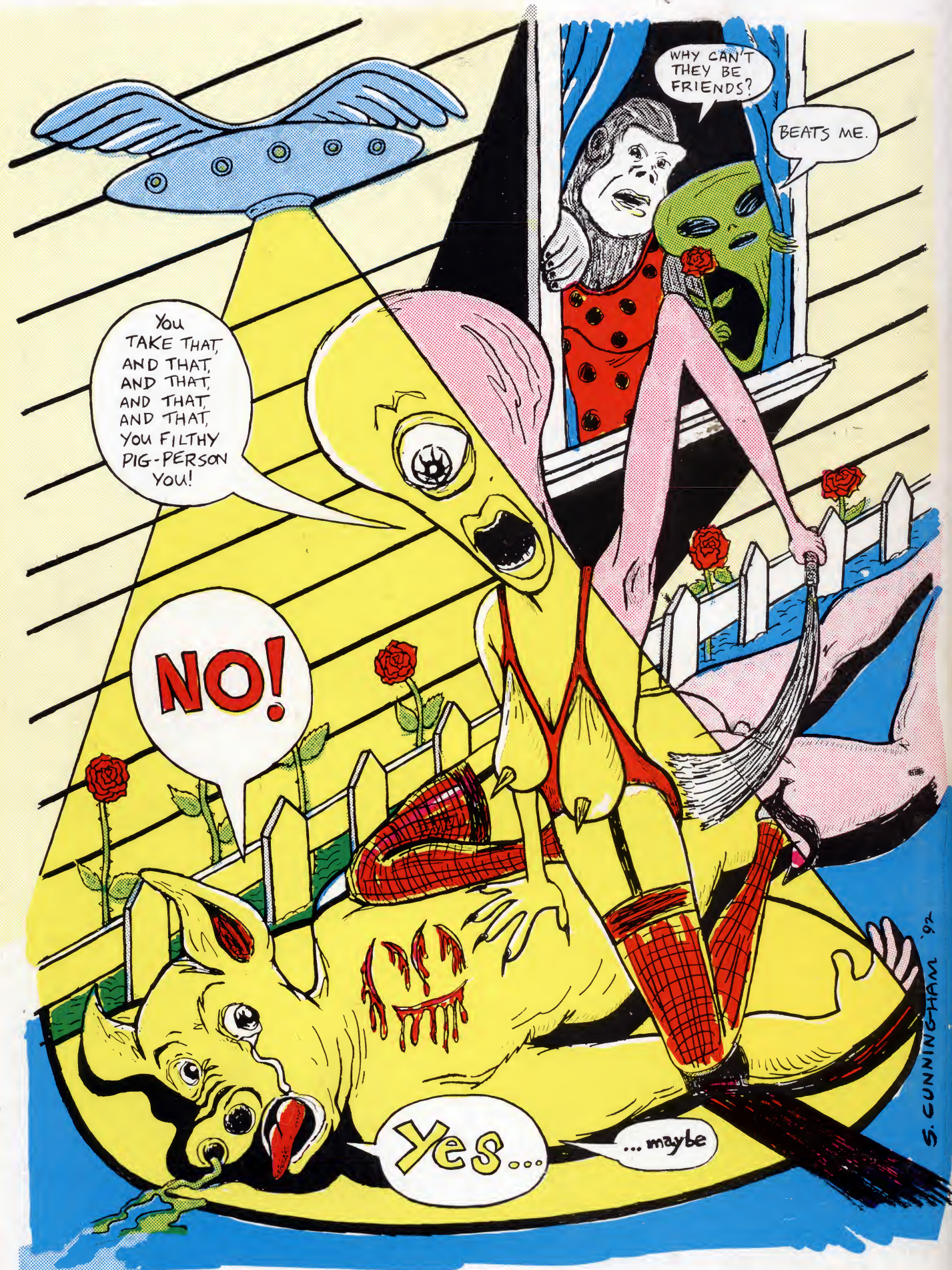
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TAKE THAT,
AND THAT,
AND THAT,
AND THAT,
AND THAT,
YOU FILTHY
PIG-PERSON
YOU!

NO!

Yes...

... maybe

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THEY BE
FRIENDS?

BEATS ME.

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